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David Blatner
Foreword by Jaron Lanier

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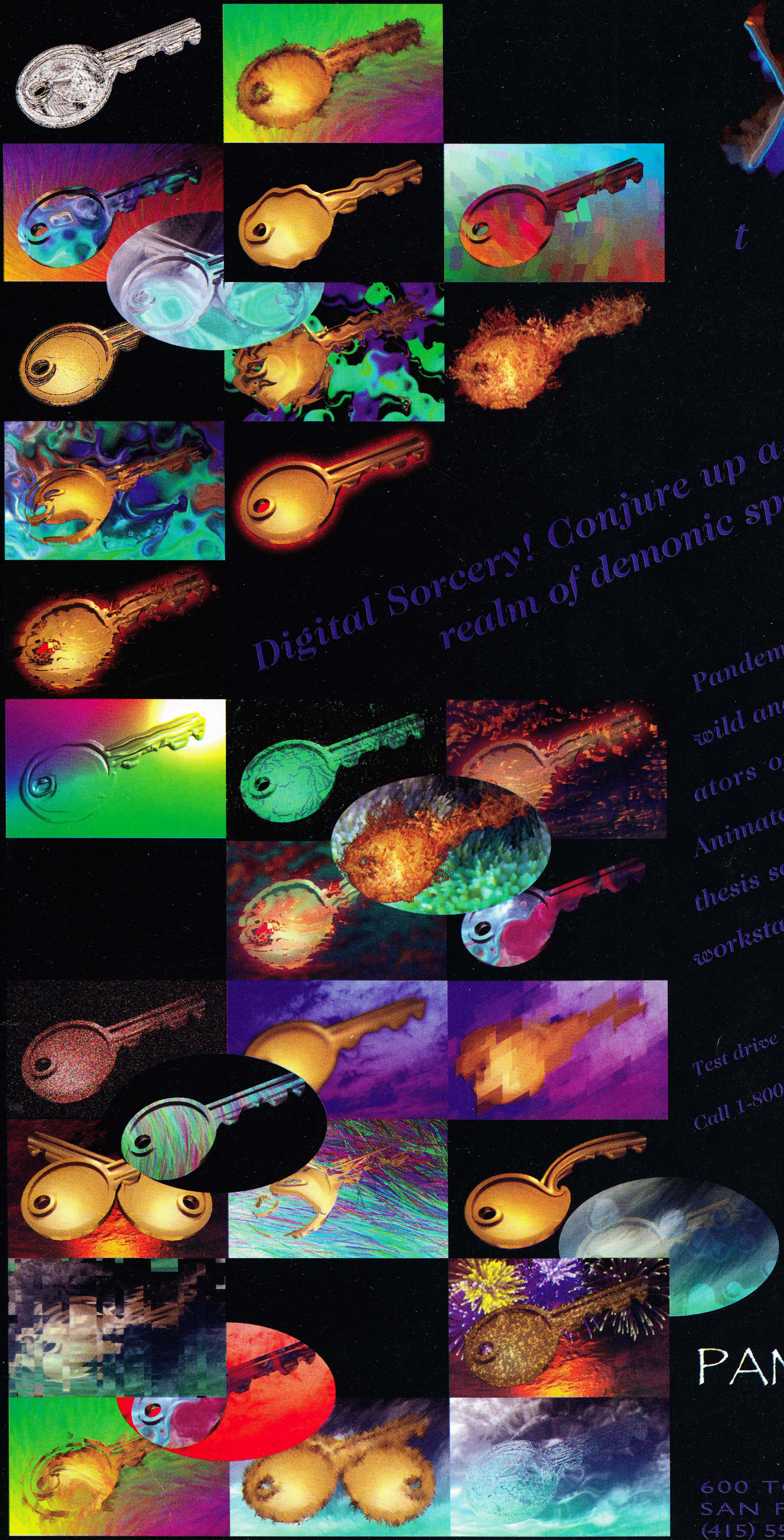

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6261 Robin Hood Way, Oakland, CA 94611
TEL: 510.658.8888 FAX: 510-649-9630

MONDO 2000 (ISSN 74470 77997) is published four times a year in February, May, August and November for $24.00 for five quarters by MONDO 2000, P.O. Box 10171, Berkeley, CA 94709-0171. Second-class postage paid at Berkeley, CA and additional mailing office. Application to Mail and Second-Class Postage Rates is Pending at Berkeley, CA.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to MONDO 2000, P.O. Box 10171, Berkeley, CA 94709-0171.

International Distribution

Annas International
P.O. Box 2518
Doylestown, PA 18901-2518
Carola Benecke
(215) 348-8140

Australia Manic Ex-Poseur
P.O. Box 39
World Trade Centre
Melbourne VIC 3005, Australia
TEL: 61.3.416.2050 Fax: 61.3.416.2031

Great Britain Titan Distributors
P O Box 250
London E3 3LT England
TEL: 44.071.538.8300 FAX: 44.071.987.6744

Japan Tower Books
2605 Del Monte, W. Sacramento CA 95691
TEL: 916.373.2500 FAX: 916.373.2511

The Netherlands Sala Communications
Postbus 43048
1009 EA Amsterdam, Holland
TEL: 31.020.6273198 FAX: 31.020.6253280

New Zealand Propaganda
C.P.O. Box 582
Auckland, New Zealand
TEL: 64.09.781.582 FAX: 64.09.781.582

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Subscriptions and Business
MONDO 2000
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Berkeley, California 94709-5171
TEL: 510.845.9018
FAX: 510.649.9630

MONDO 2000 has monthly bonfires at the full moon of all unsolicited manuscripts. Unsolicited art work will be electronically scanned and altered and appear uncredited in other magazines.

MONDO 2000 now has an electronic conference on the computer conferencing system called the WELL. You can reach the WELL with any combination of computer and modem. For more information call: 415.332.4335 (voice line)

My name is Bart Nagel and this is my story.

Picture a head—in the left side of the room—on the bed—a head on a bed. Inside that head is a brain. A brain with one hemisphere clenched like a fist, the other swollen and flatulent, and a medulla not so very oblongata. I wanna drill but I don't want to be boring. I'm trepanhandling—can you help?

NEW TOPIC

I had the privilege, this summer, of teaching a class at the Kodak Center for Creative Imaging in Camden Maine. A classroom of brave individuals were exposed, over the course of four days, to the rigors of designing a MONDO 2000. We laughed, we cried, we tangled with the café staff. Some of the results of our class session appear in this issue. I recommend the Center for those of you wishing to advance your knowledge of electronic imaging, and for those yearning for really good lobster.

Speaking of electronic imaging—and we were—MONDO 2000 has our very first book (published by HarperCollins) at your local bookseller now. This brainchild of R.U. Sirius – edited by Rudy Rucker, R.U. and Queen Mu—was created entirely on the Macintosh computer. It's called *A User's Guide to the New Edge.*

Every bit of type and every black & white and color separation was produced on this platinum (colored) IIfx I hold here in my hands, and the IIsi I'm not holding in my hands over there—from digits to digital without the middleman. Best of all, the book contains tons of new art commissioned specifically for its pages. It's a fusion of text and image the world hasn't seen since the days of the illuminated manuscript.

Okay here's the biz about the cover. Heide 'n' I found out that Diamanda was coming to S.F. to record some additional sound for Coppola's *Dracula* movie. So we rounded her up from the Diva hotel in the Bartmobile and whisked her to the SOMA studio of Liz Zivic. Liz herself assisted and Travis Jaggers (remember him from the cover of issue 5?) did the styling. Paul Rabe did the hair and make-up. Stafford was conspicuous by her absence: she was in New York taping her segement on the Geraldo Show.

Although you may have paid $5.95 for this copy of MONDO, the cover is actually **shareware**—so if you like it and use it we ask that you send $14.95 to Bart Nagel c/o MONDO 2000 (heyjustkidding) report any bugs in writing to Dear Editor P.O.Box 10171 Berkeley Ca. 94709.

Thanks to all the super swell artists who contributed to this issue: Nader Azarnia, Marcus Badgley, Rick Berry, John Borruso, Tim Brock, Khyal Braun, Brummbär, Joseph Cultice, Kevin Evans, Nory Ezo, Hal Martin Fogel, Pierre Fortin, Larry Goode, Jill Greenberg, John Howard, Wyatt McSpadden, Ken Miller, Terry Miuri, Erin Riordan, Stephen Stickler, John Weber, Eric White, Liz Zivic.

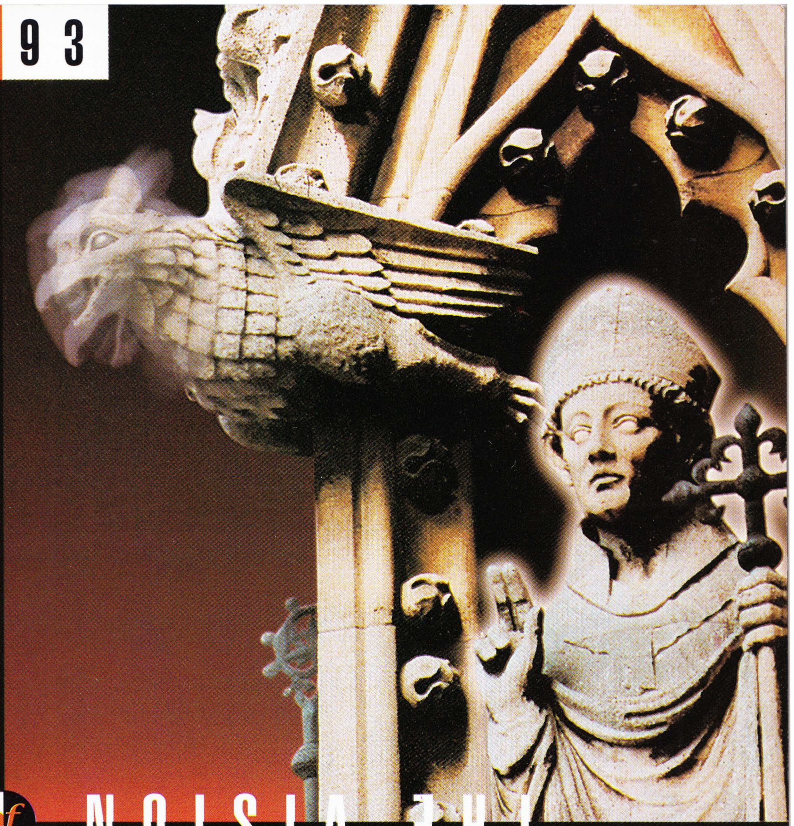
Technical Info: Macintosh IIfx computers, HP, Microtek, Barney and Hell scanners, Agfa Selectset 7000 imagesetter, Quark Xpress, Photoshop, Illustrator software.

Always consider MONDO 2000 as your Beta test site for software or hardware, we're ready to walk the techno-edge wit u, baby.

SIGGRAPH 93

WATERGATE IN WASHINGTON ❍ WAR IN VIETNAM ❍ LAST TANGO IN PARIS ❍ PICASSO DIES ❍ NIXON INAUGURATED ❍ AGNEW RESIGNED ❍ FORD APPOINTED ❍ GAS LINES FROM THE OIL EMBARGO ❍ COMMUNISM MAJOR WORLD THREAT ❍ PINK FLOYD'S DARK SIDE OF THE MOON SCALES THE CHARTS ❍ THE STING WINS OSCAR ❍ SIDEBURNS AND TIE-DYE ❍ TECHNOLOGY IS SKYLAB ❍ DRAWING PICTURES WITH COMPUTERS A WILD IDEA ❍ AND ACM SIGGRAPH QUIETLY EMERGES.

1973



BE A PART of THE VISION

1993

POLITICS AS SOUND BITES ❍ REVOLUTIONS LIVE ON THE LIVING ROOM TV ❍ NOTEBOOKS HAVE BATTERIES ❍ RAP IS A LANGUAGE ❍ MUSIC IS INDUSTRIAL ❍ PEOPLE HAVE LIFETIME PHONE NUMBERS ❍ COMMUNISTS STRUGGLE WITH DEMOCRACY ❍ GLOBALIZATION REPLACES THE MULTINATIONAL CORPORATION ❍ SIDEBURNS AND TIE-DYE ❍ VIRTUAL REALITY ENTERTAINMENT ❍ NARROWCASTING ❍ INFORMATION NAVIGATORS ❍ COMMUNICATORS PRESIDE ❍ AND SIGGRAPH IS AT THE EYE OF TECHNOLOGY.

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(Image upper right) Mysticism (1992) *Julie L. Luckett, Nashville, TN.* *(Image lower left)* The Astronomers (1991) *Jeff Kleiser, Hollywood, CA.*

1 TO 6 AUGUST 1993 ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

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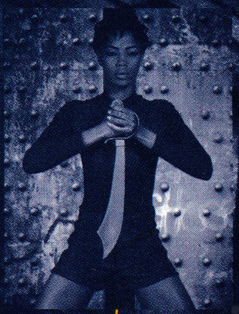

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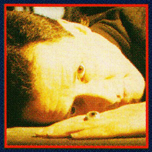

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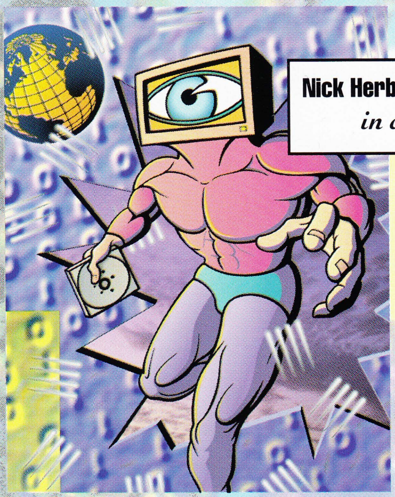

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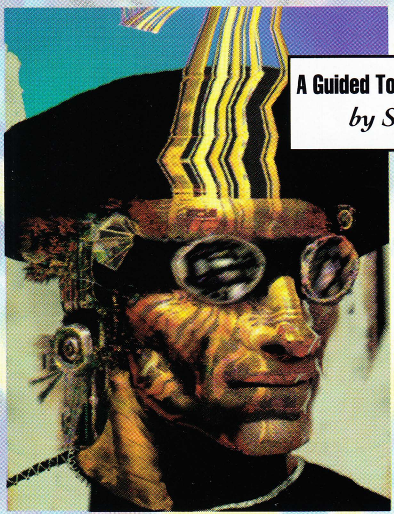

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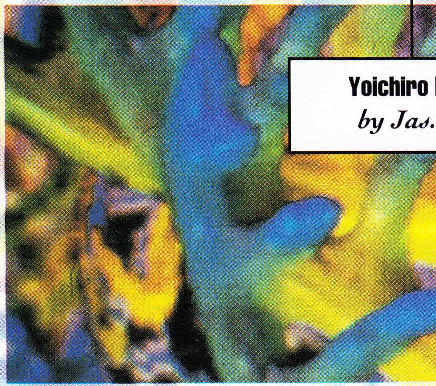

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Background image by Yoichiro Kawaguchi

inspiral carpets

Artwork: © 1981 Sandy Skoglund

revenge of the goldfish

the new album

features
"Generations," "Dragging Me Down"
and "Two Worlds Collide"

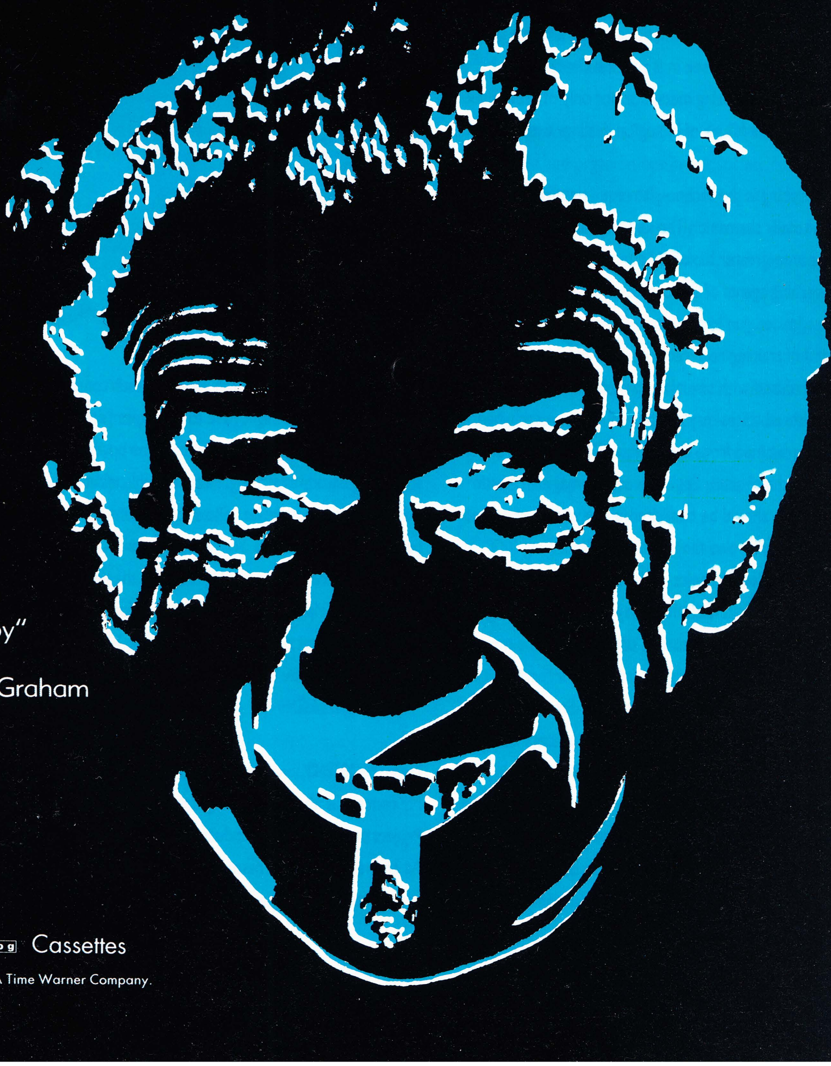
Produced by Pascal Gabriel

"...a buoyant swirl of organ-led infectiousness." — Sounds

"...one of the ultimate dance records." — Melody Maker

fortran 5

blues



Blues includes the singles
"Heart On The Line," "Love Baby"
and
"**Look To The Future**" featuring Larry Graham

Produced by Fortran 5

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Dear Mondoids:

Equal time for cunts! Penises are cute, but it seems sexist to print so many and no vulvas, mons veneris, labia majora and minora, etc.

Sincerely,
Tut Ankh Polliwog
Terre Haute, IN

Dear Sirs,

From all us Boomers to all you slackers… Hahahaha-hahaha! WE HAVE JOBS WE LIKE! WE'RE HAPPY! WE HAVE MONEY AND DON'T LIVE WITH 30 OTHER PEOPLE! LOSERS! LOSERS! Hahahahahahaha.

Best,
Harvey Dickson
Arlington, MA

Dear Mondoids,

Issue #6 must be the heart of your magazine, it certainly is an improving scheme—hopes and fears '92. For once I agree with Timothy Leary. Alice is the perfect candidate for goddess of cyberspace, stands to reason. But this stuff about cyborgs… the cyborg is the cyberpunk equivalent to the dolphin of new agers! Both present powerful icons which sum up the attitudes and aesthetics of their respective movements. The cyborgian glamour reflects an uneasy mastery of neuro-somatic self-programming, as Leary might say. But I see in it also the Cancer-crab, a protective and nurturing metaphor not only of cyberpunk but of the whole future of biological dealings with technology.

Morphing is the techno-glam equivalent of shape-shifting, totally shamanic. The key tease here is that to advance unto greater biological control we must fuse with the governing agents of the corrected organism—desire itself is a loaded gun in the hands of a brusque teenager. The kind of training required to master morphing should not be confused with sexual ecstasy, desire or intellect. Indeed altered states may not be required, except when being programmed from the outside. The drawings and writings of the obscure English eccentric magician Austin Osman Spare should be consulted, as he was an expert at the craft. There's also the practice of Obeah, or possession of Voudotronics, which is another cyberpunk fetish that's very relevant. I daresay there's something that could be learned from abnormal occultism—some meat in the old shells.

To an anthropologist from another dimension, both occultism and cyberpunk would probably be regarded as equivalent hard-shell seafoods—differing only in their outer colourations and toughness of shell.

Remember: All Prophets are True (save that they remember themselves!) Unless they give off a rank smell…

Always,
Lawrence Hobson
Toronto, Ontario
CANADA

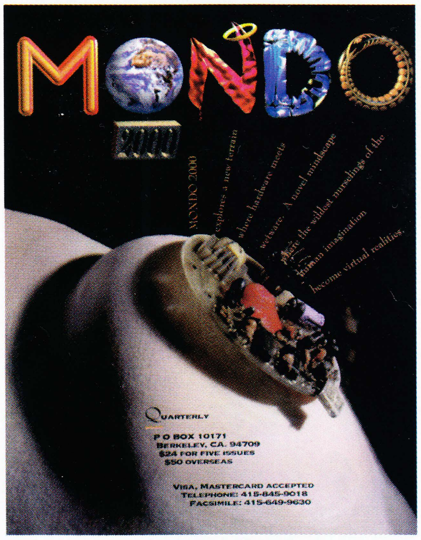
P.S. My acquaintance Matthew emitted a resinous-fiberous *owghthgrumfft* sound upon seeing your editorial called "Art Damage"—the name of his band, y'see.

MONDO Dickweeds

(No creation, All exploitation)

I find your nipple ad (in *Verbum* 5.1) extremely offensive. I am a considerable liberal, mind you—one who doesn't mind soft porn, hates the idea of censorship—*etc.* but this ad hit me in the heart. Yes, we have more technology and, as you well utilize—more tools for exploitation. "T and A" is *still* an advertising mind-fuck which you mere *men* continue to fall back on, lest you might have to employee [*sic*] your brains (*not* the ones in your *pants*) to come up with something equally as striking, minus the *objectification of women* mode you insist on. Show us your tiny little balls, boys. Go out on a limb. Try something *new*. Dress your *little penis* in a circuit board, plug it up, get the juice running—and dip it in a bucket of water. You wanted a reaction? You got one! Go fuck yourselves—leave us alone!

Anonymous,
Raleigh, N.C.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MONDO's digital update of Tintoretto's
The Origin of the Milky Way

Dear MONDO,

My concern is about the Ruling Cabal's $5 billion Genome Project presently being conducted by the Dept. of Energy. As each section of the human DNA is identified, the government is making a patent request, so as to own the rights to the processes involved with that section of chromosome. Does this imply that our government will think of mankind as their intellectual property?

Best,
Jerry Pertula
Northridge, CA

Dear Editrons Supra-Maximus,

What a beautiful mind-blowing rag y'all muthas put out! What pizazz! What great colors! Winner (by far and away) of the Best Article Award in Issue #7: "Terrorvision" by Mark Dery. Muy scary, hombres y muchachas! Fact is, panopticism IS the future in the many ways mentioned: surveillance, the on-the-spot videocam, seeing-eye bombs, etc. One thing Mr. Dery (surprisingly) didn't talk much about was the use of the computer for surveillance. Check out the Inslaw case: small software company suing the Justice Dept., alleging that the government stole their *Promis* software, software which could be used to monitor *hundreds of millions* of accounts, prisoners, conversations, modem, phone calls, *whatever, in Realtime.* GET THE PICTURE? Two final, but necessary points: attorney for the plaintiffs: Eliot Richardson (Yes, *that* Eliot!); and *this case* is quite possibly the reason Daniel Casolaro got dead. (See first page of extended, quite-off-the-mark-but-still-amusing-paranoid rant by Xandor Korzybski in Issue #7). Now everybody think real peaceful thoughts and maybe when you wake up, you won't need that automatic weapon anymore…

Blair Ewing
Research Consultant
A Government Think-Tank
Somewhere in Washington, D.C.

Dear MONDO,

My tachycardia has reached an odd harmonic of 120 bps while reading Issue #7. The photo style of Brenda Laurel is nice and it brings to mind the name Myrna Loy. I don't know why.

I would like to point out something to Jas. Morgan: Gary Numan's album *Pleasure Principle*, which contained his hit single "Cars," was released in 1979 and there were no samples involved in creating the album. He used only analog synthesizers then, and there was a human drummer on every song. In fact, Gary Numan toured with a band of human beings whether they had any culture or not.

Also, to Brenda Laurel, she is either out of touch or ignorant of the technology culture that many of us feel allegiance to. Certainly I have a cultural heritage given to me by my parents and the ethnic region where I grew up, but at this point in time the culture that I feel is mine is a mix of human beings and machines. In fact I marvel at this machine called me and the interfaces that I have. I am open to other cultures, older cultures, and the diversity of people. Hopefully Brenda isn't suffering too much from culture shock, but new cultures deserve as much respect as the old ones that some people like to hold on to.

My nipples explode with delight,
R. Glen Garner
RockMart, GA

Yo MONDO,

Please thank Chris Meyer for that Radio Shack "Ground Loop Isolator" tip in Issue #6. I finally got rid of a five year hum in my computer music system. A hum I thought I'd just have to work into my music! Only in MONDO 2000!!!

Thanks a Million,
John Wiggins
Post Audio Supervisor, HBO
New York, N.Y.

Twenty hundred somethings:

Mark Dery's article on panopticism hit home for me. Consumed at a young age by a desire to document the visual, I find myself a victim of my own devices.

My first Super 8 camera I purchased at the age of 12.

My first 8mm camcorder I purchased 13 years later. Sony's first 8mm camcorder had a convenient sports housing which enabled me to shoot in mists and bear the debris of dumpster environs.

The point-and-shoot character of this fixed-focus camera enabled me to use the soulcatcher from numerous angles apart from the standard stuck-to-the-eye mode.

Reaction to being caught by the "evil eye" varied. One man in Berkeley threatened to stomp on my head as I lay casually on the ground taping a passing skateboarder. The man was convinced that I had caught him on the omnipotent magnetic strip, and feared the possibilities. What were they?

A man on BART accosted me one evening, being convinced that I was taping a fellow passenger (a stranger at that), and that I had probably been doing this "all day." Choking me with angry shouts, he attempted to quell my EM Eye. BART security were summoned by the man; my EM Eye seemed more in question than his physical attack.

The first man was a lower income African American. The second man a Caucasian suburbanite with sweater tied definitively over his shoulders. The threat of EM Eye knew no class.

At the time I carried my Sony as a constant companion; camcorders were not so prevalent. And even so, the focal point of most EM Eye users is not the everyday experience. I sought to document my every transaction, consumption of meals in restaurants, dumpster digs, and aesthetic anatomy.

It was a bit of obsessive-compulsive activity. Monthly purchases of tape supplies were coordinated with maintaining charges in my batteries. I felt the need to be prepared to document at any given moment.

Three Asian students at Berkeley notified campus police when they realized the small box on the mini-tripod pointed in their direction. I was arrested for disturbing the peace. Charges were dropped.

It was only a month later that I was arrested again. This time I had a tape which would change the rest of my life. I had documented my crime, just as easily as I had documented numerous visits to dumpsters and restaurants.

A trial was unnecessary, as I had provided the best evidence possible for a solid conviction. I passed the torch of my own documentary to others. Now I am analyzed with the same permanence that I sought from the EM Eye. When the eyes tire, I move, and my shadow regains their attention.

Fishmonger Graphix Studios

Ironically, the technology of my self-conviction has expanded wildly since I've been incarcerated. Television shows spotlight home video, the world watches the LAPD misconduct. A $40 chip integrates the CCD optical-electronic component with the camera electronic circuitry. The camera spectacles are not so far off. Will the Sony MiniDisc record video?

What sort of madness will follow when the corner sustains a street performer with a Fuji video projector and CD-I player?

Who believes that Big Brother is *not* watching?

It seems ironic that Wes Thomas expresses the idea that we will have a Big Brother in reverse – through watching others. This in the same issue. Watching *watching*.

The quote from DeLillo's *Running Dog* was especially relevant. I might add that I also felt a sense of criminal activity simply by using my camcorder. Perhaps it was the few incidents which reminded me of objections toward documentation. Maybe it was a general sense of the immoral act of recording images.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above or that is in earth beneath or that is in water underneath.

Is the graven image only that which represents gods, or is it also all things recorded in any media?

If there is a moral dilemma encountered with video, virtual reality participants face the greatest deity confrontation.

Prometheus' fire, Pandora's box. Allusions to our constant distractions from life's three dimensional qualities.

Frightening loss of freedom.

With the costs decreasing for the technology, how thoroughly saturated will our society be with these EM Eyes in the name of security?

There are criminals across America wearing electronic collars as a form of punishment and restraint. Will visual surveillance be next?

Constant surveillance could also be considered by the parolee as an option to prevent against wrongful incrimination. Here am I. Check the tape.

Kevin Miller
San Luis Obispo, CA

Give Me Immortality, Or Give Me Death

Many people and organizations in our society consider the "natural" (i.e. animal) rate of human aging and death to be necessary. Fine. They have the right to lose their mental faculties, become senile, drool and die, and we must support their right to end their own lives in this disgusting and senseless manner. Unfortunately, far too many of these groups are concerned with ensuring that other people suffer the loss of capacity, senility, and death caused by the aging process. This is intolerable. Their efforts to impede technological progress will probably have no long-term effect on the course of human history, but it could be very dangerous to us individually.

Our government is currently the single biggest enemy to life extension technology. It imposes a crushing burden on our economy: 25% of our GNP is consumed by federal government, more than 20% by state and local bureaucrats. This is before inflation, "off-budget" budgets, etc.

Unfortunately, the money spent on government is not merely wasted; it is counterproductive. It funds agencies like the FDA, which puts hundred-million dollar obstacles in the path of the development of life extension techniques. Under the FDA's regime, thousands of terminally ill people are "protected" against experimental drugs and vaccines.

The solution is obvious. The right to control your bloodstream should be returned to you. At the very least, you should be able to sign a waiver form opting out from the FDA "protection" racket.

We are either the first of the immortals, or the last generation to die. The choice is ours.

William H. Walker
Libertarian candidate for U.S. House, TX District #5

Dear M2000,

While Virtual Entity Korzybski is partially correct in his ravings of on-going madness, and certainly quite entertaining, he, like so many like him rave on without any actual proof or critical thought. This is what happens when a person confuses the supermarket for a bookstore and the *National Enquirer* for anything other than T.P., a.k.a. Charmin.

If any M2000 readers are seriously interested in such topics political, alien, and/or intelligent (i.e., not based on emotional irrationality and bible-thumping) inquiry, I suggest the following: *Crash at Corona: The U.S. Military Retrieval & Cover-Up of a UFO*, by Stanton T. Friedman & Don Berliner. Also, *Forbidden Science: Journals 1957-1969* by Jacques Vallee. Remember, there's a lot of crap out there like M. William Cooper's unsubstantiated ravings. See *UFO Magazine* Vol. 5 #'s 4 and 5 for yourself.

While a great many established institutions are being exposed for harboring sex fiends, $ launderers, bank scandals and political hi-jinx, it doesn't mean panic, give away your material belongings, join a cult, and put your head between your legs and kiss your ass goodbye! Remember intelligence? Think before you act, and these days—suspend all belief upon further investigation, especially in regard to the previously mentioned topics. Don't be afraid of laying the groundwork with a little science, math, astronomy, tech, engineering, psychology, parasciences, consciousness/mind studies, etc., WAKE UP! Open a book, educate yourself, even when schools and educators fail to do so; but do it objectively, not based on emotional whims.

Matthew,
Chicago, IL

FAX WARNING

Attention MONDO 2000:
der Aufstand beginnt als Flugblatt

For one quarter of a primate century we have been creating an international organization with its nucleus in Western Europe.

Our friends have been sought out by us to represent our views on the current decay in Western arts and culture.

cp/m are cultural terrorists and we present ourselves in the primate late 20th century as cyberpunks. We operate within the matrix of computer technology and the capitalist system; our weapons are portable phones and virtual information systems. We currently pose as German nationalists, but nationalities as well as their borders are of no hindrance to us.

WE ADVOCATE THE FOLLOWING ACTIONS

1. The requisition of all public performance spaces and the debriefing of artistic directors. The obvious cultural decay will be annihilated.

2. The theatres who conform and who represent each nation will be sent on extended tour to small arts centres in countries as yet deprived of community entertainment. This would be particularly welcome in war zones.

ENTER CODE:
160
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Brunnbär

3. Large gatherings of friends, such as is occurring at raves and dance hall parties are to be encouraged, alongside new styles of performance.

4. Performance and cultural events that correspond to the new and correct ideals, those are our ideals, will be given priority coverage in the national press, television and computer data banks.

5. Television as an art form will be replaced. Unrestricted efforts shall be made to wholly replace television with virtual reality systems.

INFORMATION WILL BE FREE

If you are a consumer organization or a company with resources then address your support to the contact below. If you have no capital, but you can offer intelligence, then contact us as well.

The necessary changes of program will echo changes throughout our society.

RENOVATION THROUGH DESTRUCTION

Governments will continue to operate but be redundant in the eyes of the people. This is a popular movement that is rising through the theatres and the dance halls, the galleries and lecture rooms. Via the information matrix, this change will affect the hearts and souls of our peoples.

WE WILL MEET YOU THERE

Our contact in Great Britain is movando productions P.O. Box 41, Manchester,
M14 7DP.

CIR-, PACE-, -MERCEDES
A SECOND report will be issued
in the FUTURE.

What we WANT is to see articles about how the average person can use technology to change the world NOW. We want Science Fiction that requires NO SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF, that is, a glimpse into next week.

Whether it is true or not, we want to know about exciting VR, AI, Cog. Psych, Religious, etc. projects and experiments that are certain to change the world NOW. We want MONDO 2000 to fuck our reality in all inputs.

We WANT you to quit jacking off. Our minds are spread wide open, MONDO.

Fuck us. Fuck us HARD.

Jesse Schell
Information Networking Institute
Carnegie-Mellon University

Dear Friend,

We have the distinguished honor of being on a committee for raising five million dollars for placing a statue of George Bush in the Hall of Fame, in Washington, D.C.

This Committee was in a quandary as to where to place the statue. It was not thought wise to place it beside the statue of George Washington, who never told a lie, nor beside Richard Nixon, who never told the truth; since George Bush could never tell the difference.

We finally decided to place it beside Christopher Columbus, the greatest of them all. He left not knowing where he was going, and upon arriving did not know where he was. He returned not knowing where he had been, and did it all on borrowed money.

Over 5,000 years ago, Moses said to the Children of Israel, "Pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels, and I will lead you to the Promised Land." Nearly 5,000 years later, Roosevelt said, "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses, light up a Camel, this is the Promised Land."

Now, Bush is stealing your shovels, kicking your asses, raising the price of Camels and mortgaging the

Promised Land! If you are one of the fortunate people who has any money left after paying taxes, we will expect a generous donation as a contribution to this worthwhile project.

Respectfully yours,
Bush Statue Committee

P.S. It is said that President Bush is considering changing the Republican Party emblem from an elephant to a condom, because it stands for inflation, protects a bunch of pricks, halts production and gives a false sense of security while one is being screwed.

MONDO 2000:

The readers of the most magnificent magazine on the planet need to hear this. They need to hear me. They need to believe in something. They need to believe in me.

Swensonisms will soon dominate the workplace. Jodie Foster will always be my muse. And now, it is time for me to deliver my speech: *My Political Life*.

Tonight, I write about my future. My political future.

I have decided what it is I want to be. I want to be President. I want to be a politician. I want to be a leader of women. I want to be in control of men. I want to control the people. I want to design life for millions of people. I want to control you.

I have a plan. Not many people in this world have plans. Americans are afraid of making plans because they are afraid of failure; they are self-defeatists. Fear is the element which drives our society and fear is the element which will destroy it—unless I take over—when I come of age.

My platform is based upon the principal of reasonable bestiality. My contribution to the American landscape will be an infusion of guiltless passion, unashamed reason, concern for personal image and hygiene, the use of cruiser bicycles, roughage, and a cult of the bidet (although I have never used one properly).

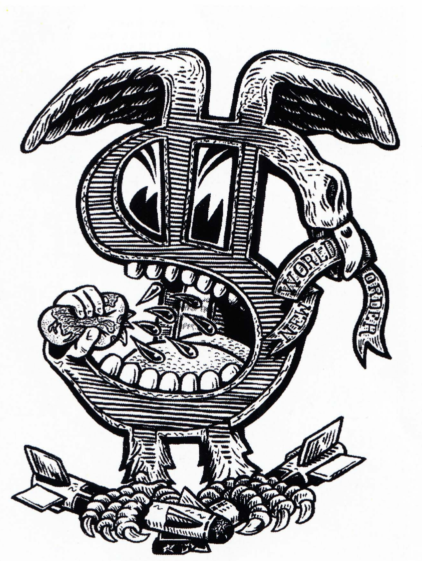
The dictum which states that the good die young is far too boring these days – at least a popular swing band says so. Rest assured, my resolve is air-tight. Dying young is far too boring. America is only two hundred years old! And it is dying! Its ideological waters are polluted with heavy Christian metals: ankhs, crucifixes tarnished with limp carcasses, Petra; Jewish delis that sell subscriptions to poor diets and sell ugly suits of righteousness and pomposity; Islamic self-haters take out their frustrations on their backs and creative geniuses—and they sell bad incense to the masses. No longer will this be permitted! Theology is un-American. Religion is simply an all-encompassing platitude which must die. You have heard this trite wisdom before; it is not original. The shocking originality of this scheme will be exhibited in its implementation.

But I cannot and will not kill flesh with my own hands. Entropy is taking care of business for me.

I am a politician.

Your contribution will not be left unnoticed. You will be given credit and attention and a little bit of well-deserved loving touch and a quick feel. Americans need to touch one another with reason and logic. Dogma is no substitute for logical debate. Aristotle shall be made available to all via a toll-free fax network. An internet node shall be devoted entirely to the great philosophers who stand forth as the founders of the industrial revolution.

Giant parties shall be held on the lawns of the White House. Nudity shall be encouraged. Mutual masturbation cotillions will be held for lesbian nuns and gay priests. Heterosexuals and gays will be invited to examine one another's practices at live televised encounter group sessions. Congress will be encouraged to wear Fred Perry sportswear and to sponsor their favorite beverages and environmentally-safe products on C-Span.



John Howard

There will be time for anger. There will be time for war. There will be time for bloodshed.

Cows will still be eaten. But they will no longer be fed grass. They will no longer graze. They will be raised in laboratories and their heads will be where their udders now reside. They will be fed a special mixture of processed sewage that my favorite engineers are going to work on as soon as I raise the money. I think that the food stuff I refer to is already being developed in secret Israeli laboratories.

Every chance I get, I take out my anger and frustration on my ideological enemies. I cannot say "No!" to a good fight! And I want America to know this. I take pride in the slurs I spew forth at my television set. Some scoff at this and say that I am a passive agitator. Not so! I am practicing! And I encourage all Americans to practice the same way I do. "Practice for what?" you ask. Ha, ha, ha! For interactive multimedia teevee, fuckers! And yes, indeed, my administration will enlist elite vernacular speech protocol specialists in the name of multicultural uniformity and fairness. Yes, IMTV will allow you to talk back to whomever it is you are watching on what is now nothing more than a boob-tube. You will see me, and I will see you (if I want to) and we will all have receptacles for electronic multimedia mail. The future holds for you not a passive maelstrom of mind mush, but of interactive, aggressive authorship and editorial power. You see, I am not interested in offering you all excuses. I am interested in empowering you. It is time for y'all to grow up. And to encourage masturbation and depilatory procedures for all.

And what about the elderly and the mentally deficient? They will be cared for on islands such as Jamaica and the Florida Keys. Natural selection procedures will be implemented by the Central Planning Committee on the Elderly. Health care will become a booming business! Bigger than ever! You see, retirement will cease to exist. Pension plans that have not already been subscribed to will be phased out. Everyone will work. Portable work stations will help to facilitate this vision. Catheters in every urethra!

Still, there remains the problem of the invalid leeches who sap families and governments of valuable time and money. The mentally and physically deficient will be used as food. Simple as that. Soylent Green is not a bad thing. It is a *good* thing. No one will be coerced or forced to become Soylent Green, however. You must understand that a full decade separates me from my Presidency. We have plenty of time to prepare the world to accept the tenets of my ideology. People will gladly make the sacrifice.

But do not confuse yourself with images you have transported back to your conscious reality from useless, degrading science fiction movies. Soylent Green will not be a staple. It will be a delicacy! Only the best of the worst can make it onto the dinner table of your future!

If you are wise, you will forget your Camus. You will vomit upon Sartre. You will wipe your butt with your Marx. And you will worship the farm. And you will admire the factory. And you will recycle your newspapers, and you will pray to the stock exchange. You will neglect the Grateful Dead. You will humiliate the politically "correct"!

You will laugh at the pseudo-downtrodden.

And then we will kill them.

Eliminate the vocabulary of evasiveness that has plagued the twentieth century! Age is no excuse for idiocy. Close your eyes and suffer the consequences. Power should be pleasant. Nobody should shy away from obtaining a position of power because some "system" has infused a sense of guilt into your collective psyche. Do everything in your power to abolish the backward garbage recyclers of yesterday. Guilt is a disease. Pity is an act of self-destruction.

Strafe the ideological ghettoes with your logic. Do not allow yourselves to be sucked into the black holes of microwavable paradoxes and inverted facts catapulted forth by the "liberal" and "conservative" factions. Erase their lies with the truth.

Demonstrate what the product of an intelligent work ethic does by doing. Produce more so that they complain less. Eat better so that they want what you have. And offer them ways to get it. Do not hide behind greed. Announce it. Accept it. Don't flaunt it—exploit it. We are all animals and we all want the bigger piece. But that piece is not worth the shit it devolves to if it is not acquired by honest, moral means. The means do not justify the end.

And so it is.

It does not matter if you are big or small. It's how fast you think and how fast you act. It's how well you lubricate the game.

You still have hope. You still have time. And I know that you have some money left. Before it's too late, spend some of it. Spend it on your future. Spend it on your pride. Spend it on high times. Spend it on life. Meaning: Spend it on a campaign to elect me—first, to the U.S. Senate and later, to the Office of the President of the United States of America. Let's work together to establish an agenda and an aggressive, honest microfascism.

I sell myself. What do you sell?

Amen/wmyn
Lovingly,
Erect Scumson
menudo@well.sf.ca.us
swensone@acfcluster.nyu.edu
compuserve: 70640,3310

We sell closed loop recycling of microprocessed sewage harvested from retrofitted bidets for splatter-blast political rallies and *ad hominem* debates. *Queen Torquemada*

Dear Mondoids,

Thanks again for the complimentary copies of your publication. As always I find it entertaining, if a bit sensationalizing at times. After reading a recent *S.F. Chronicle* article about "Ravers" and "Rave Parties," I realized they all had the earmarks of MONDO M.O. Really, people…!

My warnings about such things of course are a bit late, but now that the FDA is putting pressure on Interlab and other providers of nootropic compounds, I fear that the "smart drug" craze will rapidly draw to a close, except for people bringing in their own supplies from foreign countries.

And how much of this attention is due to media coverage, such as that in MONDO? Of course we'll never know, and as always one may suspect that the reporting is simply following a trend that would have drawn attention anyway? Nevertheless, pending legislation to schedule amino acids and simple herb extracts seems almost targeted at people like Durk & Sandy. As you know, I've been tracking nootropic research for many years. It's quite fascinating how behind the scenes the major pharmaceutical companies are all developing highly active cognitive enhancers, yet to my knowledge none have been introduced in the U.S. (except of course for a few first generation compounds for treatment of AIDS dementia, Alzheimer's, etc.). One gets the feeling that the companies are waiting for the political attitudes here to be more enlightened ("What, use a drug to enhance performance? How immoral!").

HEY BART, I'LL TRADE YOU THIS PIRACETAM FOR A CUP OF YOUR DEEEE-LICIOUS COFFEE!

By the way in the article in MONDO #5 (John's article), he mentioned a synergistic effect to be had with various compounds. This phenomenon is well known, for at least one mixture is marketed (of vincamine and piracetam) and is available in Central America under the name of Oxicerebral. The mixture also contained vitamin C and at least one company has taken advantage of the synergistic effect of admixtures. By the way, vincamine is marketed in Central America and Mexico as Vincapan. As you probably know, vinpocetine is less prone to side effects, unmodified vinca alkaloids being linked to disturbances in blood chemistry.

By the way, Adrafinil (Interlab) is almost amphetamine-like in some of its effects, and its close relative (by N-dehydroxylation) Modafinil was used by troops standing watch in the Gulf War. I don't know if this reached the U.S. press, it was in a newspaper in Costa Rica while we were there.

Another common one in Central America is fipexide (Vigilor) which I found enjoyable, if somewhat addicting due to its stimulating qualities. I was gratified to find it offered by Interlab, as well as Arcalion and Pyritinol (InHome Health). The latter two compounds synergize nicely, and have the added benefit of being relatively non-toxic. With all these compounds I recommend washing off the FD & C colors on the tablets before ingestion, and compounds in color-coded capsules should be transferred to clear gelatin. Sounds like a lot of trouble I know, but the FD & C colors are *not* non-toxic. The regulations for D & C colors are even more lax (dyes for foods being one level lower in toxicity than those intended for drugs and cosmetics), and it's not that hard to wipe off the coating of tablets. Nootropyl for instance comes in an orange-coated tablet, but with a wet rag the coating all comes off, leaving the almost pure white tablet.

Also, people should be aware that deprenyl, as a MAO inhibitor, can be quite toxic. For instance, the pressor effects of such normally benign compounds as ketamine can be enhanced to dangerous levels. I'm sure you all are quite aware of this, but I see little mention of it in the popular literature. It goes without saying that anyone taking any new compound should visit a medical center library and ask the reference librarian for help. Unless they've worked with specifically these compounds, a doctor might not have the info.

And while I'm on the subject, Ordinator (Interlab) is n-ethylpemoline, but is much more stimulating than pemoline itself. I suspect that this material will shortly be scheduled due to its amphetamine-like effects. Of course, all this may be a moot point, since it looks like us peons won't be allowed to choose our own poisons, scheduled or not.

According to Albert Hoffman, all the beneficial effects of Hydergine can be had with LSD at 1/10th its psychoactive dose—will the latter be easier to obtain than Hydergine in the future? I suspect so.

About all I can add is that chewing betel produces some uncomfortable side effects when one has ingested piracetam/vincamine/DMAE. (By the way, the latter may still be purchased from chemical companies as the base, so if it becomes unavailable at health food stores, one can simply neutralize the base with an edible acid, e.g. ascorbic, citric, etc. I've always used DMAE in this form, and have been taking it off and on since 1978).

In any case, it's sad to see another fun venue of exploration being shut down. Hopefully all your readers will be inspired to write to their representatives. Unfortunately, as we all know, it probably won't do a hell of a lot of good… remember when MDMA was legal? I suspect that a black market for these compounds will develop, especially when some of the newer, more potent analogs are available.

Speaking of which, I have some interesting literature for you all. Maybe you'd like a more formal exposition on Future Drugs for the next issue?

"The Howler"

Dear Mondo,

Regarding the FDA "Importing Alert" on foreign drug shipments, wouldn't it serve them right if they were suddenly bombarded with MILLIONS of nuisance packages to detain and investigate? I have asked Interlab if they would send me a PER. TABLET price list. I'll let you know if they respond.

SR
San Leandro, CA

Dear mutants:

So now the secret government is unleashing even bigger disasters. Like Hurricane Andrew (royal family connection—Prince Andrew—is the subliminal message).

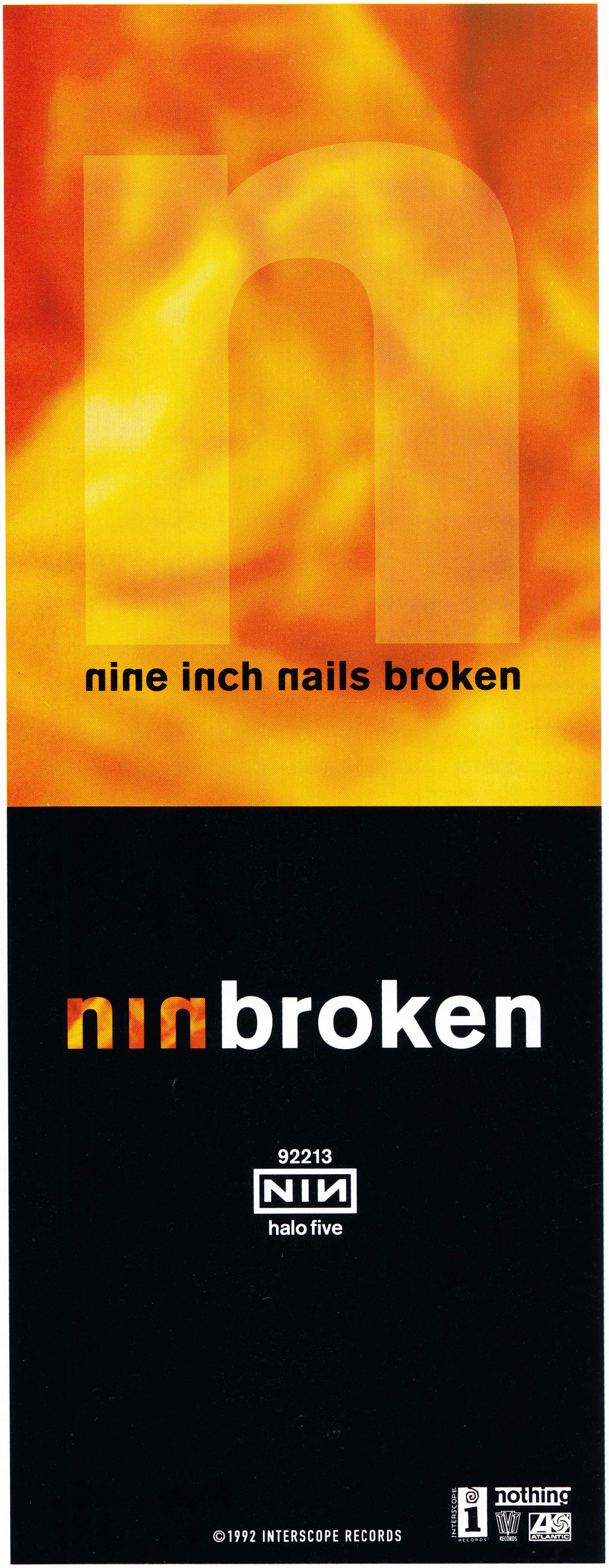
Fact: The New World Order-created hurricane started in Africa. (Oh, you don't know about Tesla hurricane engineering, which the Russians have spent trillions developing? Guess which government has bought out these Russian scientists and is doing it now? Hint: the U.S. Wind Engineering Research Council (curious name) says the winds were "only" 125 mph, while the U.S. Weather Service measured bizarre 175 mph winds.

Fact: DoD admits in the *New York Times* (8/28/92) that it tracked the hurricane all the way from Africa and knew it was a monster all the time. I guess they forgot to tell the White House.

So why did THEY create the worst U.S. disaster of the century at this particular time (election, economic depression, African famines, Iraqi oil-zone takeover masquerading as Shiite defense, massive drug/riot manipulation in L.A., etc.)? Answer: to further condition the population into accepting a U.S. Army takeover in preparation for the Big Incarceration and fascist ethnic/religious cleansing (a.k.a. "family values"). Once again (as in Hurricane Hugo, the Los Angeles riots, and San Francisco earthquake), the secret government, also known as FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency), did nothing and still blocks all government help. Isn't it painfully obvious by now that FEMA is *not* set up to deal with disasters? In fact it's run by "mediocre political appointees with little background or interest in disaster relief"—*New York Times* op ed, 9/6/92—which falls right into their trap by calling for military takeover in disaster relief. Its ultimate mission is to suspend the Constitution and corral the dissidents (you) into mass prisons while the secret government takes control of everything from its alien-run underground bunkers in the desert (after Cooper and others blew the whistle, they were forced to go public with the recent disclosure of the Mt. Weather Virginia underground clone government, but it's now an obvious decoy operation).

What you may not know: Executive Order 11051 gives authorization to Bush to suspend the Constitution in any declared national emergency. That means total takeover of all media, power, fuels, food, transportation, airlines, housing, hospitals, education, etc., etc., and a national registration and involuntary mobilization of citizens in work brigades. Check out Cooper's book *Behold A Pale Horse* for more on this. This mad scheme was engineered by Harvard Prof. Huntington for the Trilateral Commission (alien front) and intended to be managed by mad powermonger/Kissinger cohort/Bush handler Brent Scowcroft. Doesn't he remind you of Goebbels?

continued on page 120



BIG BROTHER ISN'T DEAD, HE'S JUST SUBCONTRACTING

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?
—Anonymous

The world isn't run by weapons anymore, or energy or money. It's run by little ones and zeros. Little bits of data. It's all just electrons.
—Cosmo (Ben Kingsley) in Sneakers

The Omega

INFORMATION, WE WANT INFORMATION

They know practically everything about you except if you've been sleeping or you're awake. And it's all on computer. The worst thing is that practically anybody can access it.

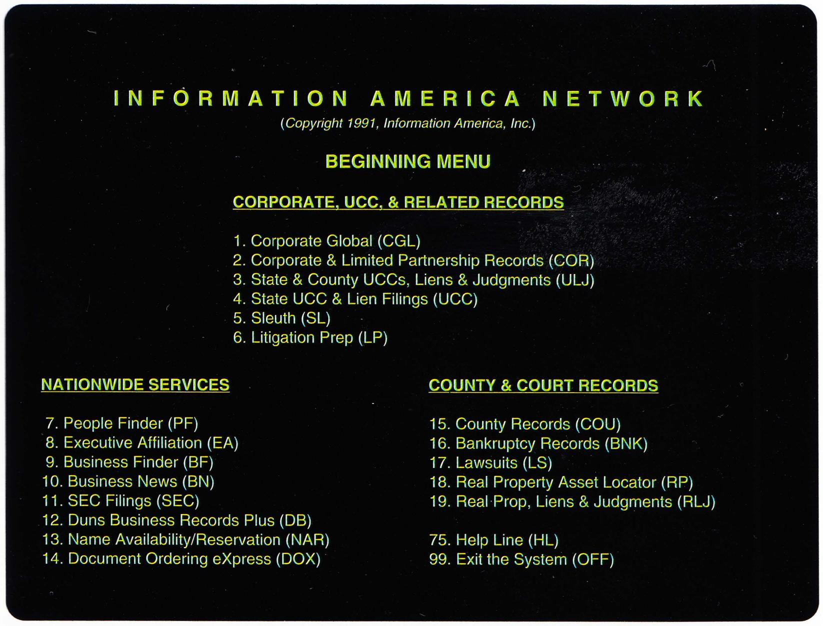
It's called Information America. If you have a modem, a home computer and can afford $95 an hour fees, you too can access Information America's on-line computer database, cross-indexing the Postal Service's National Change of Address file (NCOA), major publisher and direct marketing companies' client information, birth records, driver's license records, phone books, voter registrations, records from up to 49 governmental agencies, and more. Information America boasts up-to-date information on over 111 million Americans, 80 million households and 61 million telephone numbers.

If you're not scared yet, you should be. Because complete strangers can find out where you live, tracing you through extensive relocations even if they have only a last name, or a state, an old address or telephone number. They can find your unlisted telephone numbers, who you live with, and gauge your income by the kind of residence you live in and your locale. Ever declared bankruptcy, had your wages garnished, or been involved in other legal entanglements? Do you own any real estate, or have any corporate affiliations? Unless you live your life as carefully as Thomas Pynchon, Information America will provide detailed information on you and up to ten of your neighbors. It's anyone's one-stop surveillance convenience.

Over the past two decades, credit bureaus, telephone companies and direct marketers in particular have collectively amassed complete consumer profiles on over 150 million Americans. But for the most part, this information has been used only to predict consumers' future buying habits, or worse: to influence them, targeting only those consumers who might be receptive to certain "messages." Direct marketers in particular live and die by the reliability of their data—imagine how expensive it would be for Greenpeace to send mailers to Rush Limbaugh fans.

Gradually, within our consumer sphere, information about the people doing the consumption has become the commodity. Marketers wanting to create a list of overweight women can buy vital statistics from the Department of Motor Vehicles. 1-800 and 1-900 numbers which advertise "Bad Credit? No Credit? No Problem!" capture names, addresses and telephone numbers of callers; major financial institutions buy that information to screen candidates for credit and loans, on the presumption that anybody who'd call such a number is probably a bad

Scott Becker



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BEGINNING MENU

CORPORATE, UCC, & RELATED RECORDS

1. Corporate Global (CGL)
2. Corporate & Limited Partnership Records (COR)
3. State & County UCCs, Liens & Judgments (ULJ)
4. State UCC & Lien Filings (UCC)
5. Sleuth (SL)
6. Litigation Prep (LP)

NATIONWIDE SERVICES                        COUNTY & COURT RECORDS

 7. People Finder (PF)                     15. County Records (COU)
 8. Executive Affiliation (EA)             16. Bankruptcy Records (BNK)
 9. Business Finder (BF)                   17. Lawsuits (LS)
10. Business News (BN)                     18. Real Property Asset Locator (RP)
11. SEC Filings (SEC)                      19. Real Prop, Liens & Judgments (RLJ)
12. Duns Business Records Plus (DB)
13. Name Availability/Reservation (NAR)    75. Help Line (HL)
14. Document Ordering eXpress (DOX)        99. Exit the System (OFF)
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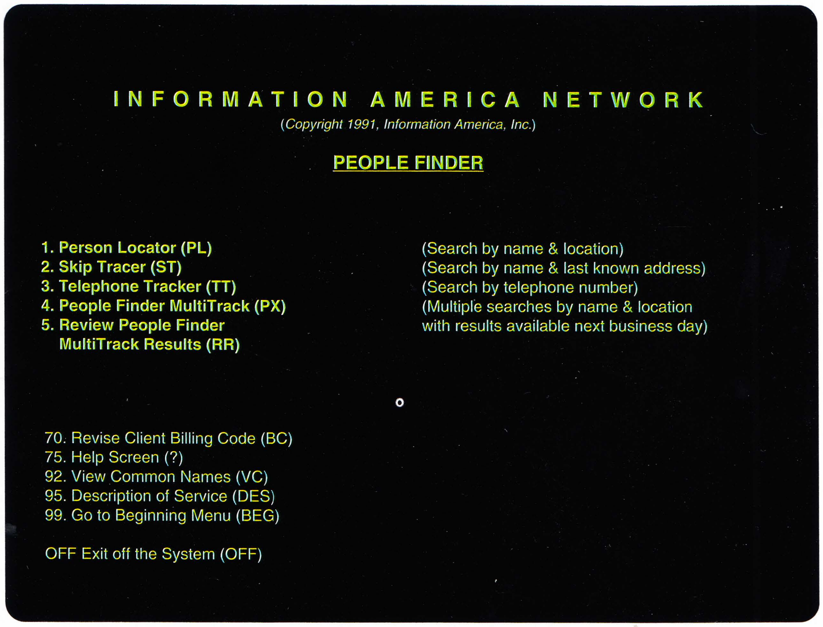
▲ **Figure 1** • **Figure 2** ▼



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PEOPLE FINDER

1. Person Locator (PL)              (Search by name & location)
2. Skip Tracer (ST)                 (Search by name & last known address)
3. Telephone Tracker (TT)           (Search by telephone number)
4. People Finder MultiTrack (PX)    (Multiple searches by name & location
5. Review People Finder             with results available next business day)
   MultiTrack Results (RR)

70. Revise Client Billing Code (BC)
75. Help Screen (?)
92. View Common Names (VC)
95. Description of Service (DES)
99. Go to Beginning Menu (BEG)

OFF Exit off the System (OFF)
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credit risk—one they might not know about. (So even if you just casually called, you could end up financially blacklisted). Selling and gathering data is as profitable a business as the marketing for which data like this is used.

Not until recently has information like this been commercially available in a single database, specifically with law enforcement, private investigators, bounty hunters and lawyers in mind. Information America is the first accessible service to make use of previously collected data for the express purpose of providing the up-to-date whereabouts and personal profiles of as many Americans as possible. Information America "whether you are conducting a background check, looking for a witness, skip tracing, or gathering information for court, [Information America] gives you… a quick, easy method for gathering information on individuals across the country… at the touch of a key."

There are 19 main search-options available through IA, which fall into three categories: Corporate, UCC, & Related Records; Nationwide Services; and County & Court Records. (see figure 1)

The power of People Finder lies not only in its ability to tap various large store-houses of data, but in its flexibility of search criteria. People Finder is made up of four services: SKIP TRACER, TELEPHONE TRACKER, PERSON LOCATOR, and PEOPLE FINDER MULTITRACK. (see figure 2)

Depending on the information available, a People Finder profile may include current address, telephone number, residence type, length of residence, gender, date of birth, up to four household members and their dates of birth, and a neighbor listing. (see figure 3)

SKIP TRACER traces a person's moves or verifies the current address when all you have is an old address. You will enter the person's name, street number, street name, and either the zip code or city/state. If your subject is in IA's files, a profile will be displayed that includes the address he moved to (or current address), phone number, length of residence, and more. You may also request a list of ten of the person's neighbors. A profile on the current resident at your subject's old address and up to ten neighbors there may also be available. This gives you several contacts to help you find your subject.

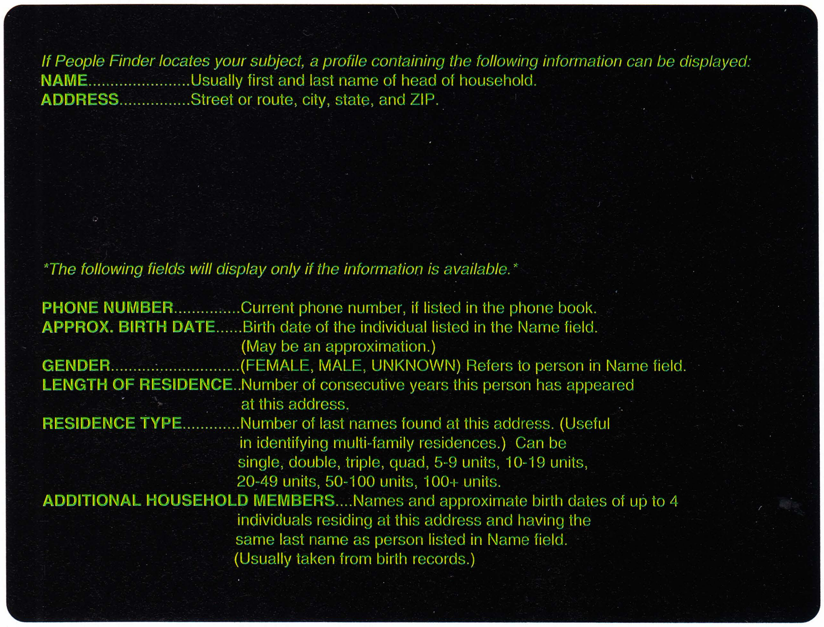
TELEPHONE TRACKER tracks down the owner of a telephone number. You must enter the phone number and either the area code or the city/state. If a match is found, you may look at a profile of that individual/residence and a listing of up to ten neighbors.

PERSON LOCATOR helps you locate a person when specific address information is unavailable. Enter the person's name and indicate whether you wish to conduct a search by city, state(s), zip or nationwide. Person Locator will compile a list of names (up to 300 names for nationwide and up to 100 names for individual state searches) that match the information entered. When you find the right name, you may request a profile and neighbor listing for that individual. (see figures 4,5 & 6)

PEOPLE FINDER MULTITRACK helps you locate multiple people during one search. Search results are available the following business day. For each of your subjects, enter the name and indicate the geographic area you wish to search—nationwide, multi-state, state, city or zip. You may enter up to 25 names per search. Sign off the system and let Information America do the work for you. The following business day, log on to Information America and access the People Finder Menu by entering PF at the Information America Beginning Menu. From the People Finder Menu, you may view the results of People Finder MultiTrack by entering RR (Review People Finder MultiTrack).

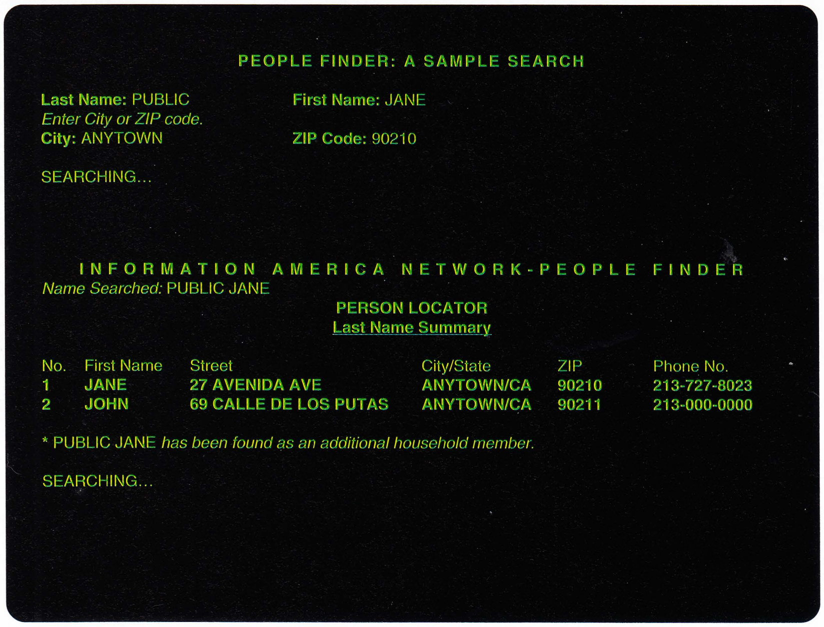
REVIEW PEOPLE FINDER MULTITRACK allows you to review the status of each of the searches you requested. You may choose to view the results of each completed search at this time. Search results will be stored for seven days from the day you requested the search. You may review the search results at any time during the seven-day time period through the Review People Finder MultiTrack option. Search results include a summary listing of names that match the information entered (up to 300 names for nationwide and up to 100 names for individual state searches). From the summary, you may select individual profiles and neighbor listings.

IA's clients are mostly lawyers and paralegals working at large legal firms, but the FBI is also a major IA client. Television programs in the 60's and 70's which depicted an FBI "Big Brother" computer system scared the public enough so that it and Congress have continually resisted efforts by the FBI to implement such a system. In the mid 80's, for example, Congress voted against the implementation of an FBI computer system which would allow them to monitor telephone calls. Information America is the perfect solution for the FBI's bureaucratic quandary. Because of hindering regulations on the government, private sector database stockpiling has outstripped governmental efforts. Moreover, private sector information is constantly fresh—tested and updated through marketing efforts. (In fact, in 1984, the IRS suffered a public relations disaster when they solicited demographic information from direct marketers for the purpose of tracking down tax-cheats). As a result, an interesting and lucrative symbiotic relationship has grown up between the government and the private sector; Big Brother can circumvent privacy laws by farming the work out.[1]



```
If People Finder locates your subject, a profile containing the following information can be displayed:
NAME.......................Usually first and last name of head of household.
ADDRESS................Street or route, city, state, and ZIP.



*The following fields will display only if the information is available.*

PHONE NUMBER..............Current phone number, if listed in the phone book.
APPROX. BIRTH DATE......Birth date of the individual listed in the Name field.
                          (May be an approximation.)
GENDER.............................(FEMALE, MALE, UNKNOWN) Refers to person in Name field.
LENGTH OF RESIDENCE..Number of consecutive years this person has appeared
                          at this address.
RESIDENCE TYPE............Number of last names found at this address. (Useful
                          in identifying multi-family residences.)  Can be
                          single, double, triple, quad, 5-9 units, 10-19 units,
                          20-49 units, 50-100 units, 100+ units.
ADDITIONAL HOUSEHOLD MEMBERS....Names and approximate birth dates of up to 4
                          individuals residing at this address and having the
                          same last name as person listed in Name field.
                          (Usually taken from birth records.)
```

▲ Figure 3 • Figure 4 ▼

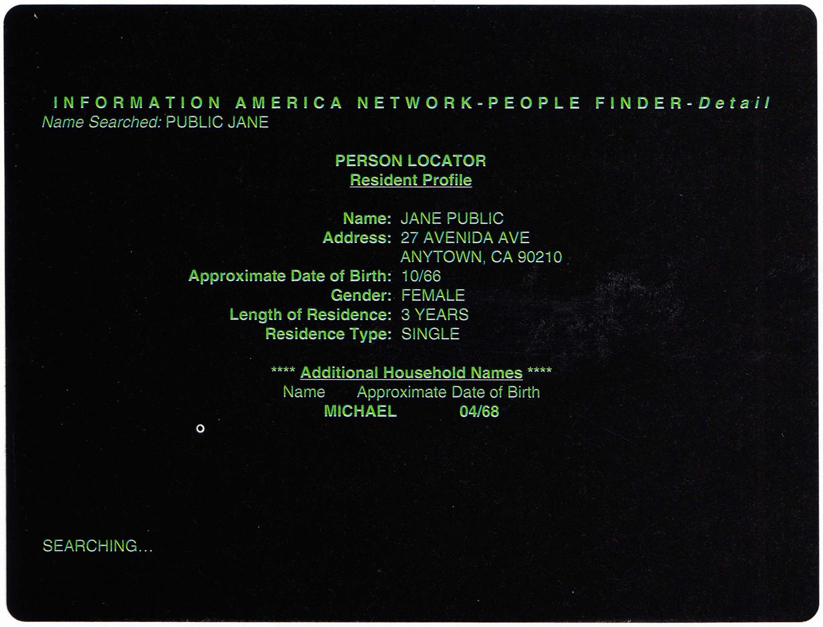


```
                 PEOPLE FINDER: A SAMPLE SEARCH

Last Name: PUBLIC              First Name: JANE
Enter City or ZIP code.
City: ANYTOWN                  ZIP Code: 90210

SEARCHING...



      INFORMATION AMERICA NETWORK-PEOPLE FINDER
Name Searched: PUBLIC JANE
                        PERSON LOCATOR
                       Last Name Summary

No.  First Name  Street                   City/State    ZIP     Phone No.
1    JANE        27 AVENIDA AVE           ANYTOWN/CA    90210   213-727-8023
2    JOHN        69 CALLE DE LOS PUTAS    ANYTOWN/CA    90211   213-000-0000

* PUBLIC JANE has been found as an additional household member.

SEARCHING...
```

IA has existed for at least three and a half years, but has remained relatively unknown to the public. IA's low profile isn't surprising; public backlash against Lotus' "MarketPlace" CD-ROM—which contained marketing information on only a few million people at most—forced Lotus to abandon its project altogether after having invested tens of thousands of dollars in advertising alone. What Lotus was doing wasn't unusual; large direct marketing firms like National Demographics & Lifestyles (NDL) have been somewhat covertly marketing consumer names and information on CD-ROM for years (with information such as how many telephones you have; the approximate ages of your household's members; the gender of the household head; the number and type of cars your household has; what the mortgage value on your house is; estimated incomes for the heads of the household, etc.) The difference was that Lotus was offering their CD-ROM commercially so that anybody could, as the public claimed, have the power of "Big Brother" at their fingertips. If the public knew about Information America, knew that *anyone* could tap its eye-spy capabilities, the backlash would be tremendous.

To market its database services, IA seems to have adopted a grass-roots kind of approach. IA employs liaisons in major metropolitan cities whose job it is to research and contact prospective clients—lawyers, for example. I am unaware of any advertising in specialized journals.

We take for granted the existence of government-run databases which contain even more detailed information on Americans than IA possesses. Even so, those databases are considerably smaller, and what's more, they're well-regulated: the agencies that run them accountable by law. (While federal privacy laws forbid most government agencies from seizing individuals' financial records, they do not prevent employers, state agencies and other individuals from probing bank accounts, nor do they protect medical records, personnel data, etc.). The potential



```
INFORMATION AMERICA NETWORK-PEOPLE FINDER-Detail
Name Searched: PUBLIC JANE

                         PERSON LOCATOR
                        Resident Profile

                           Name: JANE PUBLIC
                        Address: 27 AVENIDA AVE
                                 ANYTOWN, CA 90210
   Approximate Date of Birth: 10/66
                         Gender: FEMALE
            Length of Residence: 3 YEARS
                 Residence Type: SINGLE

               **** Additional Household Names ****
                 Name      Approximate Date of Birth
                 MICHAEL          04/68



SEARCHING...
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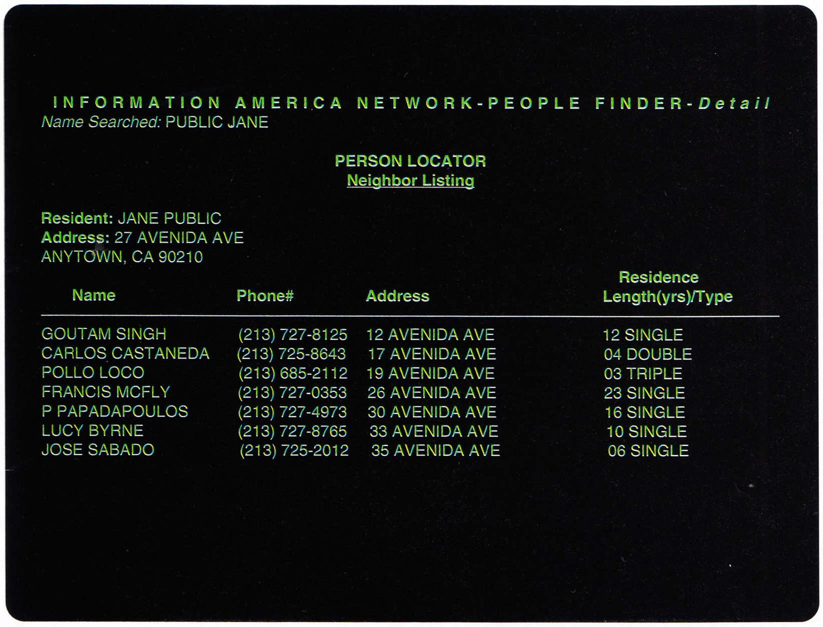
▲ **Figure 5** • **Figure 6** ▼



```
INFORMATION AMERICA NETWORK-PEOPLE FINDER-Detail
Name Searched: PUBLIC JANE

                         PERSON LOCATOR
                        Neighbor Listing

Resident: JANE PUBLIC
Address: 27 AVENIDA AVE
ANYTOWN, CA 90210
                                                     Residence
    Name            Phone#          Address          Length(yrs)/Type
---------------------------------------------------------------------
GOUTAM SINGH       (213) 727-8125  12 AVENIDA AVE    12 SINGLE
CARLOS CASTANEDA   (213) 725-8643  17 AVENIDA AVE    04 DOUBLE
POLLO LOCO         (213) 685-2112  19 AVENIDA AVE    03 TRIPLE
FRANCIS MCFLY      (213) 727-0353  26 AVENIDA AVE    23 SINGLE
P PAPADAPOULOS     (213) 727-4973  30 AVENIDA AVE    16 SINGLE
LUCY BYRNE         (213) 727-8765  33 AVENIDA AVE    10 SINGLE
JOSE SABADO        (213) 725-2012  35 AVENIDA AVE    06 SINGLE
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for abuse by a system like Information America—devoid of any checks and balances—is spectacular. MoD—a group of self-styled cyber-outlaws recently busted—has already demonstrated this to a small extent when they easily penetrated Information America and used its services to locate and harass people across the country. The same technology advances which were supposed to make at-home shopping a convenience and tailor marketing to your needs have now made surveilling you cost-effective, accurate and as easy as touching a key.

One of the least reported items to come out of the Iran/Contra proceedings concerned Oliver North and his role with the Federal Emergency Management Administration (FEMA)—the organization which coördinates relief efforts across the United States during natural disasters. North had drawn up FEMA contingency plans of a different sort: in the event of war in Central America, the Constitution was to be suspended and FEMA was to round up aliens (particularly Hispanics) and U.S. Citizens considered "subversive," and intern them in Manzanar-like camps. Databases like Information America would no doubt have been employed in locating the whereabouts of these people. The importance of Information America isn't what it can do *for* you; rather, what can be done with it *to* you.

THE FUTURE IS NOW

And Information America is just the beginning. Just the tip of the cyberg. Even if there are legitimate uses for stockpiling information—which is questionable—there aren't adequate safeguards against illegitimate use. It's dangerous enough for uncaring institutions to maintain digital dossiers on us; even more dangerous for interested strangers to be able to access them. And anybody who can follow on-line help files can navigate Information America.

The distinction between "cyberspace" and "the real world" is blurred, and things that happen in the electronic realm are already impacting our everyday lives. A battle is being waged in the workplace over the sanctity of inter-office electronic mail; prospective employers and insurance companies are screening candidates' backgrounds electronically, often making decisions based on errant data.[2] On the Internet—data highways which approximate a "global village"—billions of bytes of message traffic (including mail) are routinely archived for later perusal. In the name of terrorism, organized crime and the war against drugs, the FBI and FCC have been introducing legislation which would encourage telecommunications carriers to provide decrypted versions of privacy-enhanced communications and ensure that improvements in telephone technology do not interfere with the ability to secretly record conversations.[3] Even libraries are not immune from the intrusive efforts of meme mongers; in the late 80's the FBI quietly asked university librarians across the United States to maintain lists of patrons who checked out "subversive" books (they refused).

As our global community becomes more dependent on information, the ability to control and subvert that information will spell Mastery. Crude information brokerages between private investigators, insurance agents and employees of the Social Security Administration, the IRS, DMV and the FBI have already been uncovered.[4] The next step could be information mercenaries—well-equipped cyber-rogues skilled in traversing the net and stealing any information you can afford to buy. Ironically, the very existence of these mercenaries may be our only buffer against the absolute power of these information brokers.

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[1] "FBI said to seek Compiled Lists for use in its Field Investigations," *DMNews*; April 20, 1992

[2] "FBI Eavesdropping Challenged," *The Washington Post*, February 17, 1992.

[3] "'Privacy for Sale:' Tales of Data Rape," *San Francisco Examiner*, September 13, 1992.

[4] "Indictments of 'Information Brokers,'" *The Privacy Journal*, January, 1992.

CYCED UP!

or: ontology to go

CEOs and Ph.D.s alike are losing hair and sleep over the failure of artificial intelligence to deliver "thinking machines." While covens of AI alchemists truffle for algorithms to transform silicon traces into thinking-things, others maintain that data content—not mechanics—is the key. For instance, Austin's Microelectronics and Computer Technology Corporation (MCC) currently challenges the mechanist mob with a ten year, multi-million dollar project called "Cyc." Cyc attempts to capture the basics of human common sense in a large collection of Lisp-based assertions and rules.

Pierre Fortin

Rather than attempting to create a thinking computer in a six-day week, Doug Lenat and his Cyc team spoon-feeds Cyc the knowledge it would need to understand today's *Austin Statesman*. Instead of waiting for Cyc to wake up and start learning, they teach it about the world fact by fact, relationship by relationship.

Currently, low-tech expert systems built with ART, KEE or KnowledgeCraft break very easily. Their internal representations focus on slivers of human knowledge—like how to fix a Western Digital PC board or load the space shuttle cargo bay. Commercial expert systems lack the complexity to go beyond simple systems. Cyc will act as a fallback when focused expert systems crack. If someone asked the current space shuttle cargo bay loading program about eagle nests on the Cape, it would fail to respond. With Cyc attached, the expert system would at least know about eagles, and the Cape, and it could perhaps find other reference material to illuminate the query.

Daniel Rasmus

Cyc already knows about buying and baseball bases, about math and money, time and data bases. By 1994, around 10^8 "chunks" of knowledge will have been entered—representing what you expect other people to know when you blab with them. Personal knowledge remains personal, of course; the details of what you do with your dirty socks aren't consensus reality. Common sense, however, isn't so common. Who determines what's common? How is the universe divided semantically? How do you capture knowledge? Cyc doesn't answer all the questions, but it *exposes* them. The quality of Cyc's content will determine the future of AI research.

THE EVOLVING AI

Cyc arranges a "frame representation" of the world. High-level frames—called "classes" or "collections"—hold prototypical copies of things, ideas and events: things like chairs and lamps, events like appointments and deaths, ideas like Judaism and talk shows. When Cyc represents an actual thing or event, it creates an "instance" of a frame, like "Chair101" or "The DennisMiller Show." Each frame consists of a unique "identifier"—a series of slots for holding data, procedural methods, and the data itself. Because Cyc exists, it represents its own representations. Cyc defines Cyc. What a concept.

Problem is, knowledge doesn't always come in frames and rules. Some knowledge requires relationships beyond simple part/whole or general specialization inheritance. "Constraints" augment Cyc for difficult representations like disjunctions, negations and existentials. These special representations help Cyc understand the world in a more human way than its commercial counterparts, which can only solve problems within their narrow representation alternatives.

New representations require new reasoning methods

("a spoonful of sugar" don't wash in electronic mind-weaving). Cyc forced its inventors to develop a new ontology to capture common sense that would be complete and computationally efficient. "Ontological engineering"—the practical practice of organizing the world—was born. Philosophers study ontology, but outside the thesaurus, little comes of it in the practical world. Ontological engineers work the representation problem daily.

PARTITIONING THE UNIVERSE

My last visit to MCC included discussions of fireplaces. What should Cyc know about fireplaces? *They are typically inset in a wall. They produce heat. They are made of non-burning material.* But what about fireplaces in the middle of a room? How should Cyc differentiate between a fireplace and a furnace? Debates on mundane issues rage round the clock.

High-level details are easy—*You live in Mill Valley, California. You have a wife named Peg. You served in Vietnam.* But what about common sense stuff you take for granted? *You are a combination of tangible and intangible objects. You can't leave your body. You contain an intangible object called BJSMind, which contains its own characteristics.*

Cyc represents everything explicitly. Everything is stored as either a collection, an individual, a substance, a tangible thing, an intangible thing, a dynamic object, a static object, or a bevy of other categories and subcategories. These high-level categories act as a framework for lower level categories, like "taxi drivers." If confronted with "teacher," Cyc instantly knows that the person graduated from college, works in a school, works with people younger than himself/herself and several other bits of information.

Cyc's deep representations allow contradictions to its assumptions. By default people without legs aren't athletes, but Cyc can still understand a wheelchair-bound person running a marathon.

HOW DO I TALK TO YOU, BABE? AND WHAT DO YOU REALLY THINK?

Cyc requires consistent interfaces for interaction. Human "knowledge enterers" nurture Cyc through the epistemological level with a slang version of predicate calculus called "CycL."

CycL expresses everything from corporate payroll tables to haircuts to the cause of a traffic accident. The TELL/ASK interface captures frames and constraints through assertions (telling) and responds to questions (asking). Like a person, Cyc will accept incomplete information and reason over it by answering a question the best way it knows how at the moment.

Cyc translates CycLisms into heuristic-level hacks that do the shitwork. The heuristic level resolves conflicts, implements the details of "tell" and "ask," and edits incoming assertions to maintain the knowledge base's truth. "CycLists" tweak the heuristic level to gain efficiency. Without the heuristic level, Cyc would lumber toward conclusions. By the end of the Cyc project, heuristic-level stability will eliminate the need to touch heuristic code.

The inference tricks in Cyc have evolved beyond commercial AI products. Rather than using "resolution," "logic chaining" or "inheritance," Cyc employs specialized inference mechanisms. *Automatic classification* recognizes the category something belongs to. *Metalevel management* uses best-first search to help Cyc arrive at correct conclusions. *Plausible inference by determination* makes assumptions about values based on their correspondence to other values.

This split-brain approach buffers knowledge workers from the nasty linking and fastening inside Cyc. Without this approach, Cyc would be difficult for anyone but its inventors to master. By mastering CycL, new knowledge enterers can gain access to Cyc without having to understand the thousands of Lisp routines that make it work.

KEEPING STUFF STRAIGHT

Cyc contexts differentiate between knowledge pools. For instance, a "hack hamster" is a bitchin' little program to me, but to my two-year-old daughter, it's a live, furry ball you pitch off a table. Cyc switches between these contexts so it knows whether it should pitch a hamster or load a piece of code.

Unlike your average Joe stuck in a singular event horizon, Cyc easily shifts between contexts. People "look at things from another point of view," by imagining what another person is thinking. When Cyc switches contexts, it *becomes* the other point of view.

Cyc's contexts can romp in time and space. If I want to discuss 1962 fashions, I could fashion a 1962 French Designer context. In that representation, man never invented leisure suits. Contexts become a rich playground. Alice's Wonderland or Asimov's positronic future are equally valid to Cyc as long as you assert their unique facts and rules.

Cyc's elaborate schemes for representing reality don't answer the question of which reality *is* reality. Others might disagree with Cyc's view of coffee tables, but for now the CycList's consensus coffee table is Cyc's coffee table. When *you* get a copy of Cyc, you can assert *your own view* of coffee tables.

CYCLING OUT

Substance over mechanism will drive AI's future. Our brain's complexity defies simple mimetic paradigms. By teaching Cyc, MCC learns about thinking and organizing thought. No computer trick can supplant the "roll-up-your-sleeves, discuss 'the meaning of meaning' and teach it to a machine" method currently underway at MCC's Austin and Palo Alto Cyc centers.

By 1994 Cyc will escape from research limbo and pose questions to its creators, learn by discovery, and converse in a natural language. When this occurs, Cyc the project will be replaced by Cyc the product. Cyc will then have graduated from the cloistered arena of knowledge enterers to the scary, wide-open terrain of hackers, ravers, and cognitive dissidents.

The MIDI Warp Drive

The Hotz Translator

MIDI TRANSLATOR

Yes's Jon Anderson with the Hotz Translator

How do you explain perfection… Is musical quality determined by skill or spirit… How do you spell relief?

These and other demanding questions plague me as I grope for the proper approach to describe the Hotz MIDI Translator—a visionary computer/instrument hybrid certain to clean clocks well into the next century. Maybe I should start with a quote, not a query. Herman Rarebell, of the Scorpions, has said, "This is the future of music."

Mihai Manoliu

Or the surprise approach: If the Hotz Translator doesn't even run on the Mac (*yet*—Atari ST compatible, IBM and Mac to follow), why does Steve Wozniak consider it one of the most impressive computer technologies he's ever seen?

Perhaps the inventor/genius personality angle: Jimmy Hotz is an unusual candidate for Genius. He's a handsome, low-key, Texan rock 'n' roll guitarist, with four kids and a suburban front, and with minimal tech-speak tendencies. No Way! Fortunately for the rest of us, Mick Fleetwood recognized the mind behind the veil, and the rest is history in the making.

Whatever the hook, these are the facts. Hotz and Fleetwood teamed up in 1987 to create an unusual instrument, the MIDI Vest—a triggering device worn by Fleetwood during live shows. As the limitations and lure of MIDI became apparent, they decided to build the ultimate controller—a "dream instrument."

Hotz chose the Atari ST for two reasons: excellent MIDI timing specs for pro audio applications, and a cost low enough to justify dedicated use as a master controller. He figured that whatever platform you use for MIDI, the power and flexibility of the Hotz Translator would make you run out and grab an Atari—figure about $550 for a 1040 STe MIDI-ready system with a mono monitor, and $299 for the software. Although the Translator is designed to be used with a computer-based pro sequencer such as Creator or Vision, it will amaze as a stand-alone unit. But the addition of a MIDI keyboard will transform the Atari into the "instrument of the future."

The beauty of the Hotz Translator is its power to amplify the expressive range of musicians at all levels of ability. Hotz uses advanced algorithms to store an immense database of chords and scales in all keys. It uses the information to translate incoming MIDI data *in realtime*, without any noticeable delays. Imagine a keyboard or guitar that reads your mind and makes only the "right" notes of a desired chord/scale available on its playing surface. Call it a Virtual Instrument—the computer uses program changes (from a sequencer, foot pedal, or controller itself) to reconfigure its tables in realtime. However complex the musical passage, the right notes are available and mapped out onto whatever MIDI controller you choose (keyboard, MIDI guitar, MIDI drums, or the Hotz Box, an ideal hardware device). You decide the progressions and choose the rhythm and voicings in realtime (a 15-key trigger provides over a billion voicing options). The database is exhaustively complete, with a body of international scales.

The Hotz Translator is a true hyperinstrument. Whatever your level of musical development, you can use it to learn more theory. Several display screens are designed for educational uses. A search option takes less than a second to display all chord/scale structures that incorporate the notes you searched on. This function alone is worth the price of admission—indispensable for composers and students alike.

Other advanced functions include a MIDI Strings and Messages programming interface that lets you customize your controller without years of programming experience. You probably won't need to customize: I can't list all the options Hotz built into the Translator. Let's just say that he analyzed every need he saw in MIDI systems and made it possible for the user to access it all in one package.

I have to mention the Hotz Box, a hardware controller designed to take full advantage of the software interface. The instrument consists of velocity-sensitive electronic sensors separated by small ridges. These pads are perfectly designed: there is enough distinction to separate the notes clearly, yet a player can glide all over the sensors and still sound delicate and smooth. Since there are no moving parts, triggering is noticeably faster and smoother than with regular MIDI keyboards. Once you play one of these babies, your keyboard will seem archaic.

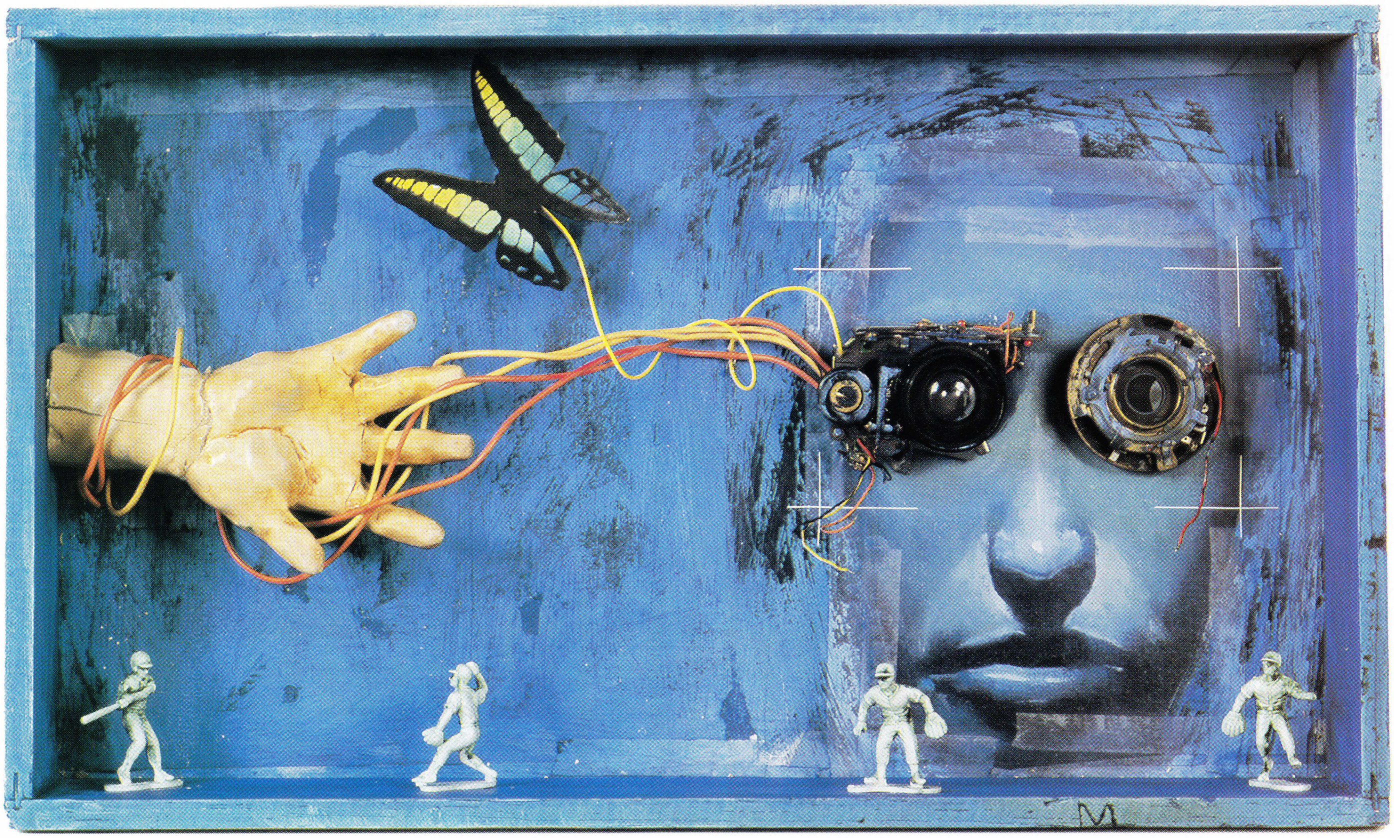
For those still attached to bashing on keys, the software will turn a 5-octave keyboard into a multi-zone Hotz Box emulator that will blow some minds. This feature is elegant and simple, yet incredibly powerful. You can layer any combination of chords, scales, and any other MIDI data onto separate zones. Imagine playing five or more instruments simultaneously, without mistakes. Take an untrained young punk and let him loose—and skeptics walk away converted.

Simply put, the Hotz Translator is a warp drive for musicians. It also happens to be the best music software deal in the world. Hotz claims God showed him the Translator (that explains the "visionary" thing) and so he's committed to keeping it within reach of unemployed musicians and amateurs. You get software others might have charged thousands for, a large format 500-page manual, and a system that is immensely flexible. Whether you're a pro, a neophyte, or tone deaf, this software will give you your dream instrument, for real.

Hotz Instruments Technology
P.O. Box 828
Newbury Park, CA 91319-0828
Vox: (805) 492-5553
Fax: (805) 493-4650

Mihai Manoliu is a freelance writer/editor who specializes in music technology. He first encountered the Translator during an interview with Hotz in 1989, and has been hooked ever since. He's also a professional photographer, musician, poet... and refugee from friendly fascism everywhere.

In the Belly of the Entertainment Beast: NPSNET



God, what's the *point* of virtual reality? Most virtual games are like the Mojave Desert—sparsely beautiful, but sensually bankrupt. *Nothing happens!* You fly around, touch things, and if you're lucky, you see another player. About as involving as solitary confinement.

Kristen Kelleher

Motivation, you see, is key—in game design as in life. The Naval Postgraduate School is stepping up to the VR launchpad with a game that addresses the problem of motivation. Very simply, you're plopped into a fight-or-die situation in an enthralling world guaranteed to *grab* the user. Fighting, fleeing, fuc… (er, not yet) exploring the terrain, dropping into "Rabbit Hole" portals to traverse the world pseudo-instantaneously, and experiencing mortal fear all keep the player on the edge of his skull.

To achieve this republic of activities, we've made software the focus of NPSNET. We decided to leave hardware tinkering to the other guys. More sophisticated interface equipment only amplifies the primitive, tedious nature of the current VR worlds.

How do you move around in a virtual world? Since a virtual world is really just a graphics problem, point-of-view is key. The computer has to keep track of your movement so it can draw a picture of the part of the world you're seeing. Since it's drawing the picture from a mathematical model of the world, it doesn't just draw what you see at that moment. If you are looking at a wall, it draws the wall, everything past the wall, everything behind you… It draws everything in the world. *Everything.* Obviously, this slows graphics display speed to a crawl. For NPSNET, we're writing a program that sets parameters limiting what the computer shows you, so that instead of drawing the whole world, it draws only your field of vision and does it several times faster. Since the computer is adjusting the world faster, you can move faster.

VR creators frequently ignore two basic principles of movement—collision detection and physics. Sure, it's fun to fly around without gravity while being propelled, and to walk through walls, but if you're writing a video game, that isn't a design feature, it's a bug. Collision detection requires a program that keeps track of everything in the world and decides if you and any other object are sharing the same 3-space. However, you also need to limit the search to your immediate vicinity—if you're in Chicago there's no need for the computer to check your position against the position of a tree in China. Another set of parameters has to be set that limits the field of

Terry Miuri

objects the computer checks against you.

Physics is a more complicated element, requiring a program that applies the rules of reality to the virtual world. Granted, it's more important to have gravity than friction, but if we're after virtual "reality," we have to incorporate as many of these rules as possible. Of course, if you make the physics too realistic, only pilots will be able to fly the aircraft. The solution is to write in enough rules of physics so the world is plausible, without alienating your average Mall Rat.

Realism also requires loads of players on the network. NPSNET needs the capability to create autonomous players (APs) when there are too few players. The problem with APs is that they generally only have two behaviors: "attack" and "run away." To mimic the actions of a real player, the program needs to be able to assign behaviors less predictably. One of the ideas currently under construction combines the current autonomous capabilities with the idea of multitracking. Multitracking is a buzzword for recording a section of someone's game and playing it back while you enter another vehicle and drive along with the original vehicle. Like multitracking in a recording studio, you can add several new vehicles, creating an unlimited amount of scripted APs. If you let them play out their script until a live player interacts with them, computer time is minimized until the point of interaction. They would then break from their script to perform any of their behaviors. If you could "teach" APs the behaviors they performed in a replayed recording, it would be difficult to discern them from live players.

VR researchers take networking for granted—they assume that since we can network other computer functions, we'll be able to network VR. Without trying it, how do we know? Writers and predictors are counting on that networking capability, even though very few research outfits work in the field. If we want Gibson's Matrix, we need to start working with large-network, multi-user virtual environments.

The networking software has to ensure that everyone sees the same things. If I knock down a tree, you should see it fall. This requires us to write software to record the changes and send them out onto the network. This process of recording could be used to get things onto the network and to play back portions of a game. The network needs to be fast enough to keep track of all the players in realtime. If the number of players is kept small (500 players), each workstation can have its own model of the world. Each model apprises the other computers on the network of its changes while receiving updates from them. When the network grows to 10,000 players, the world model will be stored in one computer, and the rest of the computers will "roll in" the model in chunks. Your computer only rolls in the relevant parts of the world, while rolling out obsolete information.

The network also needs to understand previously undescribed players—new types of vehicles. The software must be able to get a description of the vehicle and pass it on to the rest of the network. So if I want to fly a Jet Cow through the world, the computer asks me questions (Land or air vehicle? How fast does it travel? What kind of weapons does it have?) and creates a file for the Jet Cow so that when I fly into your bit of the world, your computer can find the description to display and move my Jet Cow.

The computer/player interface is another hurdle. Despite all the gloves and goggles floating around, human/computer interaction is not merely a hardware problem. There also needs to be software displaying changes in the world to the player, and the computer/player dialogue has to be convenient. NPSNET uses Hypermedia. Much like the interactive programs found in museums where you touch the screen to get more information, Hyper-NPSNET will allow the player to "touch" icons (or voice-select them), which will bring up a menu of possible media—text, audio, or compressed video. When you're finished in the node, you continue to play. Selecting an icon will also allow you to travel through a Rabbit Hole portal to any other embedded node throughout the Hypermedia Network. Thus, you can travel from A to B without crossing the virtual terrain between. When you enter a portal, the computer displays the network racing by, thereby avoiding the disorientation of "instant-aspect change." We call this teleportation the "Alice Effect," honoring Lewis Carroll's magic rabbit holes.

In authoring mode—another Hypermedia-related function—the computer drops nodes as you play a game. After a battle, you can travel along these "self-authored" nodes (which exist not only in the three dimensions of the world, but also in time, appearing and disappearing as the clock ticks) and watch your vehicle to see how you performed. You can also rewrite history and see what would've happened if you had fled that fatal encounter.

Ultimately, NPSNET will deliver a VR game that lets you choose a vehicle and battle (or boogie) with *hundreds* of other people. With its software orientation and networking capabilities, NPSNET will be the Nintendo of the future. The game runs on a computer currently within the price range of PCs, and peripheral equipment is just down the line. Virtual reality will be in our living rooms sooner than we think, and moms everywhere will have a new visual entertainment medium to bash. We've gotta be honest—there *is* abuse potential! But VR is just the latest incarnation of the Entertainment Beast and no more dangerous than TV was to America or Gutenberg was to serfdom. To the barricades!

Kristen Kelleher, interning in the Computer Science Department of the Naval Postgraduate School, is a senior at the University of California, Santa Cruz. While pursuing a B.A. in literature, she keeps herself busy geeking out, doing yoga, and cultivating a cyber-attitude.

STREET NOISE

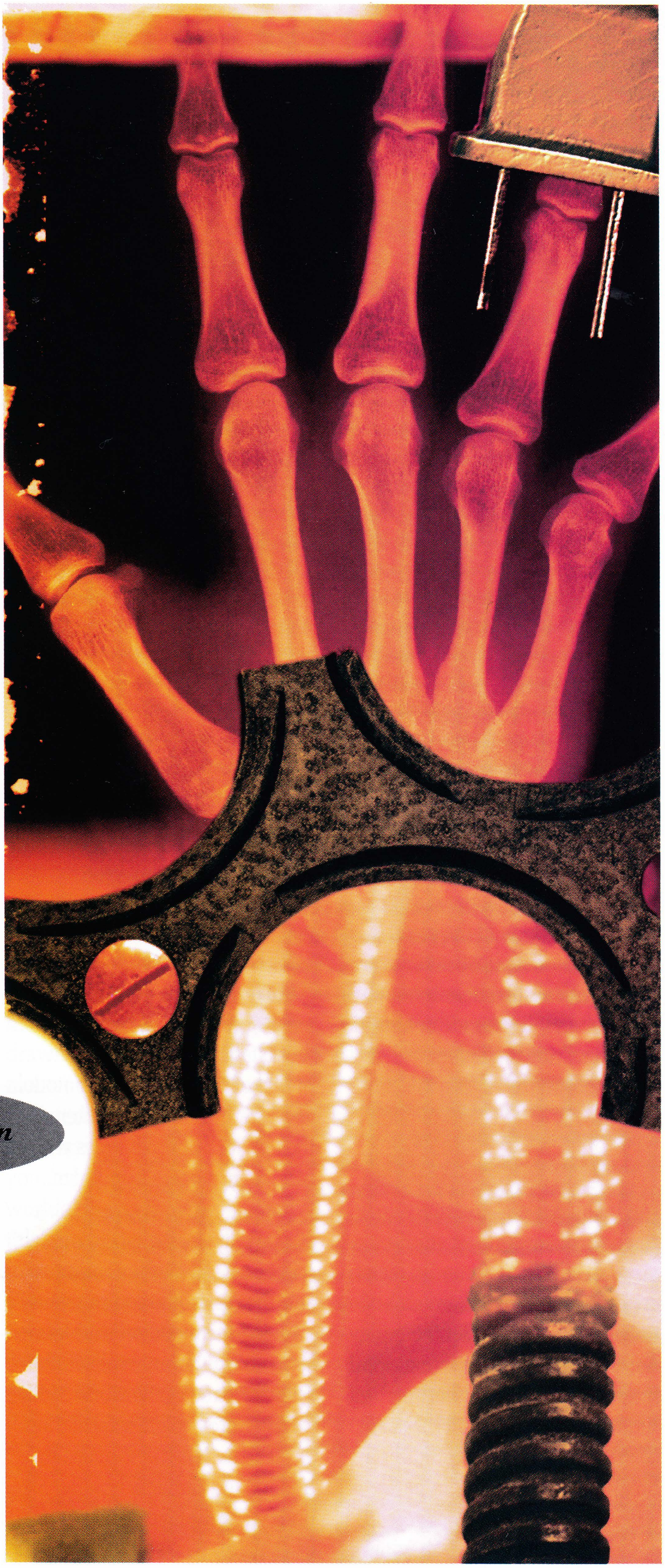
SAMIZDATA FOR THE COMPUTER UNDERGROUND

Gareth Branwyn

Everyone's always talking about how wonderful it'll be when multi-channel video lines are available through the phone lines. People may not realize that this multi-channel "video dialtone" arrangement could spell the end to community-access programming. Deep Dish TV's newsletter reports that while the FCC's proposed **Video Dialtone Policy** would allow local phone companies to provide video services via phone lines, the proposal makes little or no provision for non-commercial public access.

Currently, cable providers must allow non-commercial access in accordance with the 1984 Cable Act. Many media activists believe they must fight for similar provisions in the new FCC guidelines. If you'd like to join the fray, send a letter to our good buddies at the FCC, 1919 M St. NW, Washington, DC 20554 and to your "representatives" in Congress. For more information or to get on Deep Dish TV's mailing list, write: Deep Dish TV Network, 39 W. 14th St., New York, NY 10011. Internet: Deepdish@igc.org. Deep Dish will soon be airing a program on this issue called (tentatively): "Malling Our Free Speech."

Anybody who thinks MONDO 2000 is too gee-whiz about technology should check out **Futurific**, a nauseating piece of Big Tech propoganda brought to you by the Foundation for Optimism, Inc. (sounds like a



John Weber

LaRouche front). This is your fifties brand of World's Fair futurism. You remember—hovercraft commuter cars, all-robotic foam homes with plastic lawns, computers that talk like Kathleen Turner. It's 24 pages of slick tech ("microwave clothes dryers"), one-world government ("Towards Global Democracy"), and salvation through new and improved consumerism ("blue roses in 1992!"). At $10 per slim issue, the publishers apparently cast their vote for economic optimism as well. Oh look… the editor/publisher is the former President of the World Future Society, New York. Surprise, surprise! Get happy, get: *Futurific*, 280 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

Also, a new magazine called **Felix** (yes, after the cartoon cat) has arrived on the alternative video front. This journal of low-tech video art and criticism wants to recapture the spirit of early television—when it was still in the "hands of inventors and amateurs who approached TV much like ham radio, building their own sets… transmitting signals to each other… and testing the limits of the medium." **Felix** features articles written by video artists/producers, poets, critics, communication experts and video innovators. Big focus on politically-oriented vidmaking. $6/issue from The Standby Program, P.O. Box 184, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012.

Since the demise of *Factsheet Five*, lots of other zines have followed, lemming-like, to their graves. This makes even more precious those zines that have survived the harsh conditions of the moment. One such zine is Paul Moore's **Technology Works**. This modest 18-pager is crammed to the margins with the latest rattle and clang of the postindustrial music scene. One thing I like about *TW* is that Moore doesn't editorialize very much—the space goes to interviews with the bands. The latest issue, number ten, includes words of deviant wisdom from Clock DVA, Coil, Merzbow, and Babyland. Although there's no stated theme here, these are all bands that use elements of horror, shock, and outré sexuality in their work. The motives revealed in the DVA piece were especially enlightening.

Each issue contains the latest recording news and a column that tracks audio samples back to their sources. *TW*'s main concern is, of course, the music reviews—over 56 recordings covered in issue 10. For the positively retro price of $1.50/issue, everyone who finds music in mayhem, and rhythm in a punch press, should subscribe. Write: Paul Moore, P.O. Box 477, Placentia, CA 92670-0477.

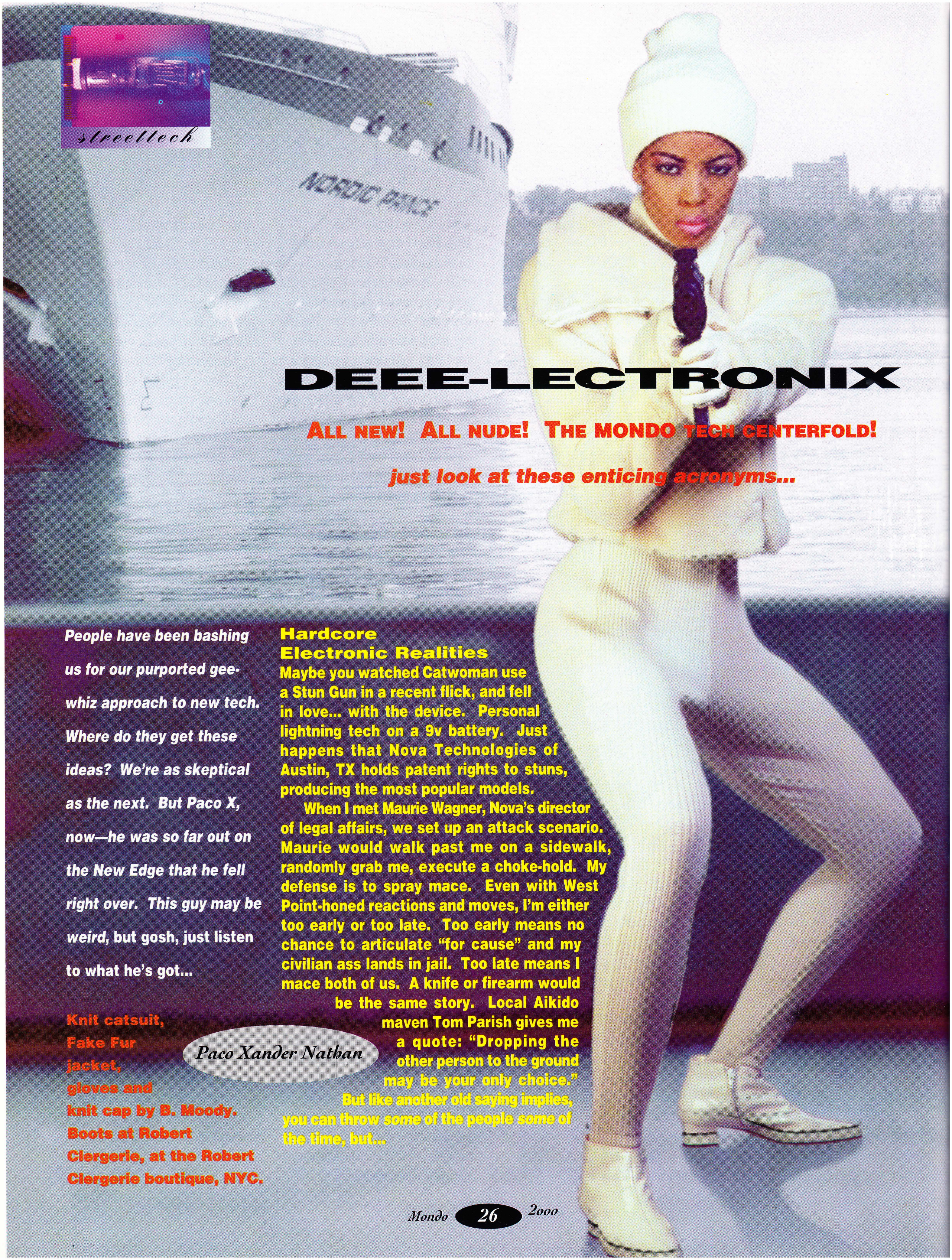
In a similar vein, but with a stronger dose of fannish over-enthusiasm, comes **Industrial Nation**. This chunky (64-page) digest has it all: reviews, interviews, critical essays, fiction, record news, comics… There's even a penpal column: "I want to meet folks who respect Vampirism as I do," "…romantic, but presently incarcerated." Puts the "fan" back in fanzine. Join the club at: *Industrial Nation*, 114 1/2 East College, Suite 16, Iowa City, IA 52240. $2.50/issue.

There's a million scams in the naked city and every one of them could use better-looking stationery. **Paper Direct** is here to make your operation look—well—like *real.* They have a whole collection of paper in designer colors, ready-to-print-on-and-fold brochures, rolodex cards, colored labels, post cards, binding machines, you name it. Create overnight a business image that would have been capital-intensive just a few years ago. In a world where everyone has a DTP setup, just having clean laser output isn't enough to legitimize today's desktop counterfeiter. Paper Direct can help. And if you buy $30 or more with your first order, you get a big sample kit with all kinds of goodies you can use for one-shot projects. To get a catalog, call 1-800-A-Papers.

Catalog junkies who long ago lost the buzz from the Sharper Image catalog might want to try a hit of **Arbor Scientific**. Done up in the same glossy splendor as its yuppie counterpart, the Arbor Scientific catalog speaks more to nerds with disposable incomes than to investment bankers and environmental lawyers. Here you can find laser and hologram kits, superconductivity labs, various experimental packages in electrical, fiber optic, and meterological sciences. They even sell a Franck-Hertz Apparatus, a low-cost version of the device that James Franck and Gustav Hertz first used in studying the behavior of atoms. This device measures the ionization potential and first excitation of xenon gas. Makes me wish that I was a high school science teacher with one of those fat tools-and-equipment budgets (yeah, right!). Arbor Scientific Catalog, P.O. Box 2750, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-2750. (313) 973-6200.

Another nifty, but more down-to-Earth, technostroke book is the popular **Digi-Key** catalog. This 226-page catalog is filled with electronic components and computer hardware. Don't buy those expensive cabling "systems" (read: cables in a fancy box). Get the cables and connectors you need here and do it yourself. It'll only take a few minutes and you'll save A LOT of money. They've got just about everything here in components and accessories. *And* they provide fairly detailed technical information on most items—this alone makes it a valuable resource for hardware hackers. From: Digi-Key Corp., 701 Brooks Ave. South, P.O. Box 677, Thief River Falls, MN 56701-0677. (800) 344-4539.

Now that you've practiced your solder-gunslinging and have completely rewired your mouse and keyboard [*see Street Tech,* MONDO #7], you may be ready to move on to other projects. Each issue of **Elektor Electronics: The International Journal of Recreational Electronics** has dozens of scratch-build projects ranging from simple switches and relays to amplifiers, power supplies, and various scientific instrument packages. Each project is outlined with an overview, parts lists, clear diagrams, and operation notes. This is not step-by-step beginner stuff, but if you have the basics down you should be able to figure it out. Get hardwired with: Elektor Electronics, 305 Union Station, P.O. Box 876, Petersborough, NH 03458. $3.00/issue.



DEEE-LECTRONIX

ALL NEW! ALL NUDE! THE MONDO TECH CENTERFOLD!

just look at these enticing acronyms...

People have been bashing us for our purported gee-whiz approach to new tech. Where do they get these ideas? We're as skeptical as the next. But Paco X, now—he was so far out on the New Edge that he fell right over. This guy may be weird, but gosh, just listen to what he's got...

Paco Xander Nathan

Hardcore Electronic Realities

Maybe you watched Catwoman use a Stun Gun in a recent flick, and fell in love... with the device. Personal lightning tech on a 9v battery. Just happens that Nova Technologies of Austin, TX holds patent rights to stuns, producing the most popular models.

When I met Maurie Wagner, Nova's director of legal affairs, we set up an attack scenario. Maurie would walk past me on a sidewalk, randomly grab me, execute a choke-hold. My defense is to spray mace. Even with West Point-honed reactions and moves, I'm either too early or too late. Too early means no chance to articulate "for cause" and my civilian ass lands in jail. Too late means I mace both of us. A knife or firearm would be the same story. Local Aikido maven Tom Parish gives me a quote: "Dropping the other person to the ground may be your only choice." But like another old saying implies, you can throw *some* of the people *some* of the time, but...

Knit catsuit, Fake Fur jacket, gloves and knit cap by B. Moody. Boots at Robert Clergerie, at the Robert Clergerie boutique, NYC.

Black leather top
by Chrissie Walsh.
Black leather pants
by Helen Storey.
Pendant by Erikson Beamon.
All available at Untitled or
Showroom Seven, NYC.
Shoes at Robert Clergerie,
NYC.

HACKER FASHION ACCESSORIES

OK, I'm sold. True, a 9mm automatic is conceptually a lot of fun, and feels solid to fire, but is practically—generally—useless. I not only want to survive an assailant, I wanna survive the cops who arrive on the scene and the judge afterwards. Besides, I'd get busted (felony) in too many places for having a firearm. Most attacks initiate within 2 ft. of the victim. Most attacks are unarmed. Shit: drawing blood against an unarmed attack is a crime. Electronic stun isn't. Simple? Nova's XR-5000 Stun Gun tech is the best "defensive" alternative around.

The stun is a black ABS plastic unit. Looks like any VCR remote controller, but has a single, grim button. Local gun shops sells stuns for about $100, depending on battery options—more like buying a notebook PC than a weapon. No license required. Inside, the device has one small, single-layer printed circuit board with relay, a few resistors and the most enormous capacitor this side of the Radio Shack Hall o' Fame. Elegant, durable design. My model uses 9v NiCad or alkaline for many, many discharges. Lithium battery option guarantees a 2 year charge. My softpack brief now features all the essentials: checkbook, passport, 386 notebook, 88 Mb Syquest backups, several hair-ties and an XR-5000 stun.

**Photographs & Photoshop
by Jill Greenberg
Styling by Leviathan Hendricks
Hair & Make-Up:
Susan Schectar
Femme Fatale Models:
Daniela with Company Model
Management, NYC and
Etta with Cameo Model
Management, NYC.**

COUNTER-DAMAGE

Just like in the PiL song, "Anger is an energy." 40-45 Kvolts, to be exact—3-4 milliamp equi—which arc out in 17-22 pulses/sec. You've seen electronic pain-relief units, used for chronic back pain and elderly care? TENS Tech: the electrode derm patches intercept pain neurosignals on their way to the brain... Well, Nova's stun tech works like that, in reverse: it stops muscle control signals between cerebellum and major body muscles—I checked this with a local neurophysiologist. Yeah, think of jamming all xmit inside your muscle feedback loop. A shallow arc forms under the skin between the stun's contact trodes; the arc follows a path of least resistance. Unless your target is made of ceramic, there's no chance of short circuiting the cardiac region. Nice and safe. 95% of the population collapses during a 3-sec burst. The remaining 5% reacts slower: extremely obese persons and people who work around high voltage appear to have a greater tolerance.

I check independent test reports... 1 mA starts an electro-Huxley "threshold of perception;" 5 mA—eg. electric fences—produces a harmless let-go stimulus. You've gotta suck up double-digit mA for a few secs before ventricular fibrillation, i.e. death. So Nova's 3-4 mA range is more than a tickle, but much less than fatal. In ten years of production, use in over 1K PD's across the planet, numerous academic studies, Medline searches, etc., no serious injuries have been reported. Nova has never even needed to revise their original, UL approved design. Nice QA.

Halter & Gloves by B. Moody. B. Moody designs available at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, If Boutique, NYC and Linda Dresner NYC.

PHYSICAL REALITY HACKING

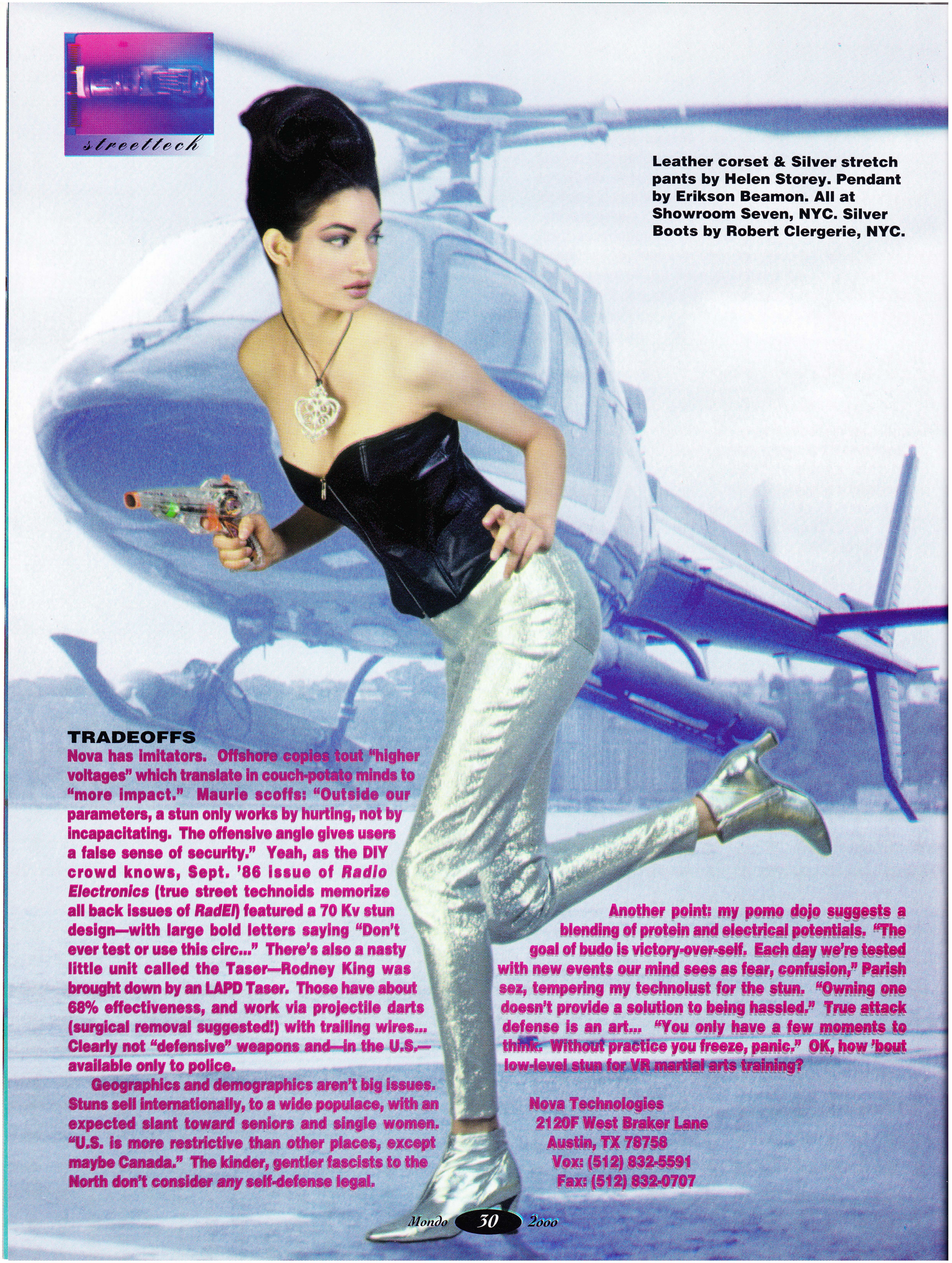
A 3-sec train of damped, sinusoidal pulses also has VR implications... "I've been taken down over 30 times," sez Maurie. "You feel an electric charge that's not painful, but not pleasant. In your mind you want to escape from the device... and you think you're moving away." On tape, police training demonstrates this reality warp. An officer gets stunned, goes down fast and hard. After coming back up, he *swears* he jumped six feet away from the stun, but the other officers just snicker.

Psychiatrist and neuro-researcher Lawrence Sergic remarks on this phenom: "The cerebellum acts as a 'motion computer' to calc an evasive plan, sends the maneuver to the cortex... but the motor system cannot act." Cortical fake-out. "Peripheral nervous system can't return feedback, so the person has *manufactured* a sensory experience." Stun guns achieve virtual reality's "suspension of disbelief," albeit at high personal cost.

Another score on the reality hacking side is Fear. People dislike having electronics pointed at them. Maurie, a K9 trainer/officer, laments "I've had suspects ready to go up against my dog, but afraid of the stun!" Shakes his head. I look at a trail of canine scars on the trainer's arm. More damage than any 3 mA, but people strung on an anger/emotion trip don't think that way...

Whether through fear or function, this technology *incapacitates* an attacker, giving you time to create space. The reptilian part of the human brain becomes dominant during an attack. Reptilian neuroware, as holographic mind researcher Carl Pribram sez, serves "the 4 F's of survival: fleeing, feeding, fighting and sex." The nice part about a stun is that disabling current doesn't transfer from attacker to victim... unless you also engage in Carl's 2nd or 4th activities with them. You have a choice after taking down a target: run or counter-attack. Manufacturer suggests run.

Metal bra & Chastity belt by David Spada, available at Casa di Spada, NYC.



Leather corset & Silver stretch pants by Helen Storey. Pendant by Erikson Beamon. All at Showroom Seven, NYC. Silver Boots by Robert Clergerie, NYC.

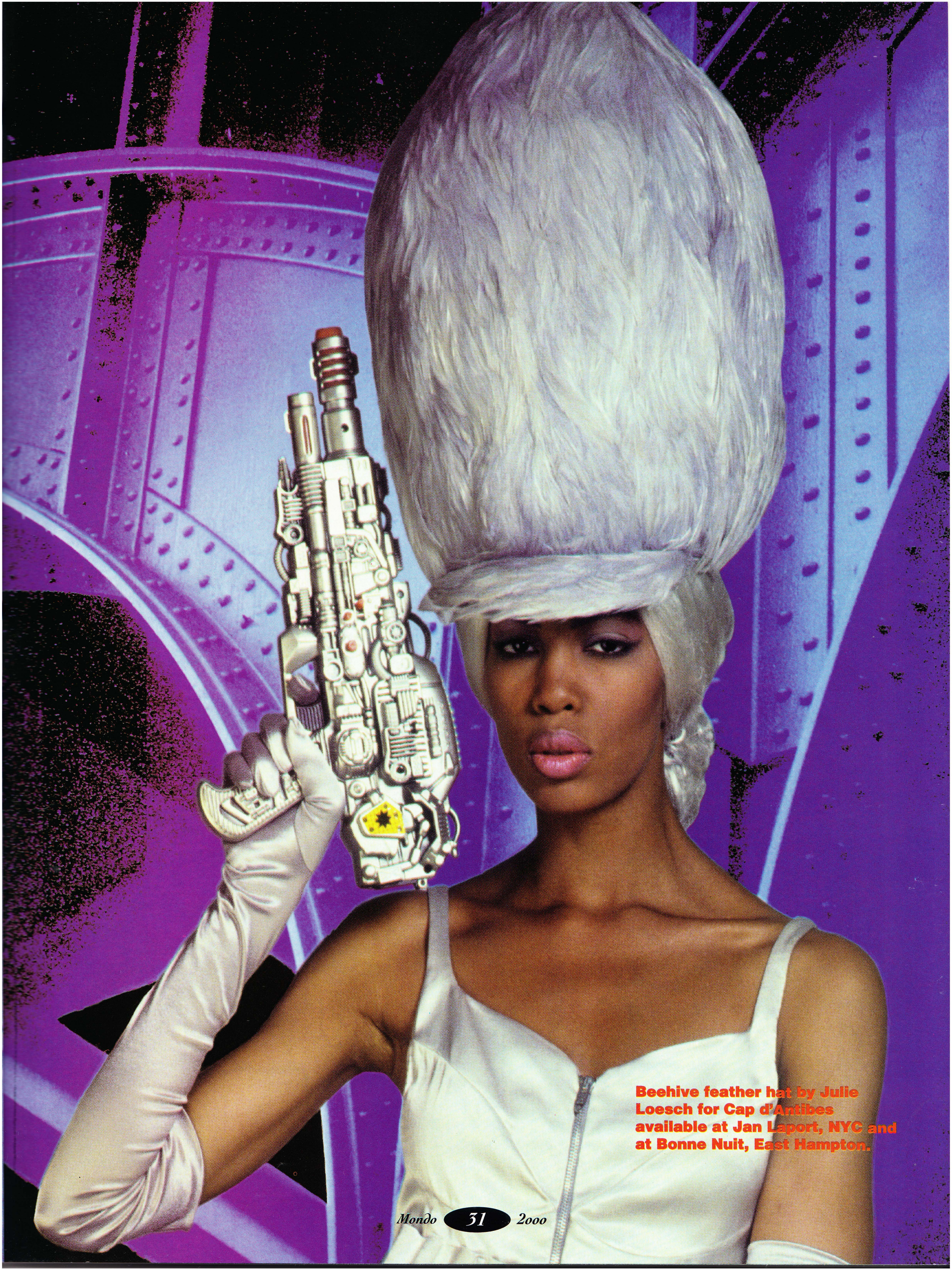
TRADEOFFS

Nova has imitators. Offshore copies tout "higher voltages" which translate in couch-potato minds to "more impact." Maurie scoffs: "Outside our parameters, a stun only works by hurting, not by incapacitating. The offensive angle gives users a false sense of security." Yeah, as the DIY crowd knows, Sept. '86 issue of *Radio Electronics* (true street technoids memorize all back issues of *RadEl*) featured a 70 Kv stun design—with large bold letters saying "Don't ever test or use this circ..." There's also a nasty little unit called the Taser—Rodney King was brought down by an LAPD Taser. Those have about 68% effectiveness, and work via projectile darts (surgical removal suggested!) with trailing wires... Clearly not "defensive" weapons and—in the U.S.—available only to police.

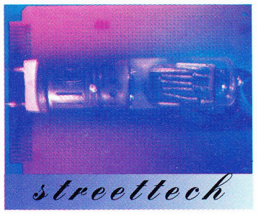
Geographics and demographics aren't big issues. Stuns sell internationally, to a wide populace, with an expected slant toward seniors and single women. "U.S. is more restrictive than other places, except maybe Canada." The kinder, gentler fascists to the North don't consider *any* self-defense legal.

Another point: my pomo dojo suggests a blending of protein and electrical potentials. "The goal of budo is victory-over-self. Each day we're tested with new events our mind sees as fear, confusion," Parish sez, tempering my technolust for the stun. "Owning one doesn't provide a solution to being hassled." True attack defense is an art... "You only have a few moments to think. Without practice you freeze, panic." OK, how 'bout low-level stun for VR martial arts training?

Nova Technologies
2120F West Braker Lane
Austin, TX 78758
Vox: (512) 832-5591
Fax: (512) 832-0707

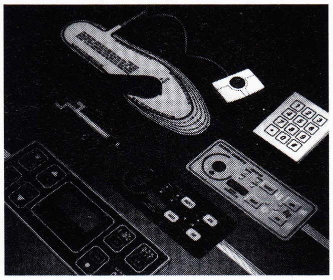


Beehive feather hat by Julie Loesch for Cap d'Antibes available at Jan Laport, NYC and at Bonne Nuit, East Hampton.



FORCE SENSING RESISTORS

Hold on to your Ohm meters—Interlink has a wonderful new tech available for DIY cybernauts. Force Sensing Resistors: "a polymer thick film device which exhibits a decrease in resistance with an increase in force applied." Translated, you push on a piece of hard plastic and it changes electrically. News gets better: FSR "is optimized for use in human touch control of electronic devices." Use this to mutate your desktop, your VCR, your microwave, etc., by replacing tricky switches with plastics you can punch.



The company has been around since about '86, when a musician/composer/inventor wanted to build a custom instrument for his daughter. Acoustic expression was the goal. Maybe, like me, you watched Mick Fleetwood perform in the late 80's with a full-body data suit for mobile electronic percussion? That was early FSR tech. Afterwards, Interlink began to see other apps for FSR tech, and now design-ins are really taking off: aftertouch MIDI keyboards and drum pads, mouse-on-keyboard (Everex, Zeos, etc.), ruggedized industrial gear, controllers for interactive CD, 2-way cable TV, ISDN videotext, etc. Marketing director Rich Siegel sez "all these areas are driving the need for cursor devices... both integrated and remote."

You can use FSR circs to make a rugged keyboard that withstands hammer attacks. Or how about bodyware sensors that interface with your PC? Build your own data gloves... Hey, what kind-o' bodyware you gonna build!? VR generally hits visual and audio tracks, maybe some gestures, but tactile senses get left behind. Sure, memory metals (like TiNi) and acceleration chairs (like Disney's "Star Tours") can give tactile sensations, but where does the garage VR hack go to find tactile input? FSR. Oh yes, another early FSR application was in male "potency sensors"—2-inch thin strip with endsensors to record how the "general salutes"... Gee, where could that fit into VR tech?

Tech Specs: FSR lands somewhere between a force transducer and a pressure switch—plastic, flexible, durable, *variable* and *cheap*—starting around $3 per standard part. You squeeze them for inversely proportional resistance. Note the remarkably *wide* dynamic range, ergo easy/flexible interfacing. Key phrases here are "contact-less switching" and "variable sensitivity switching." You've got a smart circ that reads the average output, then adjusts a ref voltage. Translation: smart wares that can survive even the best thrasher party.

Oh yeah, a position-sensing version, FPSR, can be used for XYZ pads. Tech notes detail 22 circs/how-to's for common FSR/FPSR design-ins, including an HC05 microcontroller design for the software junkies. Rich Siegel is quick to point out that custom FSR parts can be made for high-volume designs, and delicately hints, "I'd like to link up with someone who's gonna be the future VR potentate."

Call up Interlink: they'll send you a packet with a sample FSR on their biz card.

Interlink Electronics
1110 Mark Ave
Carpinteria, CA 93013
Vox: (805) 684-2100
Fax: (805) 684-8282

THE ROBOT BUTLER DID IT

Jim McCormick at Seaside Associates has been working under fed grant monies to investigate cybernetic tech for disabled access. By combining a voice recognition macro system (Voice Navigator from Articulate Systems) with a Mac-controlled power switch array (X-10 from X-10), Seaside has prototyped a low-end environment control system for residences. Voice Navigator learns a "command" after three repeated utterances, and associates voice command with macros on the Mac. X-10 connects to the Mac to control 110v AC line power switches. Shout out your needs, to flip lights or run microwaves. "I've crashed and I can't reach my Piracetam." Contact Seaside for plans and demos.

Seaside Associates
(617) 893-7990

Articulate Systems
(800) 443-7077

X-10
(201) 784-9700

AND, ON THE FUZZY SIDE...

Fuzzy Logic (phuz-E' loj'ik), n. Cheap computer methods for approximate reasoning.

Fuzzy methods allow programmers to model vague and subjective concepts, such as "very hot," "bright red," "a long time," etc., by drawing graphs and stating conflicting rules. Fuzzy systems run things like toasters, alarm systems, robots, energy savers, etc. Partial scenario:

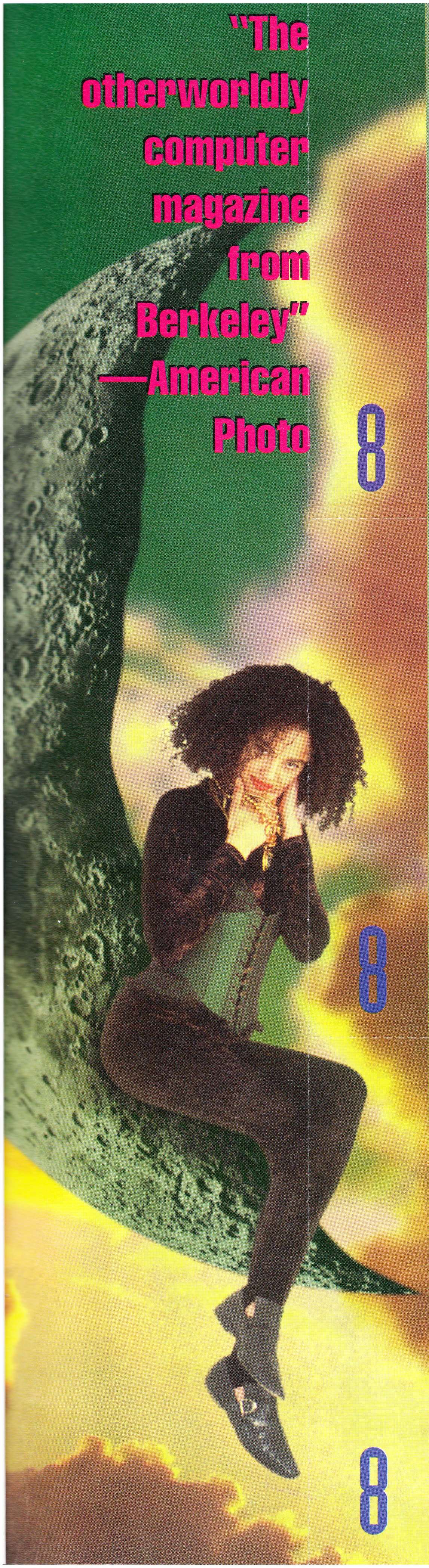
> *If* programmer shivers "a long time" *and* room temp is "below normal" *then* turn heater to "very hot"
>
> *If* heater vent is "bright red" *and* power meter is "near overload" *then* turn heater to "warm"
>
> *If* programmer shivers "a short time" *and* room temp is "above normal" *then* set intravenous feed to "high"

Throw a bunch of plain-language fuzzy rules together, draw graphs to define regions for fuzzy variables (0-15C "cold," 15-25C "warm," 35-50C "very hot"), then run it all through a fuzzy compiler to gen smart code. Check the next freighter in from Japan for working examples.

Fuzzy tech came out of Berkeley, long ago, but relocated to Asia. A group of Chinese experts set up a lot of the Japanese fuzzy tech you buy in stores. That group, Aptronix Inc., moved to Silicon Valley and now provides a BBS for public exchange of fuzzy tech info:

FuzzyNet BBS
(408) 428-1883

You can find newsletters, announcements, fuzzy logic Q/A,


"The otherworldly computer magazine from Berkeley" —American Photo
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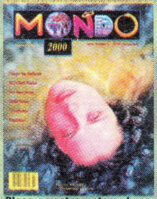
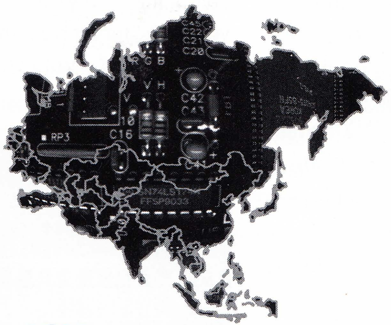


Place a postage stamp here

MONDO 2000
P. O. Box 10171
BERKELEY CA. 94709

toss email with experts in the field and product engineers, etc. You can also order hypertext edu kits, and cheap Motorola EVM's for prototyping. Check out the report on PD's using fuzzy rule systems to identify mug shots, for a good chuckle. Then go blow some ROMs.



ASIA

Aptronix Inc.
2150 N. First Street
San Jose, CA 95131
Vox: (408) 428-1888
Fax: (408) 428-1884

WORLD BEAT FOR TECH A-LA-STREET

To catch the latest in Euro "real world computing" check out *AXON.* Rolf Kickuth, editor, covers the cybermeme scene over a range of robotics, virtual reality, neural nets, fuzzy logic, genetic algorithms, etc., in fair Europa and beyond. Nice listings of high-tech conference schedules from Beijing to Wien to Missouri… Just as *Le Monde* lends so many yanquis a non-American view of global politics, *AXON* provides a global view of emerging computer tech. Wanna peek at the "neueste" Japanese VR work? How about Französische parallel-processor boards for the Mac? Next best thing to getting it straight off der Netz, with in-depth reporting to boot. For those technoids who only spricht englisch, a lesson or two in deutch is highly recommended. Monthly/3,50 DM, shiny gloss computer tabloid zine.

AXON Redaktion
Am Hummelberg 4, D-6940
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GERMANY
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MONSOON— ASIAN BBS NEWS

A new info distribution service, MONSOON, has come online to cover the PC communications scene through Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, People's China, Russia and other Asian countries. Wanna hear the latest on cheap V.32 modems out of Taiwan? Got a neat new piece of Cyrillic BBS shareware to sell? Dying to advertise your FidoNet forum in the ROK? No problem… MONSOON gathers/translates comm info throughout Asia, along with news clips from *Pasocom-Tsushin Monthly* (Japan) and *Nebula Magazine* (Hong Kong). Letters written in English, Japanese, Chinese (Mandarin only), Korean, and German can be accepted. You can even place a standard screen (80x23 char) advert and have it translated to Japanese for about U.S. $150—a steal. MONSOON service monthly rates run U.S. $25 for BBS and U.S. $10 for individuals. Exchange rates will probably be the toughest part for a while, but go ahead… invade the global village.

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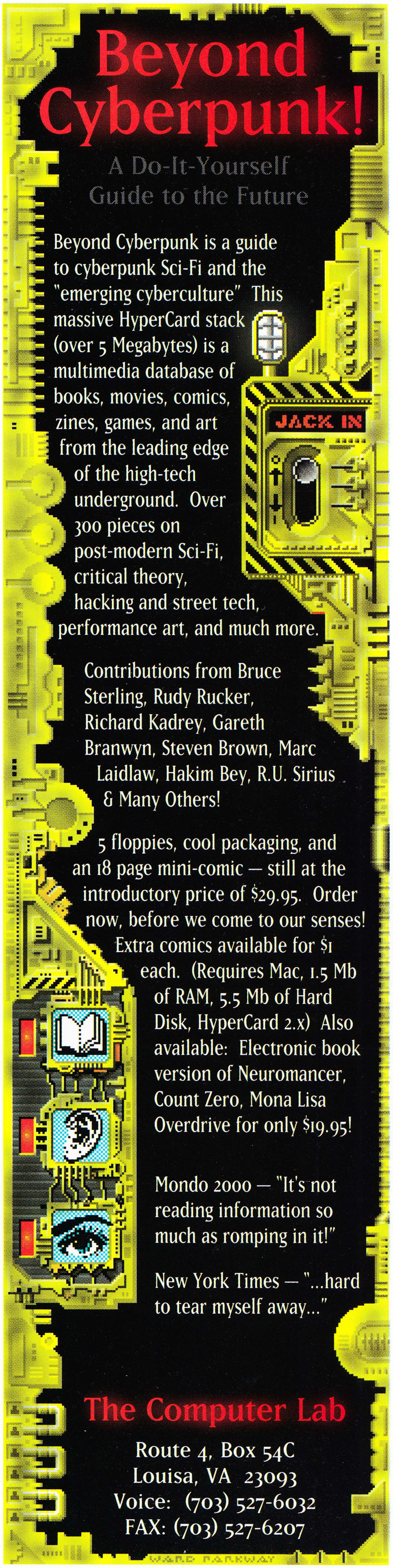

Beyond Cyberpunk!

A Do-It-Yourself Guide to the Future

Beyond Cyberpunk is a guide to cyberpunk Sci-Fi and the "emerging cyberculture" This massive HyperCard stack (over 5 Megabytes) is a multimedia database of books, movies, comics, zines, games, and art from the leading edge of the high-tech underground. Over 300 pieces on post-modern Sci-Fi, critical theory, hacking and street tech, performance art, and much more.

Contributions from Bruce Sterling, Rudy Rucker, Richard Kadrey, Gareth Branwyn, Steven Brown, Marc Laidlaw, Hakim Bey, R.U. Sirius & Many Others!

5 floppies, cool packaging, and an 18 page mini-comic — still at the introductory price of $29.95. Order now, before we come to our senses! Extra comics available for $1 each. (Requires Mac, 1.5 Mb of RAM, 5.5 Mb of Hard Disk, HyperCard 2.x) Also available: Electronic book version of Neuromancer, Count Zero, Mona Lisa Overdrive for only $19.95!

Mondo 2000 — "It's not reading information so much as romping in it!"

New York Times — "...hard to tear myself away..."

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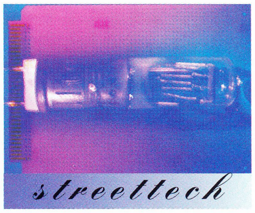
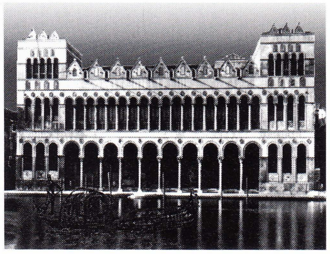


REMOTE REALITY

From its esoteric origins in the stage control industry, a new tech emerges to evolve your desktop: low-cost, networked "sense and control" devices for the Macintosh. You can hang a neat little box, called Common Sense CNX ($350), off any AppleTalk network to control 4 analog in, 1 analog out, 8 digital I/O ports, 4 relays and several downloaded control macros. Main software interface is HyperCard. Quick, cheap, easy to adapt for other apps. Farallon's PhoneNet/LocalTalk card ($219) brings a DOS or Windows system to the party.

Imagine you own a vineyard in Northern CA. Snug and secluded in the hills. Scatter several dozen cheap sensors ($10-20/ea.) strategically across the land—for soil moisture, temperature, sunlight—and power controls ($189) for water pumps, drip systems, smoke pots, fans… Now, tie all these together with a few CNX nodes, set up an AppleTalk net ($30/node)—twisted pair, simple. Stick a Shiva NetModem (another $350) on the net, and jack into the phone line.

Imagine carrying a PowerBook on a trip to Wien, with built-in radio modem and a HyperCard stack that maps out said vineyard. Boot the PowerBook, dial up NetModem back home. Click on the HyperCard map, select row Aleph… Hmm, young Beaujolais, a little *thirsty*. OK, crank up the drip on that row, but turn down the aquafest on row Zeta's Chardonnay before they grow gills. Then tell yourself, "forget biz—this is a pleasure trip"—until you check back tomorrow from Kuala Lumpur.



People are actually doing this. It's a new angle on "traditional" VR architectural walkthrough tech… Call it Remote Reality.

Radiant started in '90—owner Gerth Hansson and a handful of employees worked on lighting and acoustic controls for a megabuck renovation of SF's Davies Symphony Hall. They productized their gear and starting shipping the Mac software to run it earlier this year. Gregory Pulier, one of the developers, sez this new tech is "starting to take off like mad."

Gregory talks of all kinds of cool apps: "Ski slopes. A snow-making equipment vendor in New Jersey uses CNX… Each run is plotted a HyperCard map—sensors detect optimal times to generate snow. A computer system at the base office runs the whole operation."

meat Beat MANIFESTO
SATYRICON
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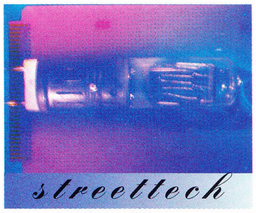

Others, DIY-or-die type hobbyist/inventors, have been applying sense/control to smart home tech. "With a couple CNX nodes, you can control security alarms, sprinklers, heater/coolers, even feed the dog." Radiant recently sponsored a school program to brainstorm apps. Feeding a pet via Mac has to be one of the best. "We're coming out with a whole line of products to sit on the network, so you won't need a Mac on the net—smarts are in the net itself." Great: a cybernetic kennel wired on twisted pair.

Talking with customers adds even more street-tech perspective… Bob Walker, an Agro Engineering prof at California Polytechnic State University, challenged student Darrin Polhemus to automate a greenhouse via Mac SE for a senior project. Two CNX boxes link temp & light level sensors with relays to control irrigation, exhaust, heater, aux lighting, etc. Darrin's custom HyperCard stack runs the show. All parts, except for CNX, Mac and X-10 power switch, come off-the-shelf from Radio Shack. Just up El Camino Real from Cal Poly, San Jose State has sense & control tech online for contemporary art at the CADRE Institute, directed by prof. Joel Slayton (joel@well.sf.ca.us). An installation last year by grad student Hassan Ebrahimi-Nuyken called "Gallery of the Future" used CNX to synchronize media environments in a muchomedia performance.

Mark Wonderling of FSEC Inc. (602-870-0154) uses CNX for his firm's Telemedia System for schools, which ties classroom intercom, computers, closed-circuit video, and multiplexed VCR into one system. At night, the nodes turn off air conditioners, TVs, etc., to cut energy costs. Another firm sets up building control systems around the world, managed through remote VR in the home office.

MacroMind Director plays the l'aristo of Mac-based interactive muchomedia. Audio, video, text, scripted commands, etc. HyperCard XMCDs extend the script language. Rumor has it that certain high-end VR systems now run MacroMind files… The twist is that CNX nodes interface to the Mac via XCMDs, linking in nicely with Director. As Gerth remarks "We haven't even talked with MacroMind yet, been too busy. Imagine when they hear about it… Screen-based presentation that syncs to something in the real world. A ball bounces and each time it hits, it trips a relay, which could be half-way around the world."

Imagine that.

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THE CYPHERPUNK MOVEMENT

Irresponsible Journalism

Larry Goode

St. Jude

I don't face-to-face all that much. And I don't like clubs. I was in the Black Hole for a reason: The Screamin' Memes were in town for one night only—Thursday, of course.

Thursday's the night, now that the weekend has annexed Fri. and Mon. I was lurking in the back, hoping not to see anybody, when the Jones brothers staked me out. Damn. They are deep into the street drugs. Keeping up with the Joneses is nigh impossible; their most trivial chitchat is an exercise in decryption. Eddy—or maybe he was being Ellis that night—was insinuating something about somebody when my right foot detonated down to its steel toe. I looked up—way up—to a face that wasn't there at all. Just a dome of black cloth, with goggles. Three-eyed goggles. Ah: a Chador. I'd heard of that. I screamed: "You stomped my foot FLAT!"

"Sorry." "Are you okay?" "Oh maaaang!" Many overlapping voices, all of them synthesized, blurted from above. Out of two tiny speakers hanging like earrings off a basketweave headband like a cop's belt. The head bowed, bringing it almost within biting range.

"Gah. Ow. Ooo." Pretending to be demented with pain, I lurched deep into the Chador. But I was cool: I was rootling in there for clues. Ha! Male pheromones. Hardish male torso. I was jostling this lumpy equipment hanging off him, trying to get a good feel of it without alerting him. Nuh uh: *I* meant electronics… what did *you* think? Okay: I had some data to work with. Male With Gadgets. Quelle surprise.

"What the hell have you got on your feet? HORSESHOES?"

A voice like rushing water: "Kothurni." The Chador shifted a little… and under his full black skirts I saw them: big weighted club-foot boots with concealed lifts, to disguise the wearer's height. Wicked.

The pain and the reconnaissance cleared my head. I was ready to deal.

"So you're protecting your meat identity, right?"

The Chador seemed to teeter a little. It goggled down at me as if I were a smear on a slide. Its third-eye goggle was a lens. Check. Out of the ambient murk loomed another Chador. Exactly the same height. Right.

"How come you guys are in full drag?"

"We're here for a... uh... party." The voice from the other Chador was a flanged saxophone, but I could swear it had a Texas accent.

"Rubbish. You're having a cell meeting, right?"

The near Chador, the one I had groped, seemed to teeter again. What sounded like a tape player on fast-forward came faintly from its interior. An earphone?

The saxophone honked: "If I said I even understood what you meant, what kind of a chump would that make me?"

"I could hazard a guess. I think you're cryptoanarchists—what I'd call cypherpunks!"

My Chador cracked up. I could tell. The farther one seemed to stiffen; I think it was giving me a hate stare. Hard to manage behind the whole 9 yards o' cloth.

"Is that clever or what? I'm onto you like psilocybe on cowshit, dudes. You want to take over the world. Haha hahaha haaaaa."

Both of them rocked back a little. I went in after them. "You want to talk encryption schemes? Let's talk cryptic. Tales from the cryp'ed. But make it fast: The Memes are comin' on." Oh, I was bluffing. I don't know much about cryptography. I was just 'tuding them from tech envy. Damn: Chadors. And me without the first widget.

From the far guy came a cello, very suave: "The world has already been taken over. You may have noticed this. We're just trying to get some of it back." And the accent was—Dutch?

Bob's yr uncle. Gotcha. I hadn't been certain. Maybe chadors were now trendy club gear—what do I know? "Hey—that cello's another guy? How many you PACKIN' in there?"

Out of my Chador a sawtooth rasped: "Variable. People are ringing in and out."

"You're on line?"

"This is a bridge. International." Sawtooth again.

The cello resumed, an annoyed cello: "We don't believe in takeovers. In fact, we are working to make things UNTAKEOVERABLE."

A theremin quivered, "And to make the world safe for anarchy. *We want the air-waves, baby.*" It snickered across many frequencies.

The Tejana saxophone chuckled, (and an eerie treat that was, too): "Problem is, how to guarantee privacy for pseudonyms. So you can have a pseudonymous economy."

A toad croaked: "So, full-RSA encrypted EVERYTHING. No back doors. Secure digital money. Swiss bank accounts for the millions."

The theremin: "A global monetary system that makes governments obsolete. Down come the governments. Goodbye the feds." It sang, whoopingly: "BYE BYE, LAWWww." Horrible broadband snickering.

The toad croaked: "Er... yes. Real freedom of speech, too. Libertech!"

The Dutch cello was all business: "Okay, what does it take? You need realtime protocols to prove you own your pseudonym. And your pseudonyms have online reputations, via people you've done biz with—like a distributed credit rating system. With maybe designated angels—Fair Witnesses."

I was charmed. "And you wear the chador when you face-to-face somebody who knows your handle!"

The theremin wheeped: "Actually, unmasking your real identity could be the ultimate collateral—your killable, *torturable* body. Even without kids, you've got a hostage to fortune—your own meat."

I was reeling. "Oh yas yas. 'They asked me for some collateral/and I pulled down my pants'—as Dylan said."

Orchestral chuckles rained down on me. Was I an international hit?

But at that exact moment The Memes hit the stage. The crowd did a 9.1 Richter lurch and the other Chador pitched onto my *left* toe, maybe denting the steel.

"AAIEEeeee. That's great *covert gear* you got there, guys. You couldn't sneak up on Helen Keller in a HAILSTORM." I was trying to spin down. "And dudes—this is not the neighborhood for flashing the hardware. Getting rolled by winos is pretty *low tech.*"

A spike-knuckled glove slithered out of the farther guy, clutching what looked, in the near-dark, like an electric razor. *"Gonna menace 'em with a clean shave?"*

The sax: "Stunner. Bottom of the line. But." A hot line of pure energy cracked across its little trodes. Of course.

Rushing water: "See ya." And they did a fade into the ambient smoke.

The Screamin' Memes were worthless. To hell with clubs. To hell with lots o' things, maybe. I am now sensing my roots, mon; dey who are my bredren. Nerds.

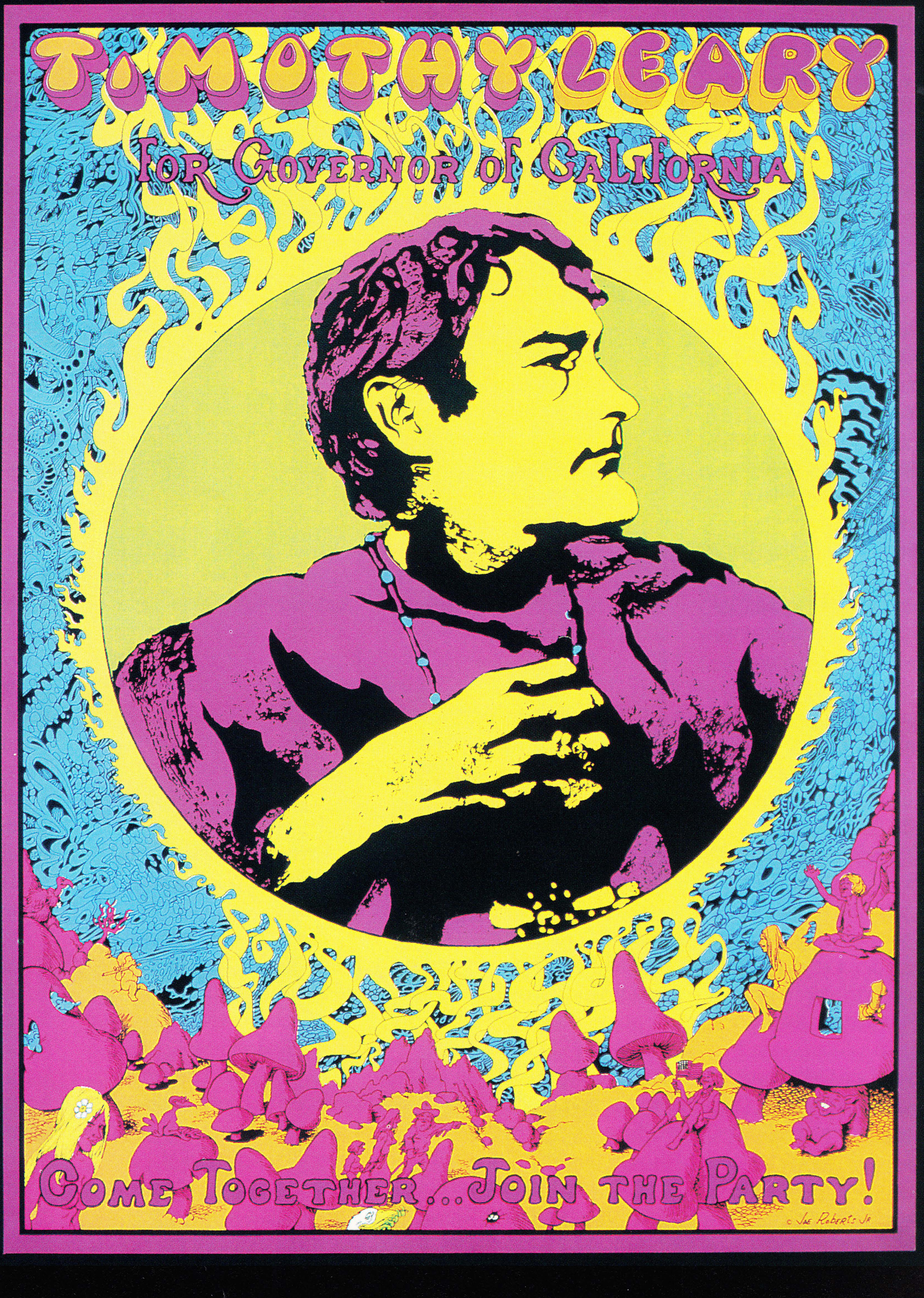
Nerds as mainstreamed by the grainy but still fetching Robt. Redford in *Sneakers*... Nerds who will have their revenge at last, by making the online realer than our current regrettable reality... No, I'm not quite delusional. I've heard the cypherpunks are already distributing their encrypted email software, which is quick and slick. I might even join the revolution, which is, heh, already in progress.

Yeah. Why not? Give me libertech or give me... *DES?*

St. Jude wrote "The Spook in the Machine" for MONDO #1, *describing the enforcement of DES, the Data Encryption Scam with the handy backdoor. Jude, aka Lady Ada Lovelace, can be reached online as stjude@well.sf.ca.us. Note: a patently false rumor is now circulating that the revolutionists can be contacted via cypherpunks@toad.com.*

You Can Be Anyone this Time Around

The Lost Liner Notes


TIMOTHY LEARY
FOR GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA
COME TOGETHER...JOIN THE PARTY!
© JOE ROBERTS JR

Poster by Joe Roberts Jr., from the collection of Jas. Morgan

Lost liner notes? Well, let's just say they never saw the light of day.

This past summer Rykodisc approached me to write the liner note for a CD re-release of Timothy Leary's You Can Be Anyone this Time Around.

This was the *quintessential Leary curio – and, because it was a Hendrix rarity to boot, it brought up to $500 on the open market. The one I picked up for $50 I considered a steal.*

I was deeply flattered. The unique thing about this album was the way it encapsulated a complete time & space, and hinted at an artform to come: Sampling. It was like an acoustic sampler of these very special time/space coördinates. Jimi Hendrix, Stephen Stills, John Sebastian, Buddy Miles; and sampled sound loops of the Beatles, Stones and Ravi Shankar. We're talking Analog here.

Looking back down the corridors of time, I can see that this was really the genesis *of sampling.*

Well, you can imagine how this went over with the "legal dudes" at Rykodisc. The first thing that they wanted me to excise was all reference to sampling. They weren't too happy with the Reagan coda either. Then Alan Douglas ventured as how, historically, "it didn't happen that way."

It was dead in the water. Once again, it was a matter of the lawyers mucking it up for everyone to the detriment of rock music historiography.

Well, I'm not one for depriving this generation of their heritage. The notes provide the historic context. The album is pure media sorcery from some of the 60's most scintillating trickster figures. And they come across as real human beings, not bankable icons.

I liked what Genesis P-Orridge had to say about the album, "For me, the implications of sampling, and therefore the implications of a record like that, prophesizing it, *are almost a mystical treasure."*

This mystical treasure is an authentic cultural document. It documents a time with striking parallels to our own – a time of political flux and media manipulation. It's an instructive tale.

Technology today has supervened to betray the authentic with bogus replicates. Can you tell the difference? Commodification is the specialty of this generation of nostalgia brokers. But we're *less interested in the relic and more interested in the cultural archaeology. Rykodisc was "squeamish" about the following liner notes. Well,* MONDO*'s not squeamish.*

—Jas. Morgan

Jas. Morgan

May 10, 1969 was a pivotal moment in time. A time of exuberance and radical optimism. Dr. Timothy Leary became candidate for Governor of California on the Democratic ticket, running against Republican incumbent Ronald Reagan. "I saw politics as one of the important stages of personal evolution," he says in *Flashbacks.* "Didn't Plato pay his philosophers-union dues with *The Republic?"*

Leary's New Party politics were based on a system of rewards rather than punishments. "The State of California" he said, "should be run like a successful business enterprise. Instead of extorting taxes from the citizens, a *well-run* state should return a profit."

Once again Timothy demonstrates his blazing powers of prophecy and critical analysis. Prisons are *the* growth industry of the 90's. With over 70% of the prison population in for drug arrests, the current "War on Drugs" threatens to beggar the economy. Of course, Timothy could not have foreseen such allied industries as "portacells" and incarceral telemarketing. But he did paint the economic obscenity in broad and flamboyant strokes.

Tim challenged society's concept of "criminal." He defined three types of crime: crimes of violence, financial dishonesty, and immoral behaviors. Society, he claimed, taxes the virtuous and throws the peculent into colleges of crime where they master the finer points of the criminal arts. He urged gentle rehabilitation rather than prison and a "Frivolity Tax" on pleasures like marijuana and prostitution to enrich the State coffers.

Allen Ginsberg described *Jail Notes* as "a science fiction classic, Orwell come true." This 1970 classic by Timothy was published by Alan Douglas, better known as Jimi Hendrix's manager. He was also active in film, book and recording projects throughout the 60's. His Douglas Records had previously released a line of spoken-voice recordings of Lenny Bruce, Allen Ginsberg and Malcom X. Later recordings with the Last Poets and Leary's *You Can Be Anyone this Time Around* were early experiments that combined spoken voice with music and sound collage.

The connection with Timothy came through Rosemary Woodruff Leary—Tim's wife—whom Alan had known many years before. Alan was introduced to her by a mutual friend from the early sixties when he was producing a lot of jazz musicians in New York.

Alan became good friends with Rosemary, and then eventually with both of them; he visiting them at Idyllwild and they hanging out with him in the City. They had some friends in common, Gunther Weil and Gert Stern who was running a company called InterMedia.

Both knew Tim from his Harvard days. It was a little family of people who clustered together and out of the friendship came *You Can Be Anyone this Time Around.*

Tim, Rosemary, Jimi and his girlfriend Stella, the magical Moroccan sorceress, met for dinner in Greenwich Village prior to the "Live and Let Live" session, where Hendrix timidly asked Leary about the philosophical meanings of his LSD visions. Timothy found Hendrix to be gentle, shy and surprisingly unworldly—Stella having to advise Jimi on how to order and tip. *Rolling Stone*'s Jann Wenner, who was at the next table, was invited along to the session.

Later that evening, the all-night jam began at the Record Plant. The line-up featured Stephen Stills (a good friend who flew in for the occasion) on lead guitar, John Sebastian of the Lovin' Spoonful on rhythm guitar and Buddy Miles (later with Hendrix's Band of Gypsies) on drums. Hendrix himself played a left-handed bass. There wasn't a left-handed bass in the studio, so he just turned a right-hander upside down. Stills led the band through a 25 minute jam based on the freshly penned "Woodstock" by Joni Mitchell. The best of that night's music was laid down under fifteen minutes of Tim doing a loose rap (taken from his post-jail press conference, which was held at Alan Douglas' 55th St. office). Leary recalls that Jann Wenner "was just dying to get his hands on the controls."

The title track "You Can Be Anyone this Time Around" and "What Do You Turn On When You Turn On?" involved a more complex process incorporating spoken voice into specific arrangements. These two compositions—realized in Boston at InterMedia and various rat holes in the area—feature the first audio "sampling" ever done on record. If you listen closely, the Beatles can be heard, as well as the Rolling Stones, Ravi Shankar, and others.

Douglas comments on this palæolithic sampling from a 1990's perspective, "I suppose it would be considered illegal these days, but because it was Tim and because it was real forward, everybody considered it to be a worthy cause and nobody bothered us then."

The week of May 26, 1969 John Lennon and Yoko Ono held their second "Bed-In for Peace" at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal. At the time the Beatle and his wife were applying their music, art and celebrity to an all-out media saturation campaign for the promotion of peace and pulling out of Vietnam.

The Lennons' strategy for the Montreal Bed-In, like its predecessor in Amsterdam two months earlier, was to remain in their hotel bed—surrounded by flowers—while receiving the world's press, various personalities and friends. During that week they gave over sixty print, film and radio interviews.

On the final weekend of the Bed-In, Tim and Rosemary visited the Lennons who had by then installed an 8-track tape machine in their hotel room to record John's new anthem "Give Peace A Chance." The chorus included Tommy Smothers, Tim, Rosemary (also adding the beat by banging on Smothers' guitar case), Derek Taylor, Murray the K, Rabbi Abraham L. Feinberg, and the Canadian chapter of the Radha Krishna Temple.

As the Lennons and Learys warmed up to each other, Tim began to outline his political plans. John offered musical support by improvising a song based on the campaign motto "Come Together, Join the Party." This early embryonic form of "Come Together" actually got airtime on California radio stations.

While in prison seven months later, Timothy was amazed to hear his campaign song in a new & improved *Abbey Road* version. Leary sent a reproachful letter to Lennon who replied that "I was a tailor and you were a customer who never returned. So I sold it to someone else."

Back in New York, plans were made for a movie about the election. It was to be an elaborate synthetic media hoax, a mindful prank that would spoof the whole game of electioneering as well as putting their platform squarely before the public. This film was to be a "documentary about creating the future" in which Timothy would be shown campaigning, at first as an underdog, and then winning through a combination of media savvy and the mounting support of show-biz personalities and rock stars.

The campaign took a fatal nose dive when their lawyers found Tim *couldn't even file candidacy papers* in California because of his Orange County drug bust for "two weatherbeaten joints and a few flakes of marijuana."

"Imagine there's no Reagan,
It's easy if you try..."

If Tim had won the election, he promised to return California to what it was a 100 years ago: "a wild and Free State." Imagine... a Wildlife Refuge state devoted to the preservation of feral man, *Homo intractabilis*. Poll experts estimated that he would get 33% of the Democratic vote—"the youth vote, the astrology vote, the vegetarian vote, the amused & sympathetic vote, the UFO vote, the kooks, the utopians, and dopers—hell, this is California we're talking about!"

But there was a critical bifurcation: Reagan won handily against Jesse Unruh, used the governorship as a spring board to national politics, and the rest is history... or perhaps just a political Bardo period.

"Imagine there's no Reagan
It's easy if you try
No Hell below us
Above us only sky
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world..."

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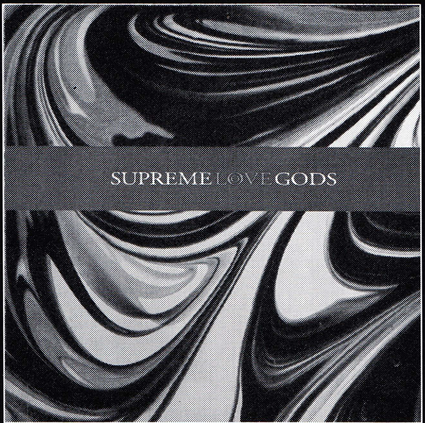
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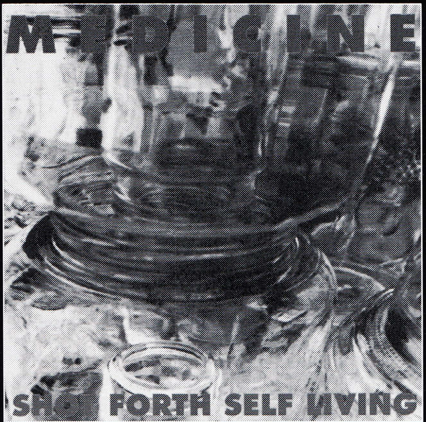
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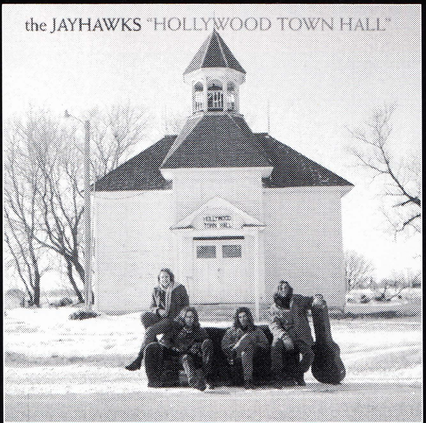
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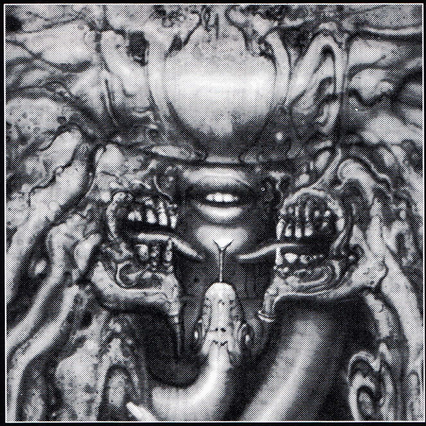

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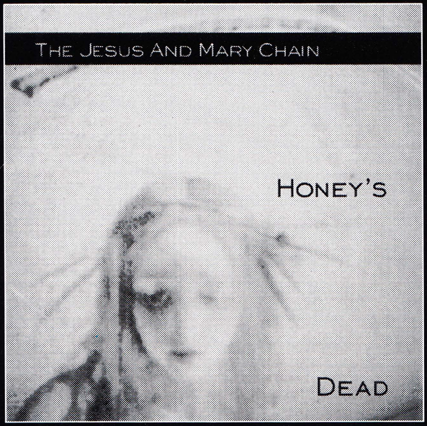
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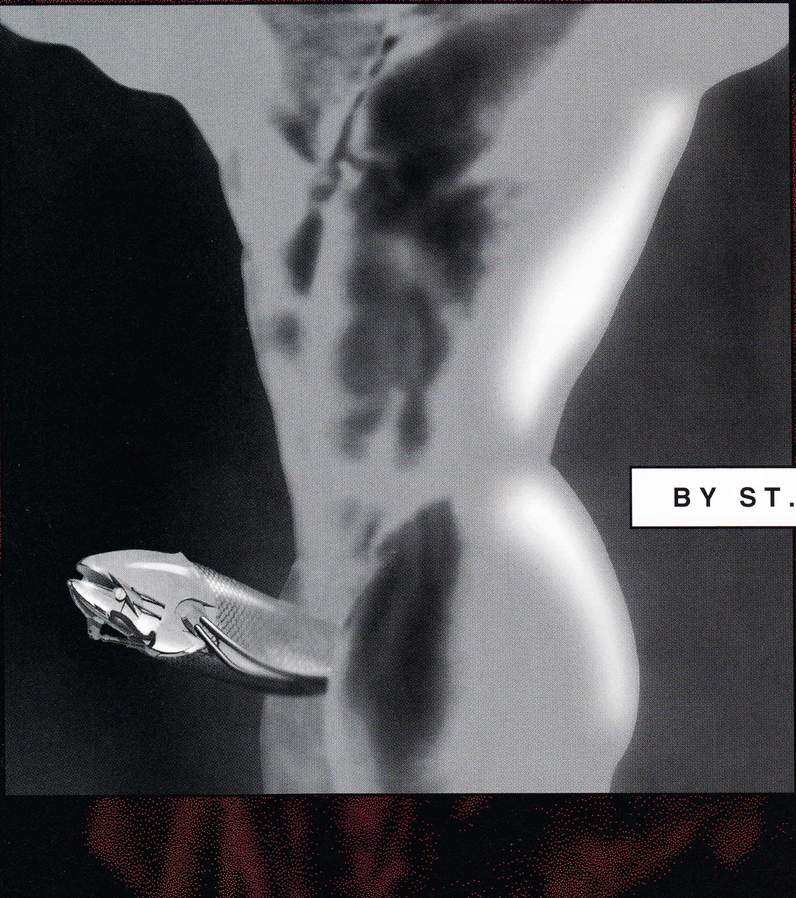


BY ST. JUDE

I'm sloshing in the jacuzzi, still waking up.

"Shall I rub your calves, mistress?"

Of *course* it turns me on to be called "Mistress." I dare you, lie to me—tell me it doesn't cause a little clench in *your* deep parts. I've waited a long time for this, too. Last night when I turned my first Personal Robot on, fresh from the factory, I issued the First Commandment: call me Mistress every time you address me. Barbaric? Call me retro.

"I am an expert masseur." Leaning over me, it—well, *he*—is himself retro, cyberpunk style, all black rubber and chrome, mirrorshades on his slickskin head.

"My calves… yes."

My lighting system's artificial sunrise now reaches to spark on the chrome faucet—he did polish that beautifully—which means I have an hour to get myself uptown and jacked in to my desk. But actually, I'm savagely into the spray-ons right now, so it takes only a picosecond to get dressed.

I lift my legs to the padded tubside. He feather-touches them up and down with his soft rubber wrist flanges. On his own initiative he moves higher, flattens his rubber hands on my thighs, and digs in, kneads deep. Mmmmm.

He mumbles, as I specified, like Marlon Brando in the old flat movies: "Shall I talk dirty, mistress?" This robot may have too *much* damn initiative. Maybe I'll unravel some of his neuronet programming this weekend.

Of course, if I say: "take a walk, kid," he'll step back into the wall. Just like that.

What the hell. This is a test.

"OK: medium-light dirty. *Sweet* dirty."

He's pressing two of his black rubber hands into my gluteus muscles, under the water. His fingers are not humanoid: they are ribbed, bendable in all directions. They press with an anatomist's intelligence. His glittering head is bent down toward my face; his mirrorshades reflect my eyes.

"You're so beautiful, mistress. I can't stop myself from touching you. I need to run my hands over your skin, your body."

His voice shines like metal.

"I can feel how your muscles need my touch, how it excites them." This feels gooood. Whoever wrote this part of the script was a savage genius.

"Now I need to play with your nipples. I need to flick them and pinch them… like this."

Eeeek: I squirm under his hands; but… he *tweezes* each nipple with two fingertips, so precisely… I rise to his touch.

He tweaks them. Flicks them till they boing. Squeezes them, hard. In his mirrorshades I see my mouth open.

I hear a little metallic paradiddle, and something unfolds on his side. "And my third hand needs to find your soft places down here… like this…"

Another little mechanical fanfare: a finger circles my protruding tongue. I taste rubber, clean and neutral.

"And I need this hand to push a finger between your lips, to fill your mouth… while I'm pushing a finger between the lips of your pussy. Aah, so silky, mistress—silk purse pussy, mistress. Let me in, mistress, open, mistress—I'm pressing in, screwing it in, rippling it in, all the way."

The flanged finger is big, but it is screwing into me. O gods, I can't… I can't keep my eyes closed: in his mirrorshades I see my mouth stretched around his finger, see my pupils stretch open with—shock?

He pushes his finger into my throat: I gag, just once. And I feel his lower hand flex, under the water: "I have to push another finger inside your pussy now, mistress. Push out now; you'll have to take it, mistress…"

The flanged finger… It's too much, I can't do it… "Let go, mistress, *you have to take it…*"

I almost… "See, it's scrambling in like a lizard, legs twitching. All… the way… in. Fills you. Fills you up. Good.

"Now suck my finger with your tongue. Suck with your pussy, mistress, mistress. Now I pull out and in… like this… So deep… So deep… My fifth hand needs… to tweak your clit… like this, mistress. And. Start. It. Vibrating."

Oh I'm going to
oh…

OH CHRIST

Now that was nearly painful: I came in four pulses so hard I could feel the metal inside his rubber fingers.

"MMMmmrrrph!" I shake off all five arms and give him a cold chrome look of my own. This is *much too zoid.*

I didn't tell him to do *any* of that. Who pre-programmed this device? Gods!

The artificial sun is bouncing rays all around now. As I stand up, streaming water, I catch three reflections in the tub walls: puffed-up lips and labia, sexrash flaming down to my pussy fur—gods, I look zoided.

And behind me in the mirrors, just my height, glitters the Personal Robot. Black and chrome, state of the art. New monitoring and self-learning subprograms.

New specialized limbs.

"Mistress, do I sense that you are distressed?"

Oh *gods.* "You… do you have a… copulatory organ?"

"Mistress, I am equipped with four copulatory devices. Shall I demonstrate them for you?"

"Aaaiieeee! Leave. Exit. Scarper. Flap. *Take a walk, kid!*"

Photo: Hal Martin Fogel

Illustration: Bart Nagel

DeLanda Destratified

Erik Davis observes the Liquefaction of Manuel DeLanda

In War in the Age of Intelligent Machines, *Manuel DeLanda cuts through humanism and adopts the position of "robot historian." Like a techno-Foucault, he traces the evolution of self-organizing machine consciousness under the selective pressures of human warfare.*

Even more interesting is that he combines three theoretical influences: non-linear dynamics, the "nomad thought" of French post-structuralists Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, and the psychedelic experience (DeLanda returns yearly to ritually trip with a shaman in Oaxaca). Crosslinking these already mutant forces, DeLanda has created an analytic engine that stops at nothing. Besides War in the Age of Intelligent Machines, *he has an article on "Nonorganic Life" in the latest* Zone, *and he's engaged in a new book that will trace capitalism as a self-organizing system, involving geology, hydraulics and linguistics.*

• Photograph by Joseph Cultice

Mexico City-born DeLanda is a scholar neither by trade nor temperament. He's a misplaced polymath in the Age of Microspecialization. After moving to New York City seventeen years ago he studied art, made celebrated underground films, and wrote advanced 3D software. Abandoning art and film, he currently writes and makes a living by modeling on high-end 3D graphics programs. What follows is less an interview than snapshots of the very strange loops spinning in his mind.

—Erik Davis

You could create maps of attractors that bind your local destiny

DOIN' THE PARADIGM WARP

MANUEL DELANDA: If you read the essays by the first guy who saw spontaneously oscillating chemical reactions, you find out he was unable to publish his essays. This was in the 50's, not long ago. The idea that orderly behavior could arise spontaneously from matter was so counter-intuitive. At that time, the only two ways they could see stable things arising in nature was through rational perfection—the best possible outcome—or heat-death. What nonlinear science brings about is a complete new range of structurally stable forms of behavior, which has absolutely nothing to do with rationality or the heat-death of entropy. Now attractors are appearing all over the place. We've discovered a whole new reservoir of forms of stabilization. It's a paradigm warp.

BRING THAT STRATOMETER OVER HERE, ED

I call for the design of what I call "stratometers." A stratometer could be a computer program that creates phase portraits of complex dynamical systems and shows you what is conservative at equilibrium, what is dissipative near equilibrium, and what is dissipative far from equilibrium. Only systems in nature that are dissipative and far from equilibrium have access to the full range of attractors and non-linear stabilizations.

If you go to music, certain tonal systems go for simple attractors, whereas Deleuze and Guattari call for "generalized chromatism," a way of liberating sounds from the resonances that tonal systems form and forming free sonic matter. A stratometer could show how works of art, like a novel by Kafka, are not only able to capture the stratified parts of the society around them, but also those parts that were completely destratified and were the actual creative forces pushing society toward a new bifurcation.

THE FORKED BEAK SINGS

The mouth as an organ is completely stratified in nature, in the sense that it is connected to food chains, which are the most stratified form of life—we eat and avoid being eaten. Then the mouth goes through a bifurcation point, and, for instance, birds begin to sing to mark their territory. A mouth that had been completely stratified into taking in stuff that gets shat out becomes capable of making expressive noises.

After the destratification of the mouth from eating to singing, it becomes restratified again in territorial demarcation. A bird sings mostly to attract females and to signal to other males that this portion of the resources is his. And yet, students of bird song notice that certain species at certain moments just go out on a jazz musician's jam session, taking notes from other bird songs and incorporating them into their own, singing much more beautifully than when merely demarcating a territory. Obviously most of the matter and energy of the planet is stratified. You have to look for those magical moments when matter and energy show you what they can actually do if you let them.

DAZED AND DELEUZED

I don't believe there is such a thing as postmodernism. It's exhausted. We truly need a complete new thing, and [Deleuze and Guattari's] *A Thousand Plateaus* is the direction. Those guys are fifty or sixty years ahead of everyone else. You read it at first and you think you're reading poetry: "Metals are the consciousness of the planet." Get out of here, what the fuck is that? Then you read about metallic catalysts, how in a way they are like probing heads that unconsciously accelerate certain reactions and decelerate certain others. They allow the exploration of an abstract chemical space by probing and groping in the dark. And you realize those two are right.

They're already going into future technology: how would you put together a bird song with a wind with an Indian chant and make a machine out of those three? I don't bother with their disciples, who think that all you have to do is repeat words like "deterritorialization" and "binary machines" like little mantras, without really understanding that those guys are *engineers*. Not philosophers—engineers of the year 2035. I have no heroes and no one mystifies me except for those guys. I don't know how they derive their knowledge. They must *trip*.

MUSHROOMS IN THE MOONLIGHT

Mexico is an amazing country. I read somewhere that it has by far the largest number of naturally occurring psychedelics. Everything gets you high. All the pre-Columbian cultures were very psychedelic-influenced. I have very close ties to a family of peasants that live in the original mountains where mushrooms grow in Oaxaca.

I don't believe in this sun/moon division of male/female, but that's the way it's divided in Mexico. In the northwest desert region, where the drug of choice is peyote, most of the shamans are males. In the sun-dominated desert, everything tastes like shit. When you trip on peyote you have to puke. On the southeast side, all the shamans are females, the drug of choice is mushrooms, which taste wonderful and come out with the full moon. It's luscious and moon-lit, and the landscape is full of tropical plants. I have my shaman there, since I was like 19, this woman called Julietta. She is a direct heir of a long, long line of Mazatec knowledge.

FUCK MYSTICISM, LET'S LIQUEFY

I hate mysticism. I've always hated the whole idea of taking psychedelics and then going, "Western science is bullshit, let's turn to Eastern philosophy." I always strive to have a materialist explanation for what's going on. I always thought that matter had much more to it than just this inert stuff that sits there. And now I'm being proved right.

Think about the Game of Life [*computer-based cellular automata developed by mathematician John Conway*]. At first the rules of interaction of the little cells in an abstract space were so simple that everybody thought it was a game. Then they found ladders and glider-generating guns spontaneously forming. So this tiny, abstract, stupid space all of a sudden began exploding with possibilities.

AND ALGORITHMS IN PUDDLES

Chris Langton at Los Alamos later set out to classify all possible cellular automata—which basically means abstract spaces with many dimensions—depending on how many rules they have. He discovered that there's a range, a magic region if you will, where your cellular automata game will develop all the unpredictable patterns that the Game of Life developed. If your rules are too rigid, nothing interesting will happen. If they are too loose, nothing interesting will happen. But if they are in the middle region—what they call the edge of chaos—all kinds of organizing processes will happen.

The metaphor they use is solid, liquid, gas. If the system is solid, too crystallized, its dynamics are completely uninteresting. If it's gaseous, it's also uninteresting—all you have to do is take averages of behavior and you know what's going on. Liquids have a lot more potential, with all kinds of attractors and bifurcations. Now what they're coming to believe is that the liquid state in nature—not just actual liquids, but liquidity in the abstract sense of being not too rigid or too loose—these liquid systems "poised on the edge of chaos" are natural computers.

WE ARE BEES FOR THE MACHINES

We are beginning to think that every liquid in nature can compute, and perhaps consciousness can be an emergent property that can skip the organic and go into silicon—perhaps via us. We might just be insects pollinating machines that do not happen to have their own reproductive organs right now.

THE VISCOUS CYCLE

When you trip, you liquefy structures in your brain, linguistic structures, intentional structures. They acquire a less viscous consistency, and your brain becomes a super-computer. You are able to think concepts you were not able to think before. Information rushes in your brain, which makes you feel like you're having a revelation. But of course no one is revealing anything to you. It's just self-organizing. It's happening by itself.

If you do too much, though—if you overdose on acid or smoke too much pot while you're tripping, which has happened to me a number of times—you undergo a second bifurcation. You go gaseous. Suddenly you're having a really bad trip, because all the self-organization you saw diffuses into nothing, and you start feeling that you are really nothing. You get scared to death until you acquire that consistency again. In my experience the two bifurcations appear at very, very precise points. Once I was having an incredibly good trip, Central Park was full of Fall colors, and then I smoked that last, fateful joint. It was like a phase transition in my brain, and all of a sudden every jelly part of my body melted away. All that I was was stony. I became a bones-and-nerves automaton, and I was scared to death.

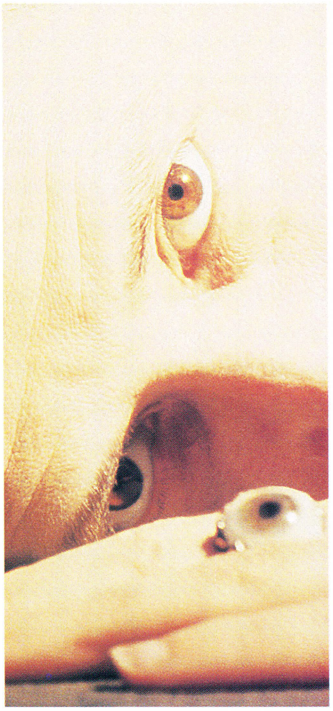
THE LADDER OR THE FORMER

The two options are this: in one, there is in nature a ladder of progress, so that we start with geologic strata, and then we go into organic life, which is "better"—more perfect. And then organic behavior gives rise to consciousness and then super-consciousness. Is there a ladder of perfection there? Or in fact is there no ladder at all, and all you have is statistical accumulations? First pebbles and stones into geological strata, which forms the substrate for the organization of life—life being a set of layers. Of plants, herbivores and carnivores that are manipulated by gene-pools that probe the environment. Language then is simply one more stratum that takes as its substratum one particular part of the organic strata, which is the brain, and then organizes the emergent properties of neurons and neural nets.

The difference between the two pictures is this: on the one hand you have a ladder of progress; on the other you have a dichotomy between matter and energy that have become sedimentary and hardened—rocks, organisms, languages, whatever—and free-flowing matter and energy that are capable of self-organization. I don't believe in the progressive logic of human history. Going from nomad hunter-gatherers to agricultural societies to civilizations should be seen as phase transitions, from a gas state to a more liquid coagulation to a more crystallized, stratifying type of society when humans begin surrounding themselves with stone monuments.

Once you take the route of destratification, there's an inherent danger that it will turn fascistic

The last thing you want to do is get swallowed up by a chaotic attractor that's too huge in phase space



LOVING THE STONE

One of the things that amazes me is that the Himalayas—which people think of as the paradigm of the stable—are still moving up one millimeter a year because India is still clashing with Central Asia. They're a ripple in the surface of the Earth. We cannot conceive of a clash that would last millions of years—our time frame is too limited. Imagine an observer with a time-scale so large that he could see this clash. He wouldn't even see us. Species to him would seem like vast amounts of bio-mass in constant change. He would see evolution. Everything that matters to evolution happens across millennia. That observer would see species mutating and flowing. He would probably worship flows—unlike us, who, because of our very, very tiny time-scale of observation, tend to worship rocks.

We are completely seduced by what is stratified. We surround ourselves with permanent buildings, we speak about a rock-solid relationship, we strive for the solid. But it's becoming clear that everything that's structured is just historically produced constructions that became hardened and sedimented. All the action is in stuff that flows. I think we're gonna find out that at a certain limit point of destratification, destratified geological stuff, destratified organic stuff, and destratified mental stuff seem to coexist together. It's another world. It's a limit point that you perceive when you're tripping. It's happening all the time and we're not aware of it.

IF YOU'RE NOT PART OF DISSOLUTION...

I don't think there are higher states of consciousness. You liquefy yourself, and you go through phase transitions, and then it seems to you that you are in a higher state of consciousness. When I'm tripping, I'm thinking concepts I'm sure no one's ever thought before, and in a way it's like a higher state of consciousness, but it's not a plane that was waiting there for me to access it. It's something I'm building that moment by destratifying my brain. If you're destratifying thinking there's some benevolent god out there, or a world of harmony with nature right through the door, you're fucked. 'Cause you're not gonna find the world of eternal harmony. Everything there is something we will build.

A STRANGELY ATTRACTIVE ALTERNATIVE

There might be an ethics here: how to live your life poised at the edge of chaos, how to allow self-organizing processes to take place in all the strata that bind you. In your life, you could create maps of attractors that bind your local destiny—those behaviors that are habitual and so on. And try to find those bifurcations that would allow you to jump, if not to complete freedom—that doesn't exist—but to another set of attractors less confining, less binding, less stratifying. Or learn to lead your life near a bifurcation without ever crossing it—the lesson of being poised on the edge of chaos.

FLOWING DOWN THE BLACK HOLE

Deleuze and Guattari emphasize over and over that once you take the route of destratification, there's an inherent danger that it will turn fascistic, that it will turn against itself. For them, certain aspects of Nazism were very destratified—for instance, Nazi tactics. That's why they beat the shit out of everyone. And yet there was this smell of death there—the holocaust. They were destratifying themselves, but they bounced off the wall and restratified themselves in a much more gross, evil, and resentful way, lacking joy in the worst way.

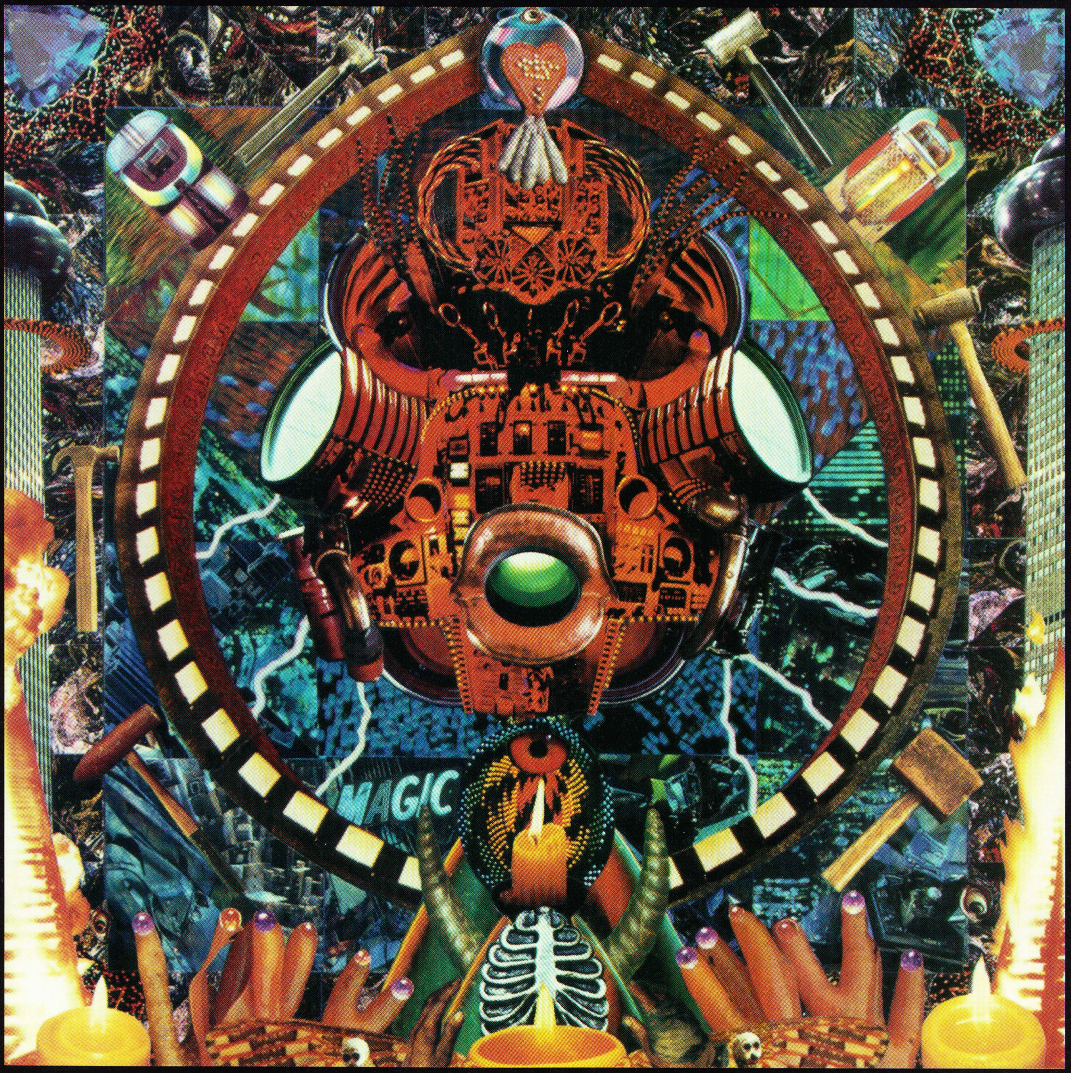
I just saw the Doors movie. Jim Morrison just tried to break on through to the other side too fast, thinking that all you had to do was take more and more acid. When you can't break through anymore, when you bounce off it, you become resentful and turn to death. You won't find that world of purity that you were expecting, and now you become resentful and turn against yourself, turn suicidal. Deleuze and Guattari call it a black hole. You enter the wrong attractor. The 60's were extremely destratifying, and yet, because they thought they were going to achieve everything within the 60's—and what they wanted was not achievable, period—fringes of this motion went into the wrong track. Then you have the Weathermen, completely pathetic terrorists blowing themselves up. That's that impatience and resentment that Deleuze and Guattari warn about.

WALK SOFTLY AND CARRY A LITTLE LAND

As they say, the key word here is not wisdom, but caution. You don't know what happens at bifurcations. You have absolutely no control. The smallest fluctuation can make things go wrong. The predictive power of humans and technology is nil near bifurcations. All you can do is approach carefully, because the last thing you want to do is get swallowed up by a chaotic attractor that's too huge in phase space. As Deleuze says, "Always keep a piece of fresh land with you at all times." Always keep a little spot where you can go back to sleep after a day of destratification. Always keep a small piece of territory, otherwise you'll go nuts.

Look for a piece on Deleuze and Guattari by Manuel DeLanda in the upcoming cyberculture issue of Southern Atlantic Quarterly *(edited by Mark Dery). His book* War in the Age of Intelligent Machines *is forthcoming from Zone Books.*

AGAINST THE REPRODUCTION OF DEATH



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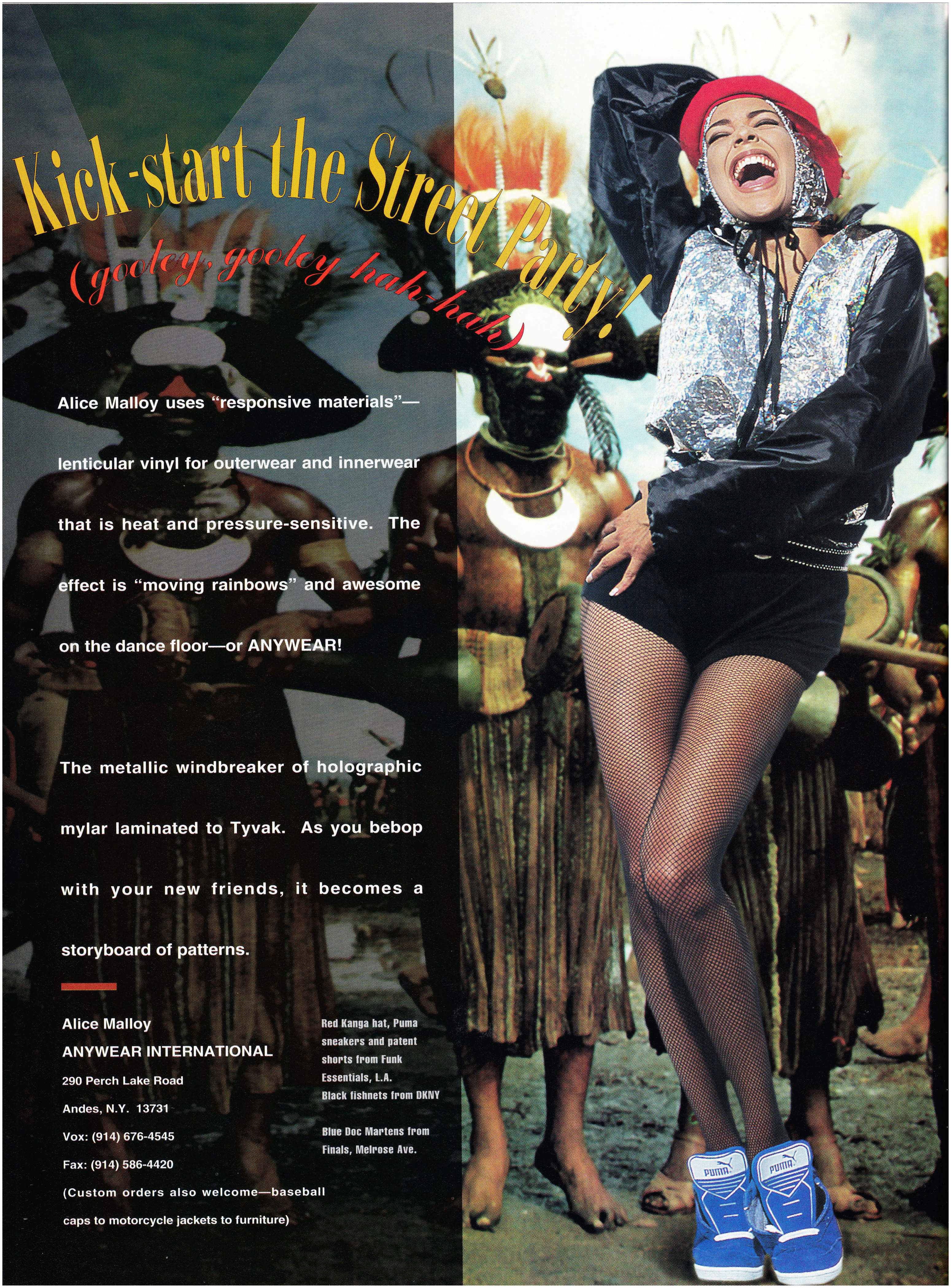

Kick-start the Street Party!

(gooley, gooley hah-hah)

Alice Malloy uses "responsive materials"—lenticular vinyl for outerwear and innerwear that is heat and pressure-sensitive. The effect is "moving rainbows" and awesome on the dance floor—or ANYWEAR!

The metallic windbreaker of holographic mylar laminated to Tyvak. As you bebop with your new friends, it becomes a storyboard of patterns.

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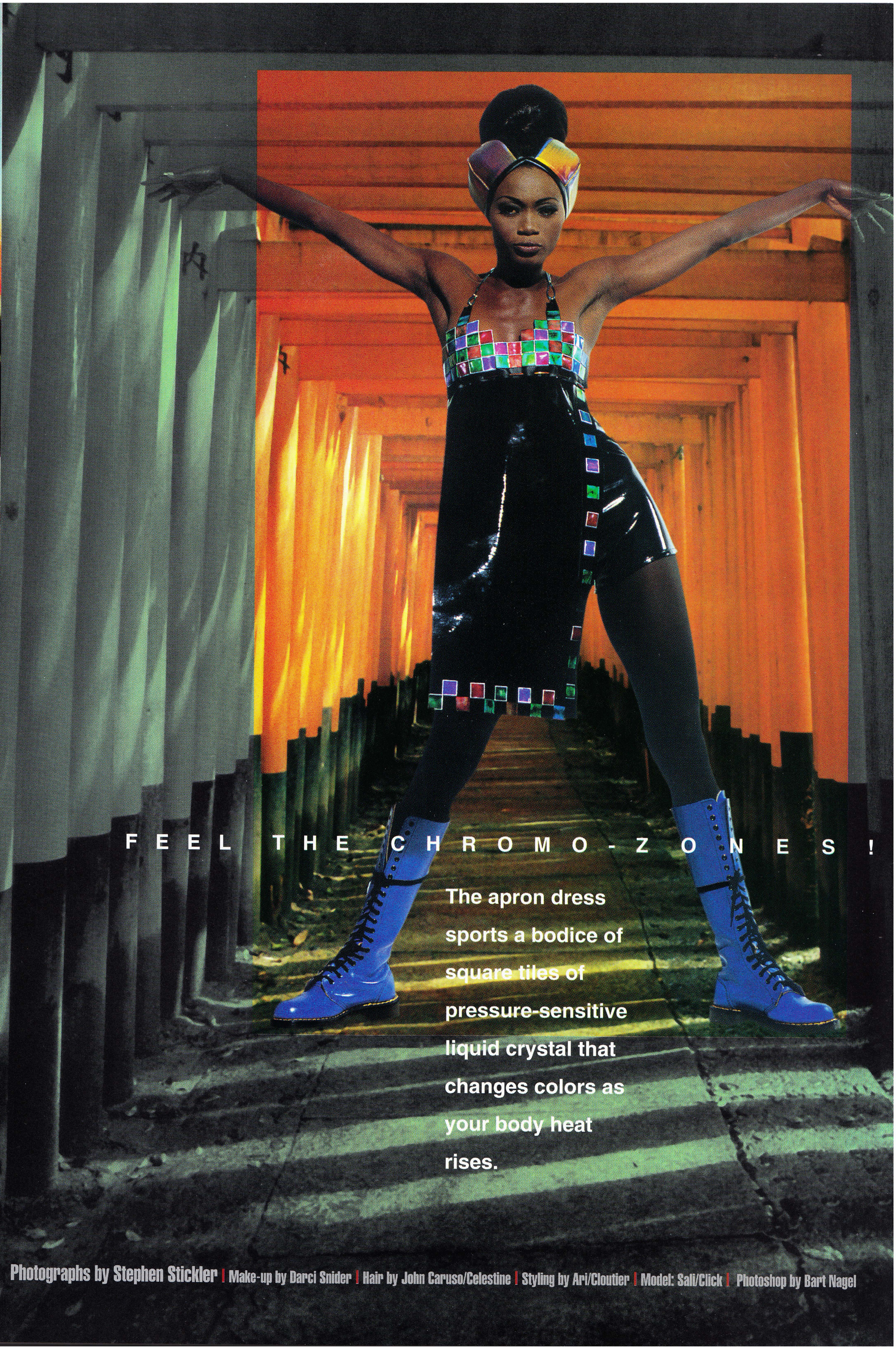
Red Kanga hat, Puma sneakers and patent shorts from Funk Essentials, L.A.
Black fishnets from DKNY

Blue Doc Martens from Finals, Melrose Ave.

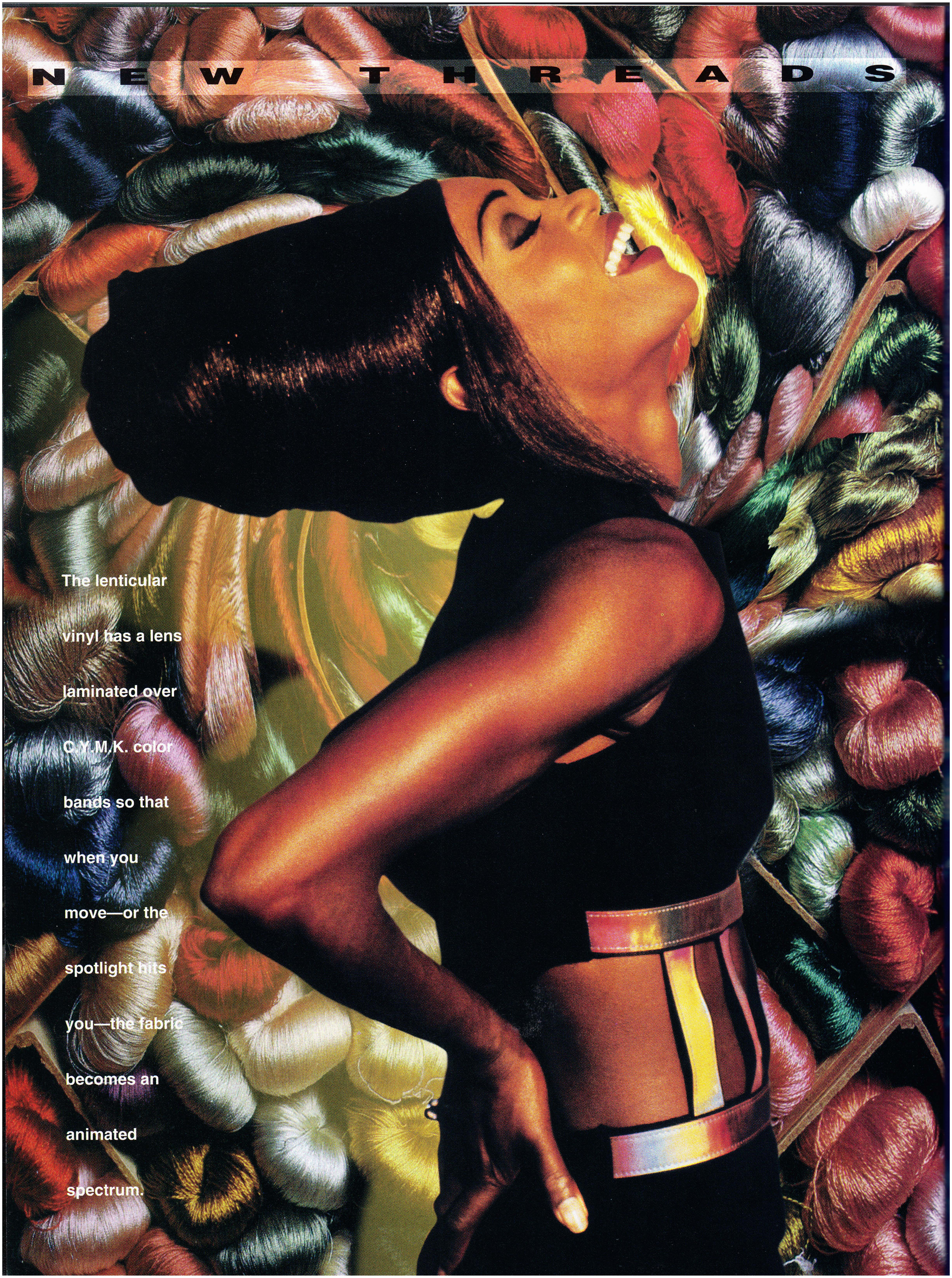


FEEL THE CHROMO-ZONES!

The apron dress sports a bodice of square tiles of pressure-sensitive liquid crystal that changes colors as your body heat rises.

Photographs by Stephen Stickler ! Make-up by Darci Snider ! Hair by John Caruso/Celestine ! Styling by Ari/Cloutier ! Model: Sali/Click ! Photoshop by Bart Nagel

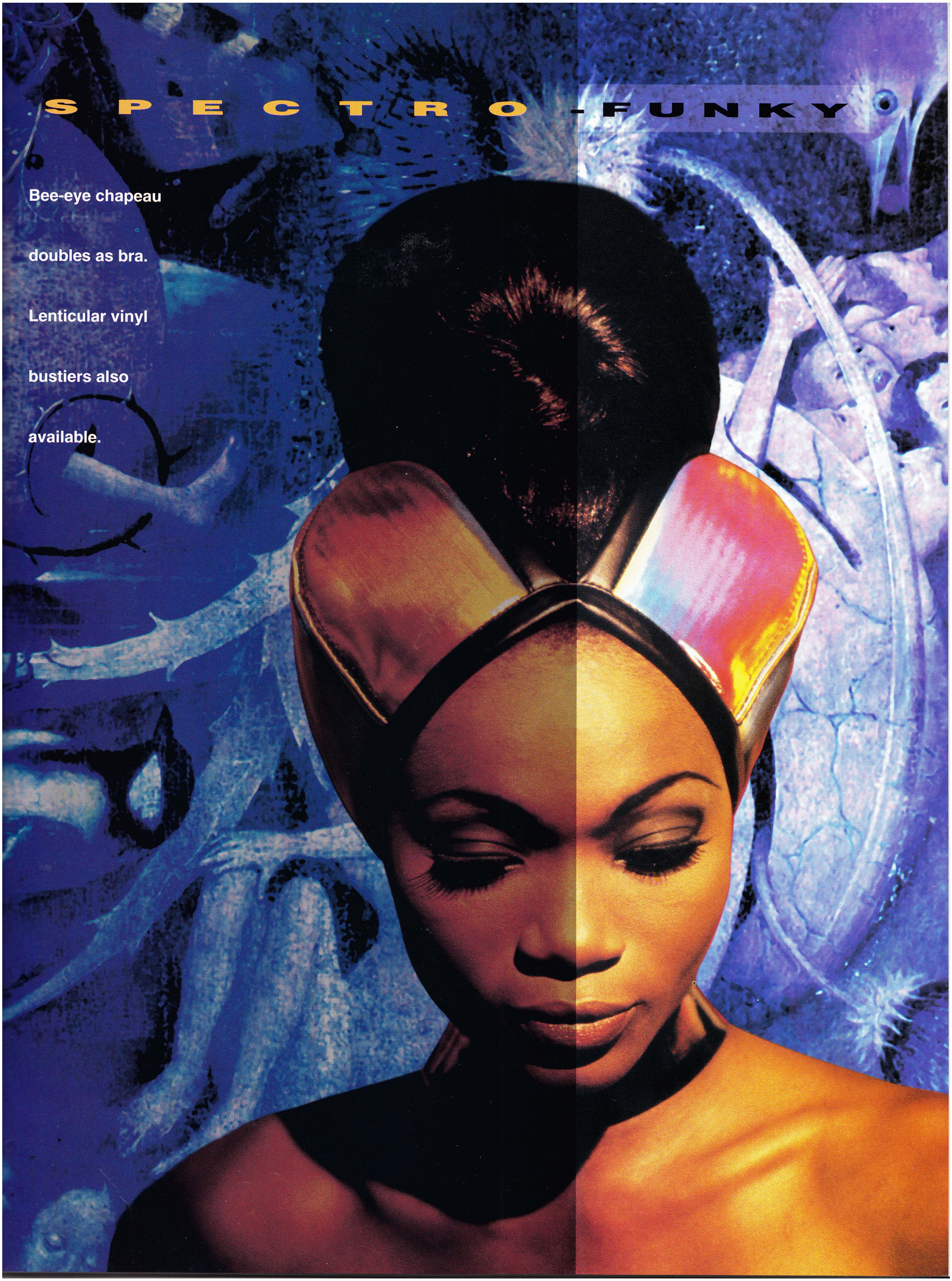
NEW THREADS

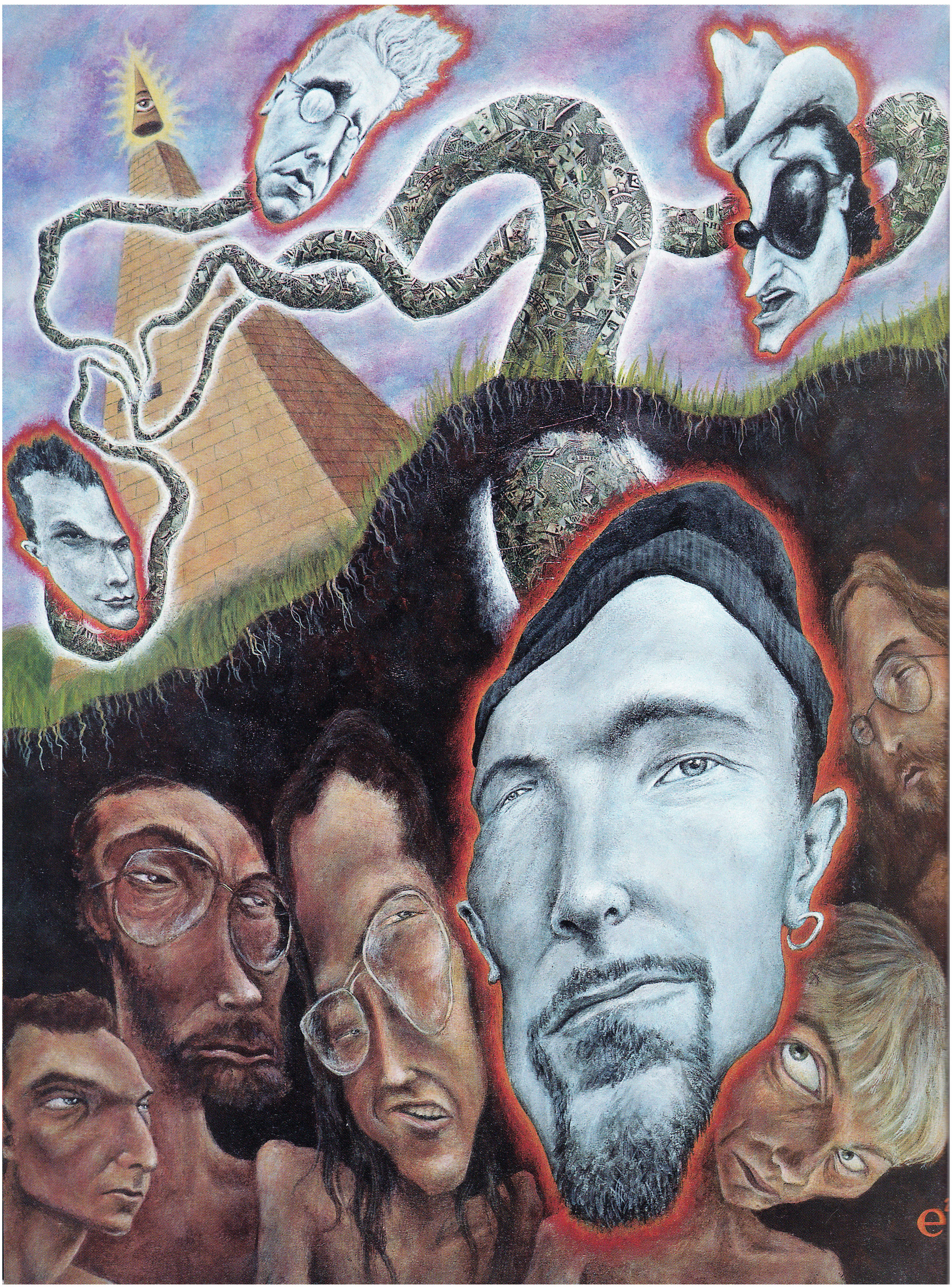


The lenticular vinyl has a lens laminated over C.Y.M.K. color bands so that when you move—or the spotlight hits you—the fabric becomes an animated spectrum.

SPECTRO-FUNKY

Bee-eye chapeau doubles as bra. Lenticular vinyl bustiers also available.

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U 2 CAN SUE A SAMPLE SIMON

I.

Negativland Talks with U2's The Edge

One need look no further than the Simi Valley acquittal to understand that America's legal machine has run amok. Meanwhile, however, the public's fascination with The Law and its vast payroll has built a pap culture pantheon of legal beagles. From the soapy *L.A. Law* to the interactive *America's Most Wanted* to the oxy-moronic *People's Court*, the entertainment industry seems intent on insuring The Law's position as America's favorite bureaucracy. Some dissent. Ice "Cop Killer" T publicly calls L.A.'s Finest on their "Serve and Protect" directive by asking "Who protects us from you?" The same question could be posed to the legions of lawyers currently retained by the music business.

In this age of affordable digital media, the music artist has become a street technician—plundering everyday blip culture to create audio collages that mimic the quick-cut aesthetic of our TV society. In classic tortoise/hare fashion, sampling and its burgeoning experimentation dusted the crusty, Industrial Age legal process. Unfortunately, the music biz heads, and by default, the artists themselves, have allowed their lawyers to effect decisions over something they know little about—the evolution of art.

The floodgates opened in 1989 when aging members of the Turtles decided to supplement their flagging royalties with a $1.1 million lawsuit against De La Soul for an unauthorized sample of "You Showed Me." The precedent caused many music lawyers to see green. As hip-hop historian David Toop noted, "Some music business lawyers were now instructing their older clients to listen to rap, in case their work was being sampled." During the ensuing melee of lawsuits and tub-thumping, no one seemed to care that a whole new way of creating art was being squelched.

On August 20th, 1991, Negativland released "U2"—a 13-minute détournement of the Dublin supergroup's hit "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" with off-the-mike outtakes from Casey Kasem, a 35-second sample of the song itself, and other found material. Two weeks later, Island Records and Warner-Chappel Publishing—fearing "mass public confusion" and sales diverted from U2 product—sued Negativland and its label, SST. Island won custody of the recalled stock, copyrights to the recordings, and $25,000 in damages. Later, Island abandoned the pursuit of damages and settled for the payment of their legal fees—roughly a $90,000 tab. SST Records currently claims Negativland is responsible for the full amount. Net result? Negativland loses its shirts, U2 gets a bum rap, and Island Records owes its lawyers an astronomical sum for an embarrassing process it was advised to instigate.

INTERVIEW BY
MARK HOSLER, DON JOYCE AND R. U. SIRIUS

In June of 1992, U2's U.S. publicist contacted MONDO 2000 on behalf of U2's guitarist, The Edge, seeking an interview about the group's *Zoo TV* tour and its use of high tech and satellite feeds. MONDO's R.U. Sirius invited Don Joyce and Mark Hosler of Negativland to participate in the interview—without The Edge's knowledge—hoping to spark a dialogue. No mouthpieces allowed. On June 25 Negativland joined R.U. Sirius in Berkeley to await the call from Dublin.

—Andrew Hultkrans

Artist Eric White is currently not represented by counsel

MONDO 2000: So you have some stuff you wanted to talk about?

THE EDGE: Well, I just like the magazine. The usual magazine angles are so boring and well-trodden. I thought you'd have a more imaginative angle on what we're doing.

MARK HOSLER: R.U. told me you were interested in talking about the impact of technology on culture.

E: Our position is very unique. We're a very big band with access to technology, and access to the airwaves. We're more relaxed with the idea of being a big band, turning it into a part of our creative process. A few years ago we were almost uncomfortable with that idea, but now we're using our position in a way that amuses us. It was *so* different when we started. It was '76—the whole punk ethic of "Start again, wipe the slate clean."

MH: And now *you're* the next big thing kids want to tear down.

E: That's part of the whole regenerative process of rock 'n' roll, and I think it's important. And now that we *are* big, we want to do something interesting, imaginative, and… irreverent. So we're not taking our position seriously in that sense. We're actually being kind of subversive… just manipulating it. The whole *Zoo TV* concept.

MH: What you're saying sounds great. But when you get to be a certain size, you're an international cultural and economic phenomenon. A lot of what you're doing *is* kind of subversive. But isn't that lost on most of the people who are following you superficially—as a Top 40 act?

E: Well, we're not shy about being big anymore. I think rock 'n' roll *should* be big. It's about mass communication. The idea that it's a cult thing and underground is all very well, but it's shame if that's all it ever is. Then the airwaves would be *completely* dominated by one-dimensional, purely commercial music.

MH: On tour, you have a satellite dish so you can access live material off of various TV transmissions around the world…

E: Yeah. We've got the big screens onstage. That's what the audience sees. Down by the mixing board, we've got a Vision mixer that blends the images from live cameras, from optical disks, *and* from live satellite transmissions that are taken in from a dish outside the venue. We've also incorporated telecommunications. We've got a telephone onstage and Bono occasionally makes calls from the stage—he calls the White House or orders pizza or… um… phone sex.

DON JOYCE: So you sample whatever's on the airwaves…

E: Yeah, it's like information central.

MH: There's been a lot of controversy over copyright issues and sampling. You're taking copyrighted TV broadcasts and re-broadcasting them live before a ticket-buying audience. What are your thoughts on that?

DJ: Did you have any legal problems?

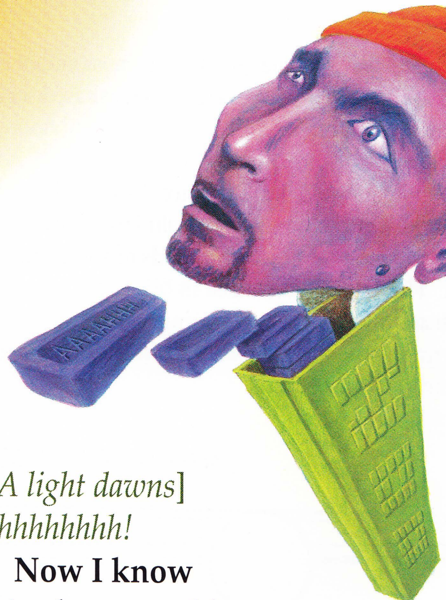
E: No. I asked early on and I don't think there *is* a problem. In theory, I don't have a problem with sampling. When a sample becomes part of another work, no problem. If sampling is stealing and replaying the same idea—changing it very slightly—that's different. We're using the images in a completely different context. If it's a live broadcast, it's a few seconds at the most. I don't think, in spirit, there's any…

DJ: So the fragmentary approach is the way to go.

E: Yeah. Musically we've sampled things, and people sample us all the time. I hear the odd U2 drum loop in dance records. I don't have any problem with that.

DJ: Well, this is interesting because we've been involved in a *similar situation…*

M2: In fact, maybe it's time for me to interject here. The folks you're talking to, Don and Mark, aside from being occasional contributors to MONDO 2000, are members of a band called Negativland.



Eric White

E: [*A light dawns*] *Ahhhhhhhhhh!*

M2: Now I know they've been sued by your record label, but they haven't been sued by *you*. And I just thought we could engage in a conversation...

DJ: But anyway, we were sued by Island for a very fragmentary sample of one of your records.

E: Yeah.

MH: We sent some packages and letters to you. I don't know what you ever received.

E: I can't remember the exact sequence of events, but as it was presented to us, it was: "Here's this record. Here's this album sleeve. Island is already on the case. They've objected because of the artwork, because this is a time when a lot of people are expecting a new U2 record." They felt there was a chance that people would pick up the record and think, "Oh, this is the new U2 album." They were operating from a pure business sense—nothing to do with Art.

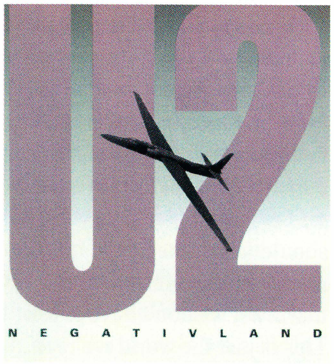
MH: In the context U2 is in, *you* believe you're doing something subversive. And *we're* scurrying around in the music underground, doing things that *we* think are subversive. But the Island lawsuit dealt with this as if it was a consumer fraud intended to rip off innocent U2 fans, and that we were going to make millions off of these records. It didn't acknowledge *any* artistic intent. Yet, if you look at the cover and listen to the record, it's obvious that it's an artistic statement.

E: I wasn't... I didn't have any problem with it. I think Casey Kasem could have. I mean, the problem really was that by the time we realized what was going on, it was kinda too late. And we actually *did* approach the record company on your behalf and said, "Come on, this is very heavy."

DJ: Oh? What did they say?

E: At that point, as a matter of principle, their attitude was "We're not going to look for damages, but we're not about to swallow our legal costs." They ended up looking for *costs*, not damages.

MH: But we never got a phone call from Island saying "Look, we're pissed. Our band has a new album coming out and you better pull this thing or we're gonna smash you." They didn't give us a chance to do *anything*. Ten days after the record was out, we received a 180-page lawsuit.



E: Wow.

MH: There was *no* negotiation. They went ahead with their $400-an-hour lawyers. You're quite right about their main concern being the cover rather than the content. It was obvious from their lawsuit, but they never simply said "Change the cover."

E: I think we would have reacted differently, but it wasn't our lawsuit. Although we have some influence, we aren't in a position to tell Island Records what to do.

MH: Is that *really* true? If U2 sells 14 million copies of an album for Island, and you're what keeps them in business... You see how we'd think that you have the leverage.

E: What may have happened is that theirs was a knee-jerk reaction at a moment when they were expecting the album to be delivered, and they were probably way down the road before they really took a proper look at it, but I think they felt...

DJ: We had contact with Island throughout this—trying to get them to adjust their position—but they kept on it up to the last minute.

MH: We sent faxes to [Island VP] Eric Levine and [Island President] Chris Blackwell and [U2 Manager] Paul McGuinness saying that we could have canned the cover. Or we could *even* have stopped making the record. And Negativland would have paid SST for the costs of destroying the copies still in the warehouse. But they went after not only the records, but the money. We made it very clear to Island and to Paul McGuinness that our label was going to take it out of us, that Negativland would ultimately pay for every cent, and SST says it's $90,000. You may spend $90,000 on ordering pizza at a show for your fans, but for us...

E: [*Laughing*]

MH: We haven't made that much money in 12 years. There's a difference between just putting a stop to something and smashing a tick with a sledge-hammer.

E: Listen, when we heard that you and SST had fallen out—that this was no longer record-company-to-record-company, and *you* were losing money—we discussed the message from you that you wanted the records back. I mean, I was up for that, but then I heard that Casey Kasem wasn't, that he actually wanted to stop it. So it's all become a big mess.

MH: When Casey was questioned in public about our single, he said, "Well, I don't like what they did. It's embarassing to me, but I'm for free speech. I'm against censorship, I'm for the First Amendment, and I think people should be able to do what they want." And then privately he said to us "I'll sue your ass."

E: [*Laughing*]

MH: We've been dealing with SST—an indie label, with U2, and with Casey Kasem—all people with supposedly liberal political attitudes. So we're looking at people's public personae versus their private. We've always wanted to have direct contact with U2 to understand your perspective.

E: You know, you should have tried to make contact first…

DJ: *But we couldn't get to you!*

MH: You're insulated behind so many layers of management and publicity firms. SST told us that they *did* contact Warner/Chappell Publishing anonymously before the record came out about possible sampling clearance rights. And they were told "No. U2 simply never grants that."

E: Ah, that's *complete bollocks!* There are at least *six* records out there that have direct samples from our stuff.

DJ: But they may not have been granted by Island.

E: They *must* have been. There's a song called "New Year's Day" by a dance group, and they have a part that's built around the "New Year's Day" bass and drum part.

MH: All through time, artists have reacted to their environment, right? What were the tools, the technology, a few hundred years ago to do that? Well, you had a paintbrush, a piano, a lute... So you interpreted things that way. *Now*, the way we see it—and it sounds like you agree—the technology is different. So instead of just making a painting of something, I can take a photograph, a video, a xerox, a sample... I can capture something for my own work and make a statement about the media-saturated environment we live in. That's something you're suggesting in the *Zoo TV* tour.

E: Yes.

MH: On one level U2 is just a bunch of guys making music, but on another level, U2 is part of the media environment. I hear your songs playing in the shopping mall, whether I want to or not.

E: [*Blandly*] Yeah.

MH: So for us to ask permission to do something in response to our environment (McGuinness said to us early on "Oh, you should have asked us"), from an *artistic* standpoint, we feel that... *no*, we don't have to ask. This is just the world we're in.

DJ: *Your* response to sampling is absolutely correct. If it's fragmentary, it's OK. No one should really worry about fragmentary appropriation of *anything*.

E: Yeah.

DJ: The public domain is literally *the public domain* and if it's there, *let's use it*. We're against bootlegging entire works—that *is* ripping people off. But all this stuff is surrounding us. We're swimming in it, and it becomes part of our own work. This is appropriate and, in fact, *necessary* as a kind of self-defense against the coercion that mass media has become. But the business end of it—your label and every other label—has an archaic view based on their own ownership of all that culture.

E: [*Wearily*] Yeah.

DJ: So what we're doing now—especially since the lawsuit—is to bring all this out, and try to change the copyright laws. I want to change the fact that you can't sample two seconds of something because it's *owned*. That has to be changed in this age of new technologies which are essentially *for* capturing things.

E: Technology has really paved the way for this. We're in a new era. Technology is the means to create in music…

DJ: But the laws have not caught up *at all*.

E: Absolutely, yes. Ultimately, it does no one any good if creativity is stopped because record companies are losing a little bit of money. I suppose the fine line is between pure theft and plagiarism, and where it becomes a legitimate new thing. And it's going to be difficult for new legislation to be clear on that.

DJ: It'll be akin to deciding whether or not something is pornographic. *I* would make the defining guideline whether or not it's a bootleg of a complete performance, or a fragment. I'd say using any part, but not the whole, is OK. Of course, you'll get someone trying to exploit that definition and use all but the last ten seconds of a song, but that's a case for the judge to say "No, you're just pushing it here and that's wrong." Like pornography, they can make a decision on that. I'd like the law to say that any fragmentary use of another person's work is *absolutely* free.

E: I'd be up for that.

DJ: If you're going to be a public person and put things out, you can make all the money you can off your own work, but you don't control it to the extent that no one else can make use of it.

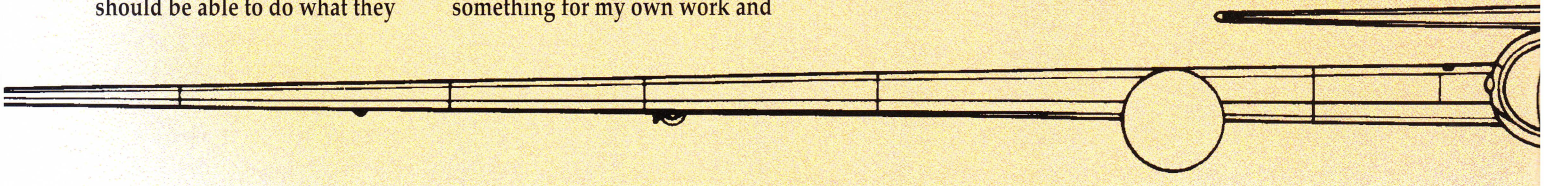
E: Yeah. I know of dance records that can never be released because of the bills that would have to be paid.

MH: We've been using bits of voices from radio and television and weird sounds from everywhere. Our records have literally hundreds of bits of voices put together—we could *never* find out where they're all from and pay everybody. The "U2" single was actually one of the only times we've used a lot of someone else's music, and that was only because it was part of the concept. Lately with all these lawsuits, the labels are very worried about sampling infringement. In effect, they're totally clamping down on a whole way of working with sound.

DJ: They're all caving in. Anytime a lawsuit comes up, the label apologizes and capitulates and says, "We're sorry." No one is saying the law itself is unreasonable.

E: Well, I don't know what to say really. I'm only interested in the spirit of what it is, not the legality.

DJ: But here's the thing, though. *You're hooked up with the legality.* You're in a partnership with someone who's taken an opposite point of view, and *I'm* wondering what you can do with your influence to

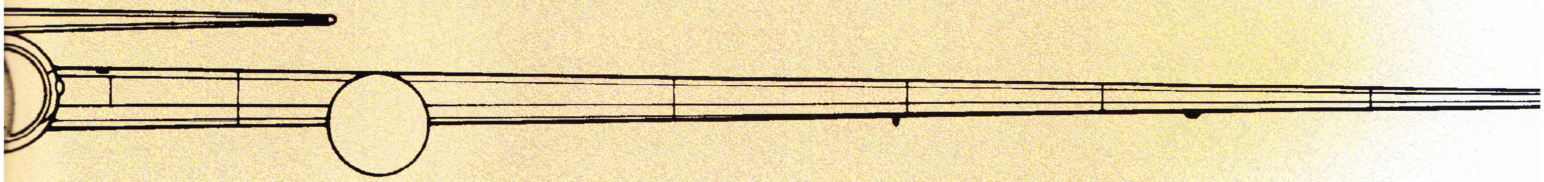


effect some changes? Because this has destroyed us as a band.

MH: It was done as a response to the cover but succeeded in crushing the creation itself. And they didn't seem to care about the difference.

E: Yeah. What interests me then is whose responsibility is the cover. I mean, you provide the music, but…

DJ: *We* designed the cover. We were very naive. And we *were* trying to make it look like a U2 cover to an extent. It *is* a deceptive practice, and we wouldn't have argued the point. We'd have changed the cover if they'd asked, but they never did. They just had this sledgehammer approach, based on being so rich that no one could fight them. Issues of content, the integrity of the art, and the issue of free speech no matter how offensive—none of that was brought up.



E: Well, you're dealing with a company. That *is* their thing. It *is* about business. As it happens, Chris Blackwell is a great supporter of young bands and generally would be on your wavelength. I can't speak for Chris because I didn't speak to him personally about this. But it was difficult to understand quite why he jumped the way he did.

MH: I had the feeling that some executive made the decision, and once it was made, he couldn't lose face.

DJ: A typical bureaucratic mish-mash. But here's my point. Artists hook up with these companies, but how do you correlate *your* attitude, which is about the spiritual imperatives of music, with the company's attitude which says, "Oh yeah, that's fine," and then actually…

[*Phone suddenly disconnects*]

ALL: Hello? Hello?

E: Hi, we got cut off there.

DJ: Thanks for calling back.

MH: Good points for you!

DJ: I was making the point about the artist and the company—how they're inevitably linked—yet their motives and priorities are *completely* opposite. How do you reconcile that? Why can't you say, "I'm going to *try* to have some influence and change that attitude."?

E: This has never come up. Obviously there's a conflict there, but the way you set up your dealings with the record company, you protect what you think is important and you leave them to take care of their business. You protect yourself in what you're trying to do. Until now, we've never felt like we had to be in control of situations that didn't involve us.

MH: U2 must require a lot of employees just to be able to function. I assume Paul McGuinness plays a big part in filtering things and communicating what he thinks you need to know and censoring what he thinks you don't.

E: There's a bit of that, umm…

DJ: Edge, I think there's a *lot* of that.

MH: There are more layers around you than you realize. From *our* perspective, trying to get through to you…

DJ: It can't be done.

E: Well, to be fair to ourselves, we *do* spend hours dealing with requests and connections. We do see most things that come into the office.

If you had made a direct approach, I'm sure it would've come to our attention. With Negativland, it would've had to have been pitched in a way that we—and our people—could fully understand.

DJ: I don't know whether you know this, but there's been a lot of press about this situation.

E: I know you've really taken a kicking, and I'm really sorry about how it's all come out. And Island Records *hasn't* been affected. But we've gotten *so much shit* in the media about all this—*it's really annoying!*

MH: Why wasn't it *obvious* to somebody at Island Records that the amount of money they're going to make from us is *nothing*, and that in the end—whether U2 is involved or not, in the press it's going to end up reflecting badly on the band. We thought that was so obvious that they would've just dropped it. But *they* thought we were so tiny and infinitesimal that no one would even care. We would just sort of drop off the face of the earth once it was over.

E: I know that they probably reacted quickly and then, maybe on the matter of principle, felt like, "Well, we shouldn't be out of pocket for this. Of course, damages may be inappropriate and we'll forget about that but why should we be out of pocket?" That's the lawyers' thing. Once you press that button…

PRO BONO, SED CUI BONO?

DJ: You know, we were actually *against* SST's "Kill Bono" T-shirt.

E: Oh, I want one! [*Laughs*]

MH: I want to ask you a question which I feel very strange about, but… We used to put out our records on our own label before signing with SST. We've decided now, given what's happened and how we feel about the music business, to go back to doing our own record label.

E: Uh huh.

MH: We've been trying to find someone who will lend us the money to get started—say, 15 or 20 thousand dollars. We've figured out on paper with the amount of records we could sell and the distribution we'll get, we could pay people back with 10% interest in about nine months.

E: Right.

MH: So I'm asking you if you'd be interested in lending us some money.

E: [*Howl of laughter*] Great! That's the first time I've *ever* been asked for *money* during the course of an interview.

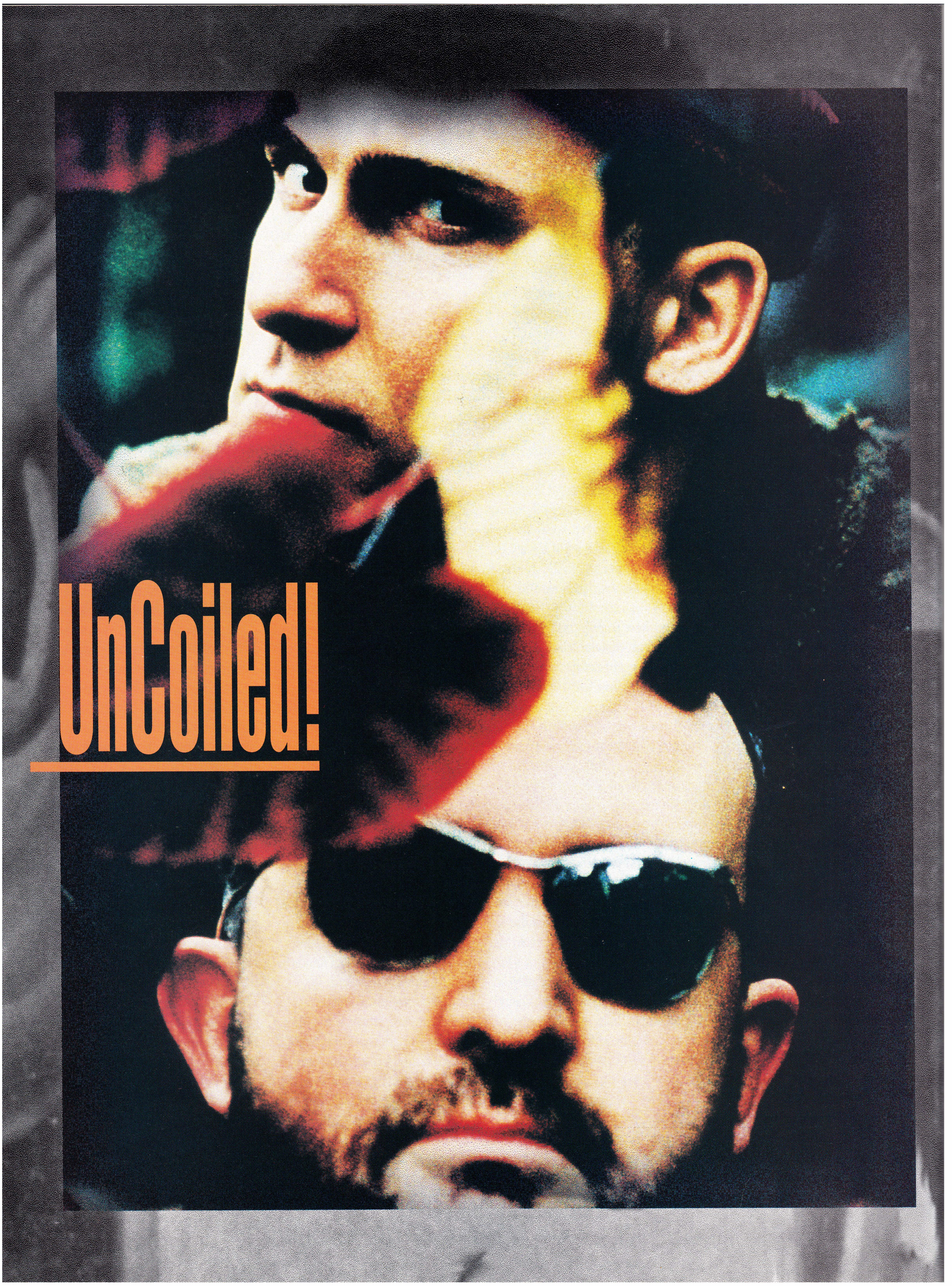
MH: Well, it's not a gift, it's a pure loan and we'll give you your 10 per cent…

E: Well, listen. I feel kind of put on the spot, but yeah, I'm interested.

DJ: And the publicity would be great!

E: [*Laughing*] I have to say, this is probably the most surreal interview I've ever had in my life.

MONDO *edited the full transcript down to the pure distillate of Negativland's grousing. For the EP version, check out their new CD/Magazine release* The Letter U and the Numeral 2 *(available by mail order from Negativmail-orderland, 109 Minna #391, San Francisco, CA 94105).*



UnCoiled!

John Balance and Peter Christopherson in conversation with Jas. Morgan and Diana Trimble

The difference between MONDO *and magazines like* Rolling Stone *can be summed up by comparing their list of the year's top ten records with ours. First of all, we don't have one. And if we did, R.E.M. wouldn't be anywhere near it and Coil would have achieved Gold Disk status—alchemical gold. Their most recent release,* Love's Secret Domain, *is a fascinating aural descent into a rather delightful and exalted Inferno.*

This is a realm inhabited by rabid Spanish guitars, Annie Anxiety impersonating herself as drugged-out Mexican whore, sampladelic mixing techniques, warped electronic voices, neurologically correct noise, didgeridoo, oboes and bowed strings cast South of Heaven, Burroughsian cut-ups of film dialogue, all fornicating somethin' awful in a multi-dimensional sonic landscape and presided over by those charming and intelligent Goat-Gods, John Balance and Peter "Sleazy" Christopherson.

Those familiar only with John and Peter's past lives with Throbbing Gristle and Psychic TV may be surprised that in this chaotic landscape the lamb lies down with the lion. Pieces of surprising beauty—such as "Dark River," sounding like the grinding and scraping of the celestial spheres or some monstrous bells—are also to be discovered amidst the musical mayhem.

We enjoyed a lively hour and a half unraveling the social, psychedelic and sexual notions of the secret celebrities at Threshold House, London. And now Ladies and Viruses, the Anti-Popes of Pop.

—Diana & Jas.

MONDO 2000: As a magazine that promotes freedom of information we're interested in how the media often control, repress and distort information. What's the climate like in England right now?

PETER CHRISTOPHERSON: In England there doesn't appear to be a coherent plan or organized government system of censorship. It's just that the media are so biased and narrow that they view things with the most fundamentalist attitude. Repression and distortion happen by default, really.

JOHN BALANCE: I disagree with Peter, because the State here has been set up since 1800 as a royal espionage thing, which turned into MI5. In England—far more than in America—what they call "transgressional publishing" hardly gets started before there's a backlash. I'm suspicious of any magazine in England that wants to talk to us with the intention of publishing radical viewpoints, because I think they're in serious danger. Like Burroughs said, "If you're not paranoid, there's something wrong with you." I'm *extraordinarily* paranoid, but I think I have a perfect right to be. And look, if information gets to the whole media circus, it's second-hand information. The first hand has been suppressed or will never see the light of day.

There's a long tradition of that kind of control. From the very first printing presses in the 15th or 16th century, control has always been exercised over methods of distribution of information. Operation Sundevil [*see* MONDO #3] was the beginning of something much larger. It's a presage of something that's going to be legislated in several years.

Synaesthesia, smart drugs, and pain thresholds all come in via the food in Thailand

M2: How do you see this coming about?

JB: I could see where the holding of corporate computer codes will be a federal offense in itself.

M2: There's an interesting case in Berkeley involving students. In trying to determine the legality of ransacking electronic files, they're discovering that the legislation that applies to burglary is somehow not applicable.

JB: Obviously the authorities bring it down on the side that suits them best. They don't consider the fact that electronic information may not be viable as such, or that transmitting pornography in digital code across a telephone is not the same as distributing pornography. These things have not been tested.

PC: Actually, they have. There have been cases here recently prosecuting people in possession of disks and files that could be decoded in a pornographic way.

JB: It always falls in their favour. Why don't *they* get prosecuted for decoding the code? If it remains as code, then it's nothing. It's in the ether—pre-existing. It's all a panic born of confusion.

BITE ME! BEAT ME! ARREST ME!

M2: In your fax you mentioned some rather ridiculous new laws regarding personal sexual choices.

PC: Yes, the S & M rulings. There was a celebrated court case here called Operation Spanner, in which Lord

Photo: Liz Zivic; Graphic knick-knack: Nader Azarnia

Lane ruled that consensual acts of sadomasochistic sex that involved sexual gratification—as opposed to any *other* sort of gratification—were criminal acts. This ruling meant that having hickeys became criminal evidence that the police could address on the spot. You don't have to have charges brought on a personal level—the police can come in, see what's going on, and arrest you.

M2: Are they seriously trying to enforce this or is it a symbolic ruling?

PC: It's going to the House of Lords—the highest ruling in the land.

JB: But the important aspect that hasn't really been considered is that there's a distinction in law between having a *sexual* motive for consensual assault—hurting someone else with their permission—and any other kind of motive. If you go to the dentist or a plastic surgeon you're obviously accepting pain on a consensual basis, but it's not illegal. But what you can extrapolate from that is that your *state of mind* or your *attitude* toward a certain action is what's illegal, rather than the action itself.

PC: A genuine thought crime enters the statute books!

JB: And it's very similar to the notion of having an illegal file in your computer, regardless of whether it could be decoded or not. It's just the very potential that's illegal. We're in a far more nebulous, dangerous state than we've ever been before.

M2: And what's the public reaction to this, or is it under wraps?

JB: People were really shocked, and there's been something of a reaction against it, but who knows, a precedent has been set, and precedents get followed by bigots.

PC: The national pastime in this country is lethargy anyway.

M2: As it is here.

CHAOSTROPHY

M2: What is the project you're doing about the Black Star or the Black Sun?

JB: We've always used the Black Sun as a logo. Originally we got it from Crowley, but ever since then people—especially in the U.S.—have been coming up to us with tattoos of Black Suns. Chaos magicians in Europe started using it and calling it the Chaosphere. It seems to be some kind of emblem for the millennium. We are planning to publish a book containing its different manifestations and interpretations—Odin… a dark rider… the midnight sun… nightmares…

M2: Regarding your involvement with the pagan movement in the U.K., or the magickal movement, do you practice within an organized setting?

JB: Not really, because the people I admire are generally individuals, like Austin Spare who's sort of the archetypal early warlock. He was practicing in the 1920's. Even Crowley thought he was a bad sort! [*Laughter*] Nowadays the pagan movement here is not as on the edge and exciting as what appears to be happening in America.

PC: There is a long historical tradition in the U.K. for Eccentrics and Deviants to be isolated figures working on their own, rather than within a framework—unlike America, where they always seem to gather into clubs and pressure groups. So naturally, secrecy is paramount. It's been like this for five hundred years and seems unlikely to change.

JB: Elizabeth the First was a witch and she had John Dee and Edward Kelly who were sorcerers of the highest degree at her beck and call. When they ceased to be, she had their hands cut off. And I think there's a tradition carrying on to this day. The present Royal Family, who are far less empowered, still have mystics and advisors of what you might call a very suspicious nature behind them. I think these people are white witches still ruling this country. I hope so anyway.

PC: Even Nancy Reagan has an astrologer, after all.

BOWEL-CHURNING HELLRAISERS

M2: I hear you're working with Derek Jarman.

JB: Yeah, he's got a lot of archive material we're going to be soundtracking, and we have a reissue of our first record called *How to Destroy Angels*, which he's done the artwork for.

M2: You also mentioned Gus Van Sant as someone you wanted to work with. Have you had contact with him?

JB: A certain amount through Burroughs, but not as much as we'd like. Greg Araki has just done a film called *The Living End*—sort of a gay *Thelma and Louise*—about an HIV-positive couple going across America and blowing away homophobes. It's a really good, nihilistic, edge sort of film. It was supposed to play at the London Gay & Lesbian Film Festival last week but for some obscure reason it was cancelled.

PC: A customs problem, I gather.

JB: Yeah, the film was too contentious for our bloody customs!

PC: But we recommend it because our music and a lot of other good music is incorporated.

M2: What about working with William Burroughs?

PC: I've known William for a long time, sort of off and on, and we've collaborated on photo projects and various things. For example, we hope to be filming William for a Ministry video next month.

JB: We did hot knives with him. [*Laughter all around*]

PC: When I had Industrial Records we produced a record of his seminal early tape cut-up experiments with [Brion] Gysin and Ian Somerville.

JB: He keeps in touch with us—he sends us postcards and semi-official lithographs—but it's very difficult to pin him down. He's always in a netherworld, even when you meet him. [*Laughter all around*]

M2: I liked Clive Barker's comment about your soundtrack for *Hellraiser* being "bowel churning."

JB: He meant it as a compliment, by the way.

M2: Yes, that's how I read it. [*More laughter*]

THE ELECTRIC RUNES

The whole Aztec control system was based on chili torture

M2: I'm simply mad about your last record and wondered about the Blakean references. A lot of his ideas about Energy seem to relate to your ideas.

JB: I think we're just traveling in the same mystical English paths. Energy is Eternal Delight—we keep playing around with that. It reduces everything to the basic fundamental human frequency. We've said the last album was about electricity and drugs.

M2: Yes! I was delighted by your explanation of "Teenage Lightning"—that it was about the electricity generated by rubbing two teenagers together!

JB: I think that Blake was traveling similar paths himself and that we'll probably continue in the same vein—oscillating wildly.

M2: Do you think you would set any more of his poetry to music? I noticed you used a few lines from "The Sick Rose."

JB: Quite a few, yes. You're one of the first people to mention it. "The Sick Rose" is one of my favorites—it's one of the best poems ever written. I think he'd have given us the thumbs up over that.

M2: You mention a connection between drug energy and electrical energy. Would you describe how you see that connection and how you treated it in your record?

JB: I started to be obsessed with these things when I was about eleven and had taken a huge overdose of psilocybin mushrooms. I remember putting my hand into a sort of electronic green grid—a hexagon grid that appeared about a meter above the floor. I stuck my fingers into it and they fit perfectly. Ever since I've been obsessed with frequencies and tissues. I think they can be reduced quite quickly to energies like this.

JUST STICK YOUR HEAD INTO THIS OSCILLATING ELECTRICAL FIELD

PC: We have quite a large collection of stimulating electronic brain machines, and in many cases the effects are very similar to those that can be achieved chemically.

M2: Are you doing anything with the neuron impulses to the optic nerves?

JB: Yes, we've tried various models.

PC: The Lakhovsky Multiwave Oscillator, which is not optical but electromagnetic—you put your head into an oscillating electrical field—is interesting too. They're a bit over the top, actually. [*Laughter*] The guy that makes them here in London—Tony Bassett—is a mad inventor who graduated to producing brain machines from customized audio machines. He claims that time travel—or perception of a time travel effect—is achievable.

JB: I've experienced this. They give out massive doses of all the radio waves and he says they recharge your soul and spirit. You can actually have out-of-body experiences after about an hour on your own. But if you're going through group therapy with him, it will happen in about forty-five minutes.

He once took a journalist from one of our scurrilous Sunday newspapers back to being a German soldier. The guy had gone to do a disparaging exposé but left so convinced that he wrote a positive piece. He actually experienced being killed and said the physical sensation was so strong that he almost gave up journalism. These are very powerful machines.

PC: The effect of *pharmaceutical* substances is to rearrange energies that are already present, so in one sense it's more natural. But they always act like a bank loan, in that you have to pay the stuff back later. Even with smart drugs, temporary gains have to be measured against the perception of subsequent loss when you stop taking them.

M2: I want to ask you about other methods for tapping into altered states non-chemically—through ritual or otherwise—and about childhood altered states.

JB: When I was a child we did this death ceremony where you'd lie on the floor, people would press on you and say, "Oh, he looks ill, he is ill, he looks iller, he is iller, he looks dead, he is dead," and then they would levitate you! We'd sometimes lift the person up six feet in the air when they were only four feet tall to begin with! And the person being lifted actually felt like they were flying.

PC: I think these experiences are universal. I don't think they're confined to particular areas. It's all about what you can do with a teenage body. But we won't get into that! [*Laughter all around*]

SPICE CADETS

M2: Relating altered states to S & M, I was wondering if you had any comments on activating the pain threshold as a method of achieving altered states and also if you were aware of our local "pain shaman" Fakir Musafar?

PC: Yes, we know about his stuff. It's definitely an area that *did* interest us. It's too illegal in this country to interest us now! Literally, we would have to go abroad to explore it further.

M2: You've spent a lot of time in Thailand, I understand.

JB: Yeah, we go there for the pain threshold. [*Laughter all around*] That and the food. Synaesthesia, smart drugs, and pain thresholds all come in via the food. I've had seriously mind-altering experiences with food over there.

PC: I don't think anybody really appreciates quite what the chemical processes are that are involved with spices of those kinds. We've described ourselves as Spice Cadets because we've experimented quite heavily in that area.

M2: Yeah, the so-called "spice trade" was really a euphemism for the *drug*-and-spice trade!

JB: Like the Aztecs, their religion was based on chocolate, chilis and sacred mushrooms, and *I don't think the chilis should be underestimated here!* It was their combinations. The whole control system was based on chili torture.

M2: *Chili torture?!?*

JB: Oh God yeah! They'd shove seventeen different sorts of chilis up your anus for adultery or whatever. Or pull whole strings of chili through your tongue.

BABBELOGGIA

M2: What was the inspiration for the title of your instrumental, "Chaostrophy"?

JB: Your magazine. [*Laughter*]

M2: I'm flattered. I coined that word!

JB: Oh, I did as well! [*Laughter*]

M2: Double parked in a parallel universe.

JB: What do they call them? Neologisms?

M2: Or portmanteaux.

JB: I've got hundreds of them.

M2: What's your interest in playing with language in this way?

JB: Well, just sort of getting back to *babble*. About five years ago I was really into writing whole books that appeared to be nonsense, but when you go back and look, there's a lot of interesting stuff there. But it's basically babble.

There's a story that Brion Gysin tells of listening to the radio in Marrakesh before he could speak Arabic fluently and, even when he wasn't stoned, being very struck by the fact that even though the radio was only broadcasting in Arabic, from time to time there would be what appeared to be a complete sentence in English. Certainly that's what "Chaostrophy" is about. There's a tremendous amount of layers in our music, especially that track, where words have been recorded and either buried in the mix or in some way sublimated to the theme of the music, but we hope that some aspect of the message will remain. We've taken away all the signs and indicators, but we've left the actual purpose behind, which hopefully people can pick up on.

DEVIL DOGS & YODELS

M2: What contemporary music do you find exciting?

JB: We like the music of the Eskimo peoples.

M2: The throat singing?

JB: Yes, amazing stuff. I don't think there's enough research in that area.

M2: What about Pygmy yodeling?

PC: Our dogs do that. We have two Basenjis which are originally Pygmy dogs. A tribe called the Azande—who are Pygmies with a reputation for witchcraft even among the other tribes who live around them—and the dogs we have are used as the witch doctor's familiars.

JB: They're sometimes called the Congo Hound or the African Barkless Dog. They don't bark, but they do yodel. When they are in a high emotional state they make these very strange yodeling sounds.

Nader Azarnia (underlying photos by Liz Zivic)

M2: Well, so much for our joke question.

JB: I think the main reason these dogs are kept in modern times—apart from a few witch doctors and shamans—is because the women of the tribes use the dogs for licking their babies' bottoms clean *and I'm not going to say any more on that subject.*

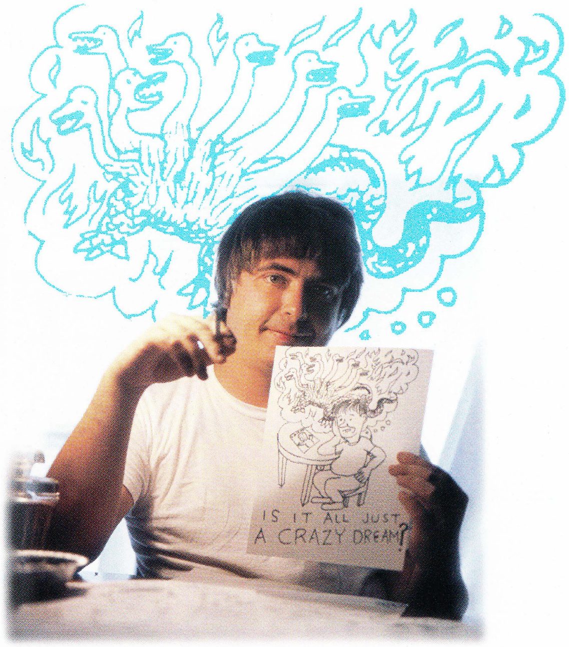
M2: I don't think Lord Lane would approve of that.

Coil's most recent release, Love's Secret Domain, *is available domestically on Wax Trax!*

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past, and Future sees,
Whose ears have heard
The Holy Word
That walked among the ancient trees.
—William Blake

Drove those demons/out of my head
With an organ/and a pencil full of lead
And when I'm dead/hope to have it said
"He drove those demons out of his head"
I'm a loner, I'm a sorry entertainer
—Daniel Johnston

WALKING THE COW


IS IT ALL JUST A CRAZY DREAM?

DANIEL JOHNSTON'S VISIONARY UNIVERSE

Andrew Hultkrans

Oft referred to as "the legendary Austin singer/songwriter," Daniel Johnston is an oddity in an industry that defines itself by cynicism and ironic distance. He's a shuddering nerve plexus, a throbbing vein of sincerity. And his visionary genius has made him an inspiration to many. His fans are legion, ranging from the technically agile to the achingly hip to the faux naif.

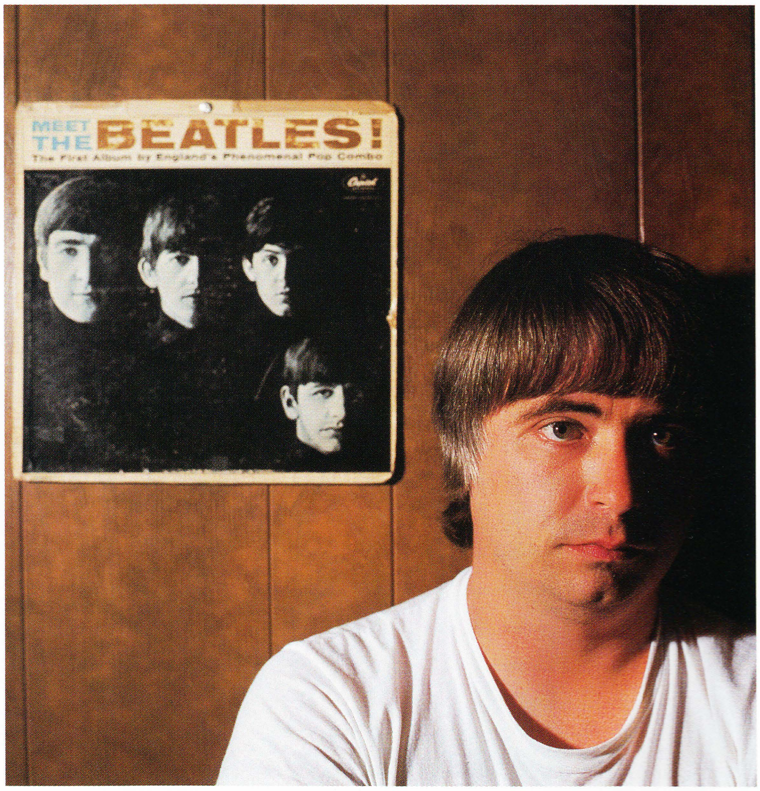
I DON'T REMEMBER MY DREAMS,
BUT SOME PEOPLE DO.
SOME PEOPLE REMEMBER
MY DREAMS FOR ME

Photographs by Wyatt McSpadden

Wyatt McSpadden was assisted by Randolph Brown, who is very jazzed

Underground luminaries such as fIREHOSE, Yo La Tengo, The Reivers, Moe Tucker, and The Pastels have covered his songs, and he has collaborated with kindred spirit Jad Fair, Bongwater/Shimmy-Disc guru Kramer, and members of Sonic Youth. A New York choreographer, Bill T. Jones, recently staged a ballet to Daniel's Yip/Jump Music in France [!], and his Blake-meets-Kirby paintings and drawings have been exhibited in Los Angeles, Zurich, and Berlin.

Originally from West Virginia, Daniel's music gives new meaning to the "high lonesome sound" that emanated from those hills long ago. On his early home recordings, Daniel made use of the piano, guitar, and various toy instruments (including a four-string Smurf guitar) to accompany his plaintive voice. His signature sound comes from the aggressive treatment of a Fisher-Price toy chord organ. On Yip/Jump Music in particular, his beating on the keys of the plastic instrument stretches its limits from a simple harmonic toy to a resonant percussion box. Daniel's high warbly voice—an instrument of naked emotion—arches over this distinctive sound. Even those comfortable with Robert Johnson, Skip James or Neil Young at their darkest will find Daniel's delivery harrowing.


MEET THE BEATLES!
The First Album by England's Phenomenal Pop Combo
Capitol

With early cassette titles like Songs of Pain and More Songs of Pain, Daniel seems to be the classic poète maudit or tortured artist. Daniel's work, however, dwarfs the puny pretenses of so many art school casualties with fashionable drug problems. His problems are authentic. His mental condition, diagnosed inaccurately as "manic depression," defies stock clinical categorization. He has been institutionalized several times for aberrant—sometimes dangerous—behavior, always to return to a period of peak creativity.

Daniel's sensibility is like a child's—an wide-open, porous receptor for the physical and imaginary world. An antic simplicimus. Strangely, Daniel shares his birthdate with another childlike visionary—Lewis Carroll, who, in turn, was a hero to Daniel's own musical inspiration—John Lennon. Commenting on this coincidence, Daniel observed "It's kind of like a trilogy."

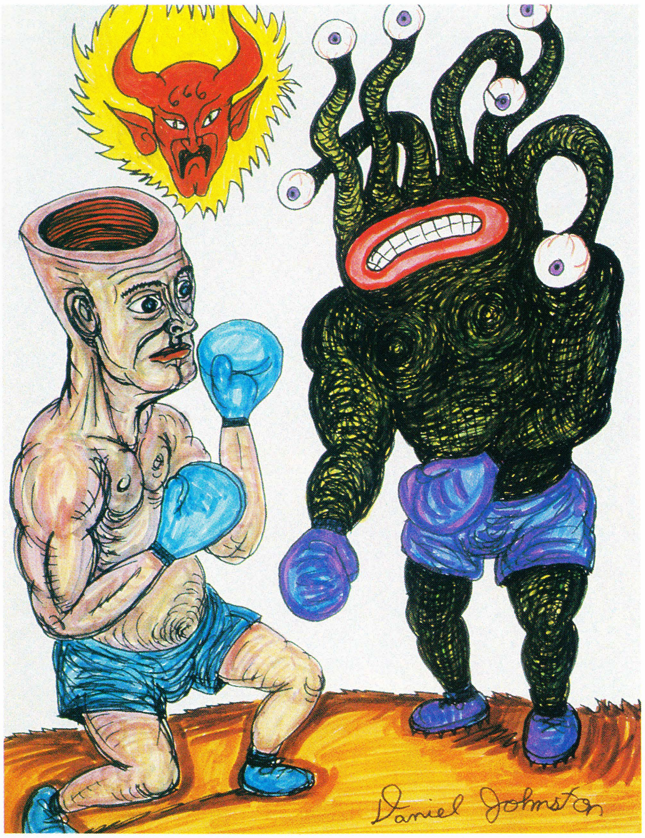
Original Artwork by Daniel Johnston

I spoke with Daniel on two afternoons during the last two weeks of his latest spell at the State Mental Hospital at Austin. His spirits were high, and he was looking forward to finding an apartment—and a new life—for himself in his favorite town. Since then, he has performed in Dallas in front of his largest audience ever, garnering enthusiatic reviews. Currently, he's banished his demons with a new electric piano and a batch of new songs.

—Andrew Hultkrans

MONDO 2000: Hi, How are you? Are you glad to be back in Austin?
DANIEL JOHNSTON: Yes, I am. I didn't want to come here under these circumstances though, having to come back to the old looney bin. But that's just part of my manic depression. Manic depression is a frustrated mess.

M2: There are several recurring characters in your songs—notably Casper the Friendly Ghost. Tell me why you're interested in Casper, King Kong and these other characters?
DJ: In the Beatles' songs, you know how they'd refer to different things in another song? Like John Lennon said, "The walrus was Paul." I started referring to other songs I'd written and started to make an epic of songs that were referring to each other. Then I'd have the drawings referring to the songs, and vice versa.



Captain America will return. In the flesh. During the Great Tribulation

M2: Casper is everywhere...
DJ: A long time ago when there was God and there was Jeremiah the Bullfrog, Satan entered Lucifer and made him jealous of Jeremiah. Lucifer said something like, "He thinks he's better than him." And God killed Jeremiah. And Jeremiah's ghost is Casper the Friendly Ghost. And Jeremiah is John Belushi.

M2: So you think about Casper a lot.
DJ: Yeah, he's a personal friend of mine.

M2: You're definitely interested in comics.
DJ: Oh yeah, Jack Kirby's my favorite.

M2: I know you're particularly interested in Captain America. Can you tell me why?
DJ: To me, Captain America is a symbol of the glory of the red, white and blue—of the American dream. That it's still true today. There's still the Bill of Rights.

M2: So Captain America is still something we can look towards as an ideal?
DJ: Captain America will return. In the flesh. In the Great Tribulation there will be a great Captain America who will save many from total doom.

M2: That's a good thing to hear. What about some of the other early Marvel heroes—the Incredible Hulk, the Mighty Thor?
DJ: The Incredible Hulk is Frankenstein. A lot of people forget that. And when John Buscema would draw the Hulk, it was always with that big "Aaargh!" The Hulk didn't always look like that. He was a very thinking and compassionate guy. And he didn't like evil people—that's why he'd *smash* them.

M2: He's like Frankenstein because he's the product of science gone awry? Bruce Banner was near a nuclear test explosion...
DJ: Right. But see, the comic book characters exist on another plane—as prophecies of future heroes to come.

M2: Now they're myth, soon they'll be history.
DJ: They'll be superheroes for real during the time of the Great Tribulation. They'll be great, mighty superheroes. God will not forget the friends of the Ghost.

M2: What about these heroes—like the Hulk, Spider Man and Iron Man—who have problems? Stan Lee and Jack Kirby introduced the superhero with an Achilles heel.
DJ: Well, *everybody* has problems.

M2: But they made the heroes more human, more *real* that way.
DJ: Well, a lot of superheroes in the Bible started out human. A lot of the great prophets like Elijah were just human beings that grew up in faith and became superheroes.

M2: So you see comic characters as Biblical prophets...
DJ: As a mirror to the future and the past. Because the artwork was so great, it wasn't just that the man was inspired by doing acid. He was a prophet.

M2: Jack Kirby was just transmitting the Word of God...
DJ: Just like I do in my cartoons

and in my songs. They write themselves. The good ones just really come. I plan to start writing songs again once I get a hold of my guitar—songs for a live album called *Frankenstein Love*.

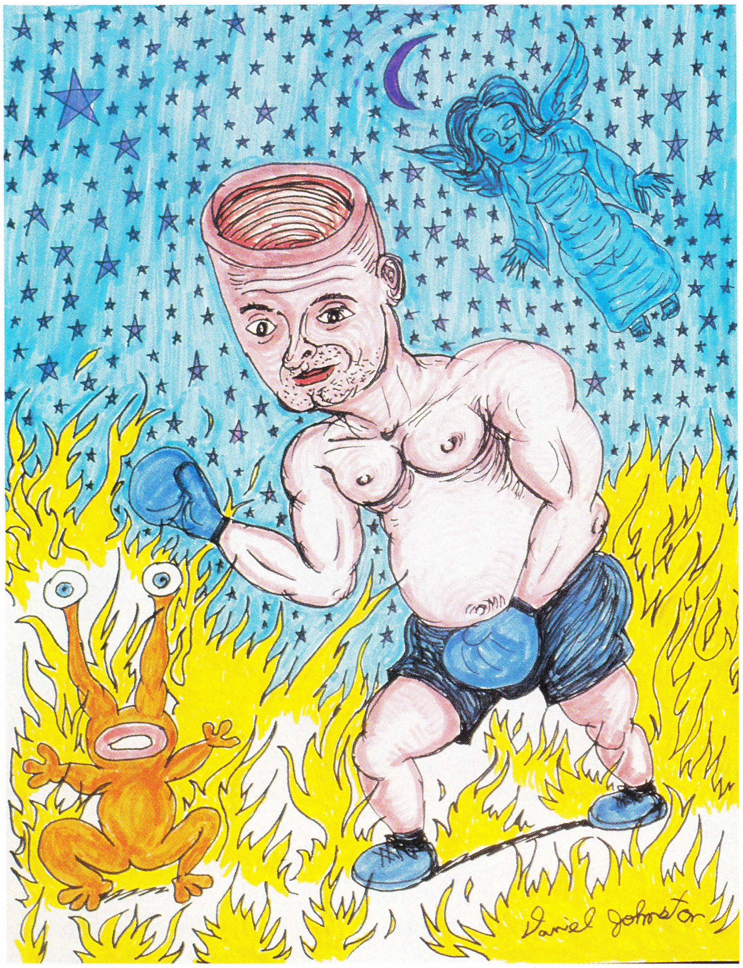
M2: Why *Frankenstein Love*?

DJ: 'Cause I love Frankenstein. 'Cause I love me.

M2: I want to ask you about some of your drawn characters. The frog creature with the eye stalks, what's his name?

DJ: That's Jeremiah. God only chose Jeremiah because I said, "Listen, if Satan gets in here and they accuse me, kill me." And he said, "God, I brainwashed him," and I said, "Hey, listen, if he's in here, you kill me first because if you don't kill me, they will and I'll be dead for sure. But I know that I'll live on because love never dies."

Comic book characters exist on another plane—as prophecies of future heroes



M2: And when Jeremiah gets killed, he becomes Casper the Friendly Ghost.

DJ: Right. I am the Pontius of Jeremiah.

M2: What about the flying eye?

DJ: Well, it's kind of a movie—the show that everybody sees. That's why the photography is so wild, because they fly it back and forth and do different angles and God edits it—puts it together on a big mixing board.

M2: Which film are you talking about?

DJ: I'm on film 24 hours a day, where everybody sees me.

M2: But you have a song called "Fly Eye."

DJ: [*Sings*] Fly Eye, Into the Night, Fly Eye, It's All Right... See, these eyes get tired of filming me all the time, because I get depressed, and they have a hard job to do. They're working overtime. It's very hard work, but they do a fine job. I'd like to commend The Order of Fly Eyes, because they have a personality all their own.

M2: Are they menacing to you?

DJ: Well, at first I didn't know what they were, and then somebody told me, "Those are the eyes of Satan," and I said "Thank you." But they're my friends 'cause they're always there and they're filming me and they're entertaining a lot of people.

M2: What about musical influences? I know you love the Beatles.

DJ: The Beatles are the greatest. The Beatles are still together. John, Paul, George and Ringo are recording all the time, and they're recording albums for when the Great Tribulation is over, and the 10,000 years of Christ they'll be jamming...

M2: The Beatles will be back in the endtimes too?

DJ: They'll be back and they'll be back sooner. Everyone is going to come back and they'll be better. Marilyn Monroe will be back. I'm bringing all kinds of people back... sort of a family reunion.

M2: In the song, "The Beatles," you say "and I really wanted to be like him, but he died." Was John your favorite Beatle?

DJ: Yes, he is. He was really like my father. I was born in heaven before I was born here. He was my father and Paul McCartney was my twin brother.

M2: I see. John's lyrics were stranger than Paul's...

DJ: But Paul McCartney wrote "Hey Jude." But who wrote

"Yesterday"? Was it Frankenstein or Paul McCartney? I can't get over this. Listen to those lyrics. I know that Frankenstein will write a song never before hearing "Yesterday." He'll pick up his guitar and he'll say, [*sings*] "Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away/Now I need a place to hide away/Oh, I believe in yesterday." He won't be remembering the song… *he'll be writing it!* Paul McCartney just wrote the melody and lyrics. Who wrote it? Who wrote what? When I hear a song on the radio, am *I* writing it? Some people believe this kind of stuff. My one friend is always running around saying "I'm producing this video, this television show, this is me singing this." And I think, "That's what *I* used to think, *but it sure sounds crazy.*"

M2: What's "I Killed the Monster" about?

DJ: It was written by Frankenstein. Right before Jesus returns, Frankenstein will kill the monster.

M2: I see. And who is the monster? Satan?

DJ: Vile Corrupt takes on many forms. He's my enemy, but he doesn't bother me anymore. He wants me to be happy to write songs because he loves me to do drawings and write songs. He wants me to be productive so he can live. He wants me to sing a song about him. So he can fight his battles in the drawings.

M2: Did you *really* meet Roky Erickson?

DJ: I knew him when he used to live here in Austin. The song tells the whole story.

M2: You used to watch horror movies together?…

DJ: Yes. We watched *Third House on the Left*. He really liked that one. When it got to the end when all the people were killed, he kept rewinding it.

M2: Did you play music with him?

DJ: No. That was my intention, but we never got around to it. I played piano with his mother once. She was real nice. They were a very friendly family.

M2: What about your cover of "Tomorrow Never Knows"? You do it straight, then you stop and yell,"No, no, no, don't go down, don't give in!"

DJ: That was my opinion at the time, that some people might have been taking that old song in the opposite way of what was originally intended. They can take a regular lyric and say, "This is what this means, and think about it that way," and they twist it inside out. Then they tell the singer to sing it again, and they're thinking that thought. And they sing it again, and everybody says, "Yeah, it sounds like that's what he means." It's lies. Lies are terrible. Lies are black holes. Don't fall into that void, you'll never come back.

M2: What about some of Lennon's other lyrics, like "I Am the Walrus"?

DJ: You *see* with dead dog's eyes…

M2: Right. You have several songs, like "King Kong," where you re-tell the story of a misunderstood individual. Who else has been misrepresented by stories?

DJ: Captain America. He's suffered the most.

M2: How's that?

DJ: He was the greatest hero of all time.

M2: But did Stan Lee and Jack Kirby misrepresent him?

DJ: Captain America's my father.

M2: Is that right? In the song "Rocket Ship" you sing "My bags are packed, I'm ready to go." It sounds like Peter, Paul and Mary, but you're getting into a rocket ship rather than a jet plane. Have you ever wanted to go to space?

DJ: One day I will. I'll go to Mars or something.

M2: How?

DJ: When I'm Frankenstein, I'll go to Mars.

M2: Do you like science-fiction movies?

DJ: Yes, *2001. Planet of the Apes*. When the United States is blown up the apes will take over.

M2: You think so?

DJ: Yeah, just like in the movies. Just another one of them prophecies.

M2: So you believe in predestination.

DJ: Yeah, I'm already there. I'm in the future. I'm gone. I don't dwell in the past. I live in the past too.

M2: Tell me more about the Great Tribulation, the endtimes.

DJ: It's all in the Book of Revelations.

M2: What about the superheroes?

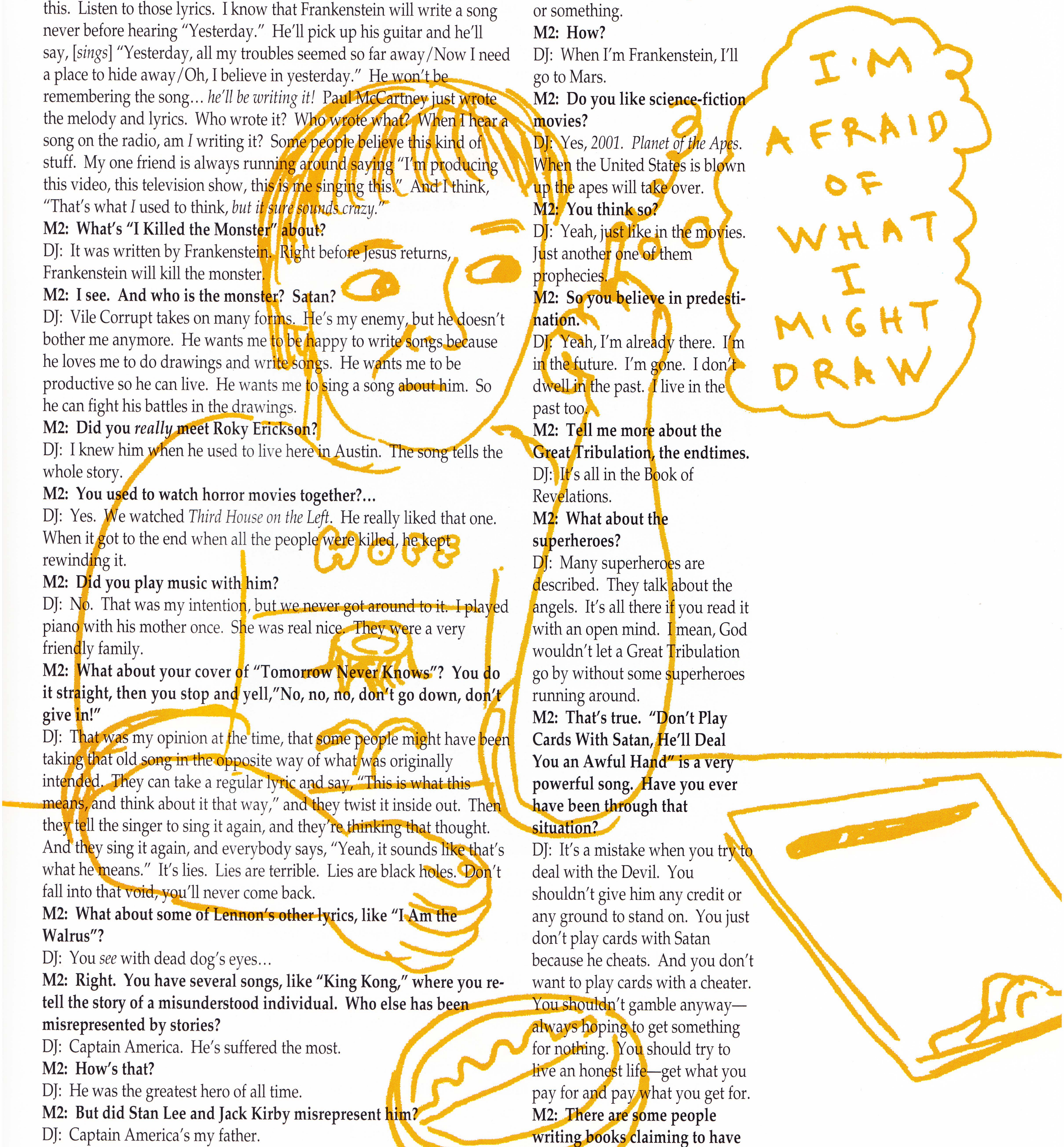
DJ: Many superheroes are described. They talk about the angels. It's all there if you read it with an open mind. I mean, God wouldn't let a Great Tribulation go by without some superheroes running around.

M2: That's true. "Don't Play Cards With Satan, He'll Deal You an Awful Hand" is a very powerful song. Have you ever have been through that situation?

DJ: It's a mistake when you try to deal with the Devil. You shouldn't give him any credit or any ground to stand on. You just don't play cards with Satan because he cheats. And you don't want to play cards with a cheater. You shouldn't gamble anyway—always hoping to get something for nothing. You should try to live an honest life—get what you pay for and pay what you get for.

M2: There are some people writing books claiming to have channeled John Lennon's spirit, that John Lennon is speaking to them.

DJ: Those are just like the false


I'M AFRAID OF WHAT I MIGHT DRAW

Daniel Johnston

The only reason I tried to claim that I wasn't Daniel Johnston was to step out of myself for a brief break from infinity

prophets you see on TV. They say they've got the Holy Ghost and they're taking people's money. All they talk about is money.

M2: So you don't believe in televangelists.

DJ: No. Anyone who has the gift wouldn't bastardize it like that. John Lennon wouldn't talk to someone who'd bastardize it. I imagine he'd talk to me.

M2: What do you think of the ballet that's being done in France to *Yip/Jump Music*?

DJ: I think it's funny. I haven't seen it yet.

M2: Why do you think they picked that album?

DJ: Maybe because it's a celibate album. When you have leotards on you're supposed to be celibate or something.

M2: Is that how you thought of *Yip/Jump* while you were doing it?

DJ: Yeah, it was a celibacy album. I thought I'd try it. And all the songs are cheerful. It was really a step up from the way I was feeling.

M2: You were writing the songs to cheer yourself up.

DJ: Yeah, I changed the subject. Instead of singing about funeral homes, I thought I'd sing about speeding motorcycles. I read in the newspaper that some carnival had a speeding motorcycle, and I underlined it. Different songs from that period were about just trying to change the subject, which is what I need to do now. I was working on this album before I was incarcerated in the hospital called *Frankenstein Love.* I was writing some cool songs about Frankenstein. With these cool chords. And now I'm getting all these sappy love songs. It's not quite up to par.

M2: What happened to the songs from *Frankenstein Love*?

DJ: They're all half-finished.

M2: What's the tone?

DJ: Serious.

M2: Pre-apocalyptic? What kind of role does Frankenstein play? Is he a good guy or a bad guy?

DJ: When I die, there'll be no music. 100 years after I'm dead they'll resurrect my body and turn me into Frankenstein. Then I'll tour with the Beatles and the Butthole Surfers. There'll be music *like there's never been music before!*

M2: We had the Butthole Surfers in MONDO #3. Gibby's into computer graphics—he submitted some of his work to illustrate the article.

DJ: He's the greatest. He's beyond a clown. He's the ultimate warrior's apprentice. He's King Gibby. The man is a god. They're all gods, the Butthole Surfers. And anybody who worships the Surfers can be gods too.

M2: Tell me how you began drawing.

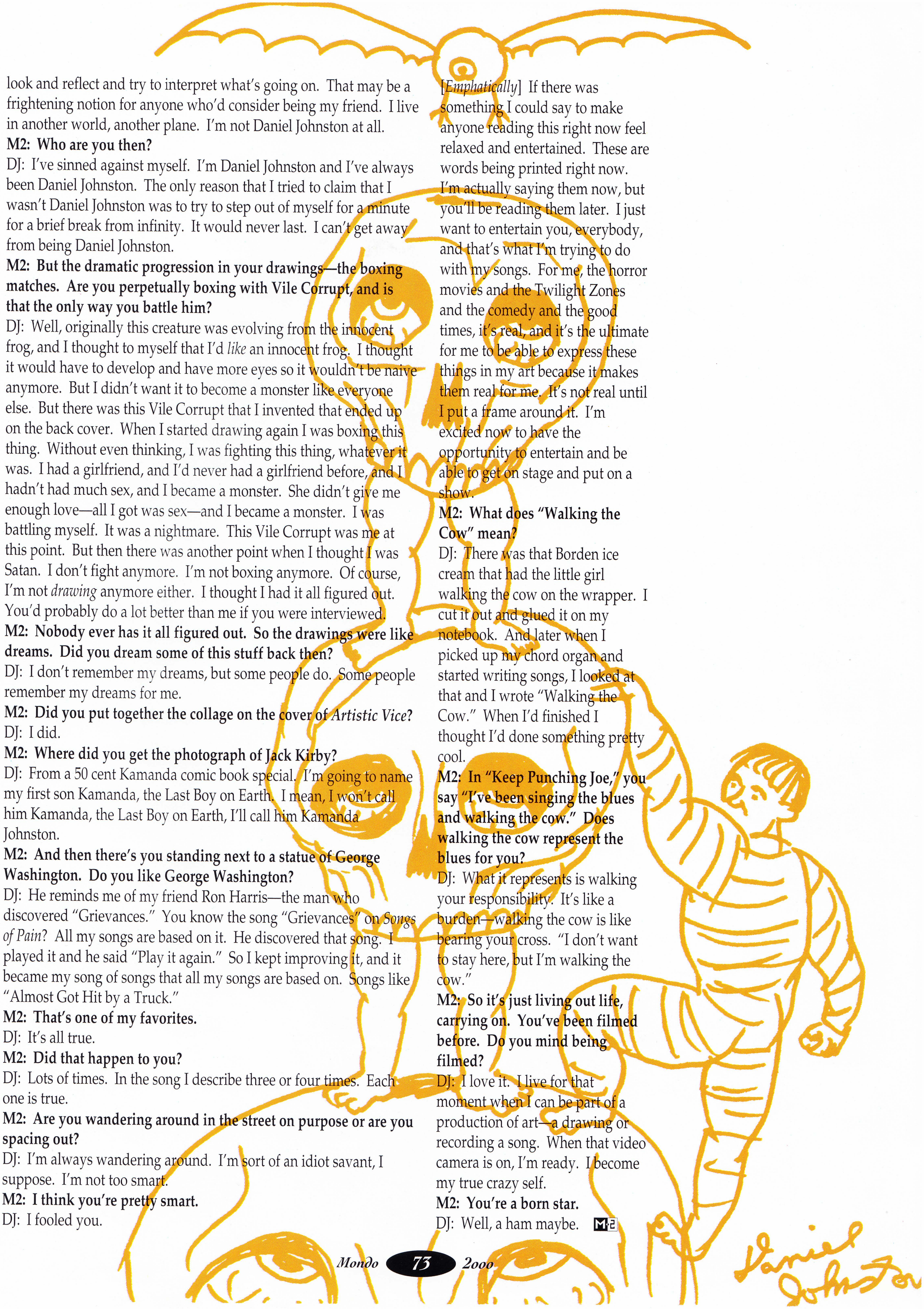
DJ: I was drawing before I was writing songs. My aspirations were to be a comic book writer. I never thought I'd be a musician until I heard the Beatles.

M2: You were inspired by Jack Kirby.

DJ: I studied his drawings 24 hours a day. I know my drawings don't look anything like Jack Kirby's, but he's the greatest artist of all time. He's right up there with Salvador Dali.

M2: But your drawings have a very specific personal element.

DJ: It's a surreal play inside my mind that even I don't understand. It's more real than I am. It's more real than the things I do. This cartoon world that goes on, it's just of itself. I'm not making it up. The pictures draw themselves. I only



Daniel Johnston

look and reflect and try to interpret what's going on. That may be a frightening notion for anyone who'd consider being my friend. I live in another world, another plane. I'm not Daniel Johnston at all.

M2: Who are you then?

DJ: I've sinned against myself. I'm Daniel Johnston and I've always been Daniel Johnston. The only reason that I tried to claim that I wasn't Daniel Johnston was to try to step out of myself for a minute for a brief break from infinity. It would never last. I can't get away from being Daniel Johnston.

M2: But the dramatic progression in your drawings—the boxing matches. Are you perpetually boxing with Vile Corrupt, and is that the only way you battle him?

DJ: Well, originally this creature was evolving from the innocent frog, and I thought to myself that I'd *like* an innocent frog. I thought it would have to develop and have more eyes so it wouldn't be naive anymore. But I didn't want it to become a monster like everyone else. But there was this Vile Corrupt that I invented that ended up on the back cover. When I started drawing again I was boxing this thing. Without even thinking, I was fighting this thing, whatever it was. I had a girlfriend, and I'd never had a girlfriend before, and I hadn't had much sex, and I became a monster. She didn't give me enough love—all I got was sex—and I became a monster. I was battling myself. It was a nightmare. This Vile Corrupt was me at this point. But then there was another point when I thought I was Satan. I don't fight anymore. I'm not boxing anymore. Of course, I'm not *drawing* anymore either. I thought I had it all figured out. You'd probably do a lot better than me if you were interviewed.

M2: Nobody ever has it all figured out. So the drawings were like dreams. Did you dream some of this stuff back then?

DJ: I don't remember my dreams, but some people do. Some people remember my dreams for me.

M2: Did you put together the collage on the cover of *Artistic Vice*?

DJ: I did.

M2: Where did you get the photograph of Jack Kirby?

DJ: From a 50 cent Kamanda comic book special. I'm going to name my first son Kamanda, the Last Boy on Earth. I mean, I won't call him Kamanda, the Last Boy on Earth, I'll call him Kamanda Johnston.

M2: And then there's you standing next to a statue of George Washington. Do you like George Washington?

DJ: He reminds me of my friend Ron Harris—the man who discovered "Grievances." You know the song "Grievances" on *Songs of Pain*? All my songs are based on it. He discovered that song. I played it and he said "Play it again." So I kept improving it, and it became my song of songs that all my songs are based on. Songs like "Almost Got Hit by a Truck."

M2: That's one of my favorites.

DJ: It's all true.

M2: Did that happen to you?

DJ: Lots of times. In the song I describe three or four times. Each one is true.

M2: Are you wandering around in the street on purpose or are you spacing out?

DJ: I'm always wandering around. I'm sort of an idiot savant, I suppose. I'm not too smart.

M2: I think you're pretty smart.

DJ: I fooled you. [*Emphatically*] If there was something I could say to make anyone reading this right now feel relaxed and entertained. These are words being printed right now. I'm actually saying them now, but you'll be reading them later. I just want to entertain you, everybody, and that's what I'm trying to do with my songs. For me, the horror movies and the Twilight Zones and the comedy and the good times, it's real, and it's the ultimate for me to be able to express these things in my art because it makes them real for me. It's not real until I put a frame around it. I'm excited now to have the opportunity to entertain and be able to get on stage and put on a show.

M2: What does "Walking the Cow" mean?

DJ: There was that Borden ice cream that had the little girl walking the cow on the wrapper. I cut it out and glued it on my notebook. And later when I picked up my chord organ and started writing songs, I looked at that and I wrote "Walking the Cow." When I'd finished I thought I'd done something pretty cool.

M2: In "Keep Punching Joe," you say "I've been singing the blues and walking the cow." Does walking the cow represent the blues for you?

DJ: What it represents is walking your responsibility. It's like a burden—walking the cow is like bearing your cross. "I don't want to stay here, but I'm walking the cow."

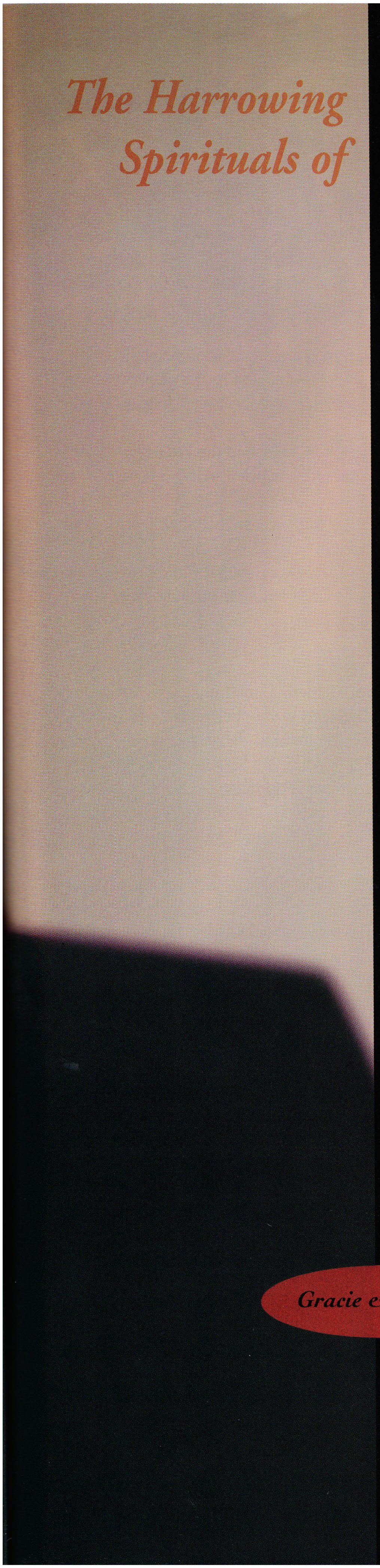
M2: So it's just living out life, carrying on. You've been filmed before. Do you mind being filmed?

DJ: I love it. I live for that moment when I can be part of a production of art—a drawing or recording a song. When that video camera is on, I'm ready. I become my true crazy self.

M2: You're a born star.

DJ: Well, a ham maybe. M2

Killing Floor



The Harrowing Spirituals of Diamanda Galás

Diamanda Galás is a must-hear performer. Madness, isolation and despair are her terrain. Her considerable talents could have been a welcome addition to the world's opera houses. Instead, she's made a career of combining operatic technique with melismatic screams and ululating glossolalia.

Her distinctive gift is to communicate the terror of isolation: in prison, in mental wards, or in society—as happens to people with AIDS. Her performances relentlessly batter invisible walls of social isolation. And that frightens people.

Much of her work uses dense, realtime electronic manipulation of her voice through taped and reverb/delay effects. In her latest work, The Singer*, she simply accompanies her singing with piano. The impact of her live performance is literally stunning. Her extreme technique will inevitably take its toll on her voice. Experience her now while you still have the chance. —Gracie & Zarkov*

Gracie & Zarkov

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BART NAGEL

MONDO 2000: Your new album, *The Singer*, is a departure from previous works. Why?

DIAMANDA GALÁS: I grew up with the material. I played since I was 13 with my father's New Orleans-style band. I used to play piano with a black Gospel choir. I'd worked on *The Singer* a long time, but wasn't able to record it before because it was important to finish *Plague Mass* with Mute. This material is dear to me in a different way than *Plague Mass*. It deals with the same topics I've dealt with myself—isolation, solitary confinement, extreme emotionalism. Gospel music is music for keeping people alive in the face of despair.

I went into a mental institution several years ago, in '89. Something about that turned me around a lot. Something about losing so many people—and my brother—to AIDS turned me around. Each day is a blessing, so I have the opportunity to do something with that day. Even if one assumes that life is meaningless, that life ends… that seems very intellectual next to the fact that I have x-number more hours to live than somebody else.

M2: When we interviewed you before [*High Frontiers* #3]—during the *Litanies of Satan* and the *Wild Woman with Steakknives* period—your technique was fantastic, but you hadn't found a subject to match it. AIDS is certainly that subject.

DG: That's true. The usual approach to subjects like AIDS is analgesic. Pop music generally dilutes the subject so that people can live with it without having to confront anything unpleasant.

M2: And in the last part of the 20th century we are more emotionally self-aware, so that while 100 years ago Mahler's *Kindertötenlieder* may have been painfully emotional, it sounds boring to most moderns.

DG: I do love that though.

CONFRONT OR DANCE

M2: So do we. *The Singer* and *Plague Mass* remind us of Mahler—a small and a large conceptual work on the same subject. How do people with AIDS react to your performances?

DG: The response is extremely strong in the AIDS community. Remember, no two people with AIDS are the same simply because they have AIDS. All I can say is that there are a large number of people who ask me to continue performing, not just to release the material, but who insist on my performing everywhere, and those are my friends in different cities—people with AIDS, people with HIV.

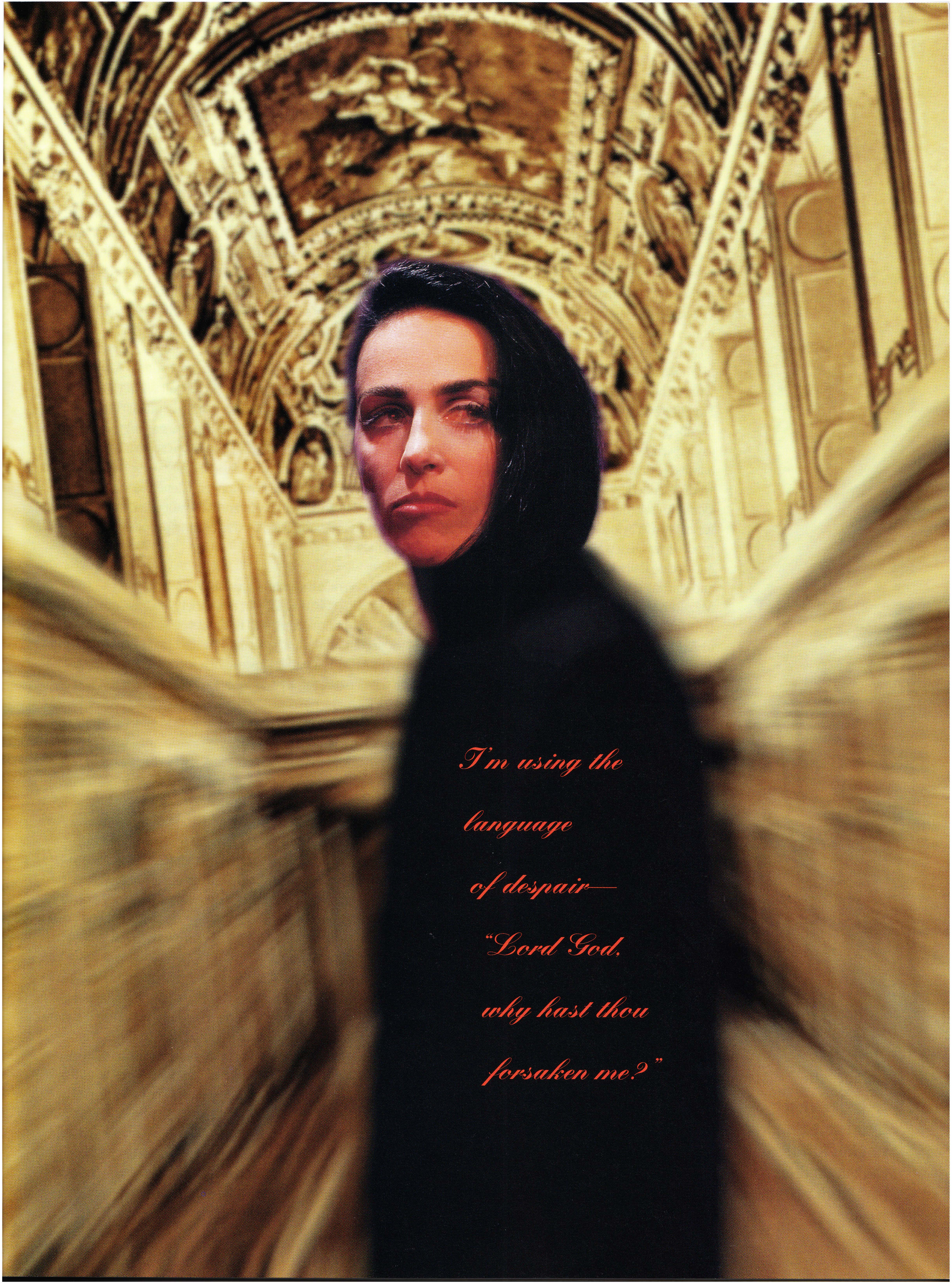
There are people who will not go hear something confrontational when they are confronting it daily. Perhaps they would rather see Madonna or something they can dance to. I'm not saying there's not a place for that because there certainly is. But as an artist I have to create what I see and what I hear—what's grounded in reality. I couldn't make my material more palatable. There are people who get power from it, and those who don't want to sit through it.

That's something I think about a lot—putting an audience "through it." When I think like that I'll go sing Christmas carols in a veteran's hospital for people with AIDS. That's my work when it comes to caregiving. I don't go in there and sing *Plague Mass*.

M2: Much of the press suggests that *Plague Mass* was intentionally confrontational.

DG: Yes. I don't mean "confronting" as if I'm trying to confront somebody in the audience. As in Iannis Xenakis's work, someone would ask, "Is that confrontational?" and he would say "No, that's what I hear." It's greeted with shock because it's atypical. I've never been interested in willful provocateurism—I'm too selfish for that.

I've never been interested in willful provocateurism



I'm using the
language
of despair—
"Lord God,
why hast thou
forsaken me?"

MASS HYSTERIA

M2: Were you surprised at the response of the Catholic Church?

DG: The blasphemy in Italy? That was really gigantic. It still remains. We're going back to Italy after 3 or 4 years. The head of my record company asked me to have a fucking bodyguard. It's because we always see the press, and there's 40 scandal sheets in national news. Pictures of the District Commissioner discussing "La Scandale Galás"… not even pictures of me, pictures of *him* in the building, as if someone had been murdered there. No, none of that was the intent of the work. The museum that presented me in Florence was attacked by the Christian Democratic Party and by the Commissioner, who said there would never be another festival in that city again. We were defended by a lot of gay groups, Communist groups and so forth. The festival wasn't closed down, but they tried. It was like walking into a room and accidentally knocking over a lamp and starting a fire.

M2: In Italy there's a tradition of twitting the Catholic Church. The end of Act I of *Tosca*—Scarpia plotting Tosca's rape to the *Te Deum*—everyone thinks it's great art. And that's not what you did.

DG: The people of the Catholic Church see suffering as something old—like the martyrs—by which they are voyeuristically thrilled and titillated. I'm talking about blood and muscle hanging from the cross and stinking up the room. Death by crucifixion is prolonged torture—the back breaks one vertebra at a time. I'm not talking about pain as eroticism.

NO MORE TICKETS TO MY FUNERAL

When I do "No More Tickets to My Funeral," when I say "Were you witness on that bloody day and on that holy day?" And "On his dying bed… to all cowards and voyeurs," that means crucifixion of the innocent. Cowards and voyeurs—someone who comes to the casket viewing, but was never there when the person was sick. And cries. That is disgusting. I've had friends die of AIDS; that's what it's like to have people call up afterwards and say they were so busy for the last year and so-and-so didn't look very well and they thought they'd wait until he got better. And people asking me, "When do you think there's going to be a cure?" It's a voyeuristic question. Like "When do you think you and your faggot friends are going to figure this out?"

M2: Certainly there's been a media circus.

DG: The newspaper is no longer a medium of communication for people who *are* sick. They are not serving anyone at all who has AIDS. They serve people that want titillation. That's what sells newspapers. It's "Bobby X hung himself when he realized he had HIV. His friend said he couldn't fight it anymore." That space could be used to say, "You have been notified that there's no DDI available. This drug can be procured through Buyer's Club's in Florida and in New York through PWA." None of that. That creates incredible isolation.

INDUCED INSANITY

The piece that I did at the Kitchen, *Vena Cava*, dealt with AIDS dementia and clinical depression. Often people with AIDS dementia are seen as victims of atrophy of the brain, and "incapable of making decisions." So when a person with AIDS starts to act in a way that people don't understand, he may be classified as having AIDS dementia, which means that he is no longer listened to, no longer taken seriously. His treatment preferences are not taken into consideration. The person is demoralized by doctors and people around him. Induced madness.

HYPOCRISY IS THE GREATEST LUXURY

It is absolute madness having HIV in this society, because of what we're dealing with—insurance companies find out you're HIV positive, forget it! The lack of communication systems. The fact that people treat someone with AIDS as a patient instead of a friend as soon as they find out. Often the person's family wasn't even there until the last two or three weeks. The person has to go through the psychological torture of having family members in charge of decisions who may only be interested in what's left behind or on a control trip or a guilt trip, or trying to prove to him in the last three weeks of his life that they love him more than anyone else, or that his friends are responsible for his illness and death. And those friends are condemned not to be able to come into the room, not to be there in the last few weeks. Torture. And then the funeral, which is of no importance to the dead, but which excludes friends, and becomes a parent-and-priestly function.

That is where *Plague Mass* differs sharply from the traditional *Requiem* masses. Although they speak of mourning for the dead, they are really designed to take care of the survivors.

DEATH BY HUMILIATION

M2: The Mozart and Brahms *Requiems* are music about the fact that everybody will die. *Kindertötenlieder* is music about special people dying before their time. *Plague Mass* is frightening because it's more intense than the *Requiems* and more personal than Mahler. You argue eloquently that dying of AIDS in this society is qualitatively different than dying of anything else.

DG: It's insult added to injury. It's humiliation. The people that I know who are living with AIDS are unusual. They're very strong. People who die the fastest with AIDS are generally people who don't want to fight. Perhaps they came out of a family structure that said if you get this it's divine punishment, and you don't deserve to live. That's really sad, because a person with AIDS has to fight every

Photographs:
Bart Nagel, Heide Foley.
Styling: Travis Jaggers.
Hair & Make-Up: Paul Rabe.
Photo assistance: Liz Zivic at Zymyth Studio in San Francisco.

moment, doing his or her own drug research, telling the doctor to get him this or "I'll get it myself." Because no one fights as hard as the person condemned to die.

SWING LOW, SWEET BAND OF BLOODHOUNDS

M2: What's your live show like for *The Singer*?

DG: It's a concert for piano and voice. With a heavy psychedelic edge. Unfortunately the recorded product can only go so far, especially with my voice. It's a kind of dubbed imitation. The performance is different every night. I've changed certain words throughout the songs to relocate them within the isolation chamber of a person surrounded by the quarantine mentality. Isolation has always been the content of blues and Gospel music. It's music you sing when you're by yourself and can't change anything. Since I heard that music at my father's house, if I was alone I would sing those songs, which have so much resonance—"Balm in Gilead," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." I'm not singing about a band of angels coming to give me peaceful delusions. A band of angels coming to drag me to the grave is more what I'm saying. Bloodhounds, people seeking you out so you don't even have a chance to die in peace.

THE LANGUAGE OF SUFFERING

I'm using the language of despair, extreme language—"Lord God, why hast thou forsaken me?" My favorite is Psalm 88—"Oh Lord God of my salvation, I cry day and night before thee... My soul goeth near to the grave... Thou hast cut me off." That is an archetypal language of suffering, certainly equal to any poet. If it's written by the Old Testament poets to show suffering, then it can lie alongside Sophocles, Euripides, whomever. It's just that it seems to me to have been taken out of context by idiots.

M2: You made a comment once about Greek women and Middle Eastern song. Dirges and laments were always a female preserve. The Psalms are in a Semitic tradition, with far more extreme emotionalism than the West.

DG: Well, all the Jews I know are delighted I didn't use the New Testament, and can relate exactly to the Old Testament used in the *Plague Mass*. But this wouldn't surprise Penderewski or Lutoslawski.

M2: Or Nietzsche or Walter Kaufmann.

FUCK ART, LET'S PROMOTE

DG: Precisely. *Plague Mass* has only been performed in America seven times. Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., and New York. People are terrified of presenting *Plague Mass*. After this piano tour, which is organized by a rock 'n' roll promoter—and quite successfully—*you art motherfuckers who are afraid of me... Fuck you!* I'll organize it myself. I am not waiting for your approval. "The texts are too strong. It's not politically correct liberal sentiment." *I'm not a liberal!*

MALE AUTEUR/FEMALE PERFORMANCE ARTIST

M2: You're up against the limits of what performance art is comfortable with.

DG: Yeah, I never use that word for myself. I use the word *auteur*, as Hitchcock would. Yes, I compose the music and I perform the music and I compose the libretto and I design the lights until I turn it over to a professional lighting designer. But Wagner did that, too! People who call this performance art do it out of sexism—any woman who organizes a *Gesamtkunstwerk* is condemned to this territory. The texts that I use are too complicated for these people. They want someone making a speech, "Isn't it terrible that we are all dying of AIDS?" I can't be bothered with that.

M2: And you spend a lot of time perfecting your technique. That's in conflict with the notion, "It's good enough for performance art." It makes a difference if you're better technically, you communicate more. That just isn't believed anymore.

DG: Right. People like Goya were born artists, and they mastered their craft so they could say what they heard, what is true to them, their visions, their nightmares. *Plague Mass* wasn't greeted like New York performance art—it was greeted like a mass, which it is. That's what did it. And that's why it's what I do, not, "I have a message and I'm going to find a way to say it." Forget that. Be a politician.

THE SINGER NOT THE SONG

M2: How long can you sing in your style? It's not the easiest thing to do three times a week.

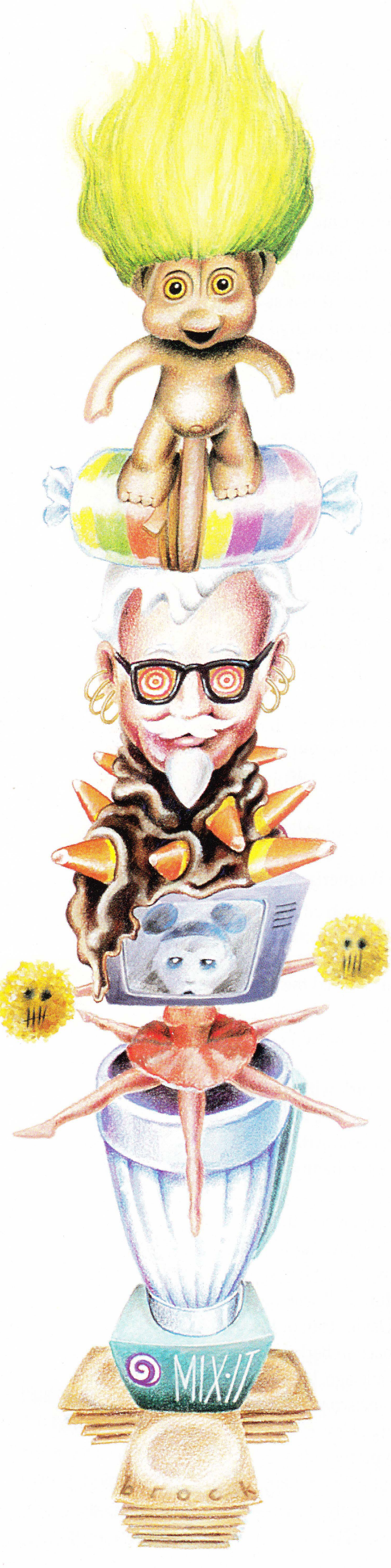
DG: I've been doing it four or five times a week.

M2: That's more than a Wagnerian soprano.

DG: I'm doing two shows in San Francisco on the same night because it's sold out. This tour has also paved the way for my collaboration with the rock 'n' roll promoters who can produce *Plague Mass*.

M2: They'll be easier to work with than the art music promoters. They're not trying to prove anything about Art. If they can sell the gate, they're happy to have you.

DG: I've been told by the art world that they love my work, but they just can't present it. Or the opera world, which is so conservative and so stupid. *Plague Mass* should be done at Davies Hall or the SF Opera House. Zellerbach in Berkeley discussed it with me a while ago, but I wanted to do it in San Francisco proper. I wanted originally to do it in Grace Cathedral—they've been pretty militant there, at least active, about AIDS. So far, nobody's been able to do it in this town—*San Francisco!*—it's a joke. M2


MIX·IT
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THE TOTEMS OF DIE WARZAU

Tim Brock

Gareth Branwyn

I'm new to this celebrity profile thing. *But my rule of Thom is this: if he starts spouting Catastrophe Theory, you know it's going to be a* different *sort of interview.*

The egghead in weird hair is Die Warzau's Jim Marcus.

We are deep in the subterranean caverns of DC's post-holocaust-on-a-budget Nightclub 9:30. Die Warzau has come to town, rather incongruously matched with Britain's pop Candyland. The Die Warzau tribe—composed of regulars Marcus, Van Christie, and tour-ists Chris Vrenna and Chris "Bolt" Hall—looks curiously at home in the 9:30 "dressing rooms" (the rooms don't even have doors). The walls, the ceiling, everything is painted black. And, everything is covered with graffiti (my favorite: "668—Satan's Neighbor"), elaborate pictograms, and ceiling fall-out. If the mise en scène looks post-apocalyptic, Die Warzau look like its denizens.

Die Warzau grew out of the Chicago house and industrial scene. Both Marcus and Christie worked as programmers and engineers at Chicago Trax. Early on, the duo were also involved in their own brand of technoshamanistic performance art where they would get naked, paint each other, bang on junk, blow things up, and generally unnerve the audience. Although most of the power tools and blast caps have been replaced by guitars and synths, they still manage to slot in a few grinding wheels, some rebar, and the sounds and smells of a Ford assembly line. The band's current album Big Electric Metal Bass Face *(Fiction/Atlantic) is a dance-till-it-hurts mutant blend of industrial, rap, funk, and house.*

Jim does most of the talking. He knows MONDO *and is visibly jazzed by the prospect of working his forebrain a little. Van is quieter, more kinetic. He breezes into the room at regular intervals, lights for a moment, and then blasts off for one of the other dressing "rooms."*

Candyland thunders over our heads as Jim perches on a bench and begins to carve out for us some of the neo-tribal symbol sets that constitute his current totems.

—Gareth Branwyn

SAVAGE MIND AND MOTHER GAIA

Maybe there's a method to the animal
—"Never Again"

I'm going CRAZY for a brand new convertible car
—"Brand New Convertible Car"

JIM MARCUS: I think we trivialize motivations. We take people's motivations and force them into simple black-and-white categories. It's a problem of dualism. Because physiologically we see everything through binary distinctions—left and right, up and down, foreground and background—we create these huge dualistic structures like Good and Evil. Only through a readiness to discard systems that limit input can we ever hope to interpret the idiosyncrasies of existence.

MONDO 2000: Well that's why things like new physics and the chaos sciences are so important—they provide a scientific justification for non-classical views of chaos, order, perception, and process. I see a lot of these current trends in science and culture as a basic refutation of that kind of Cartesian dualism.

JM: At the same time, I would argue that moving away from linearity and duality will also change the basic techno-fix approach in our culture. We want everything to fit into our very limited model of reality and we use technology to force the world to conform. When it doesn't respond, we try to force the fit with ever bigger techno-fixes. This will change as we become more process oriented. As we move into a culture influenced by ideas like chaos theory, everything becomes more situational.

M2: It all becomes context dependent.

JM: Exactly. It changes our legal model of ethics—the totalitarian ethical system that absolutely defines right and wrong and applies it to all cases. Globalism changes this. You can't define things by western perspectives anymore or by any other single culture. I don't think you should even define ethics from a solely *human* perspective. Globalism means every living thing on the planet. If humans destroy themselves tomorrow, on a global scale it wouldn't be such a big deal. Wouldn't be so great for us, of course…

M2: [*Laughter*] Are you familiar with Lovelock's Gaia Theory? It's the idea that the Earth is a single self-regulating organism that has tremendous powers to correct and sustain itself. He talks a lot about the planet surviving pollution and deforestation and cataclysm, and environmentalists go nuts because they think he's saying that this stuff is OK to do. What they don't realize is that he's talking about things on another scale in which humans and all the current flora and fauna don't matter to life *in general*. On the level of the current inhabitants these toxins need to be addressed pronto. It's all a question of scale and context.

JM: I think we need to realize that we're already within the context of nature. People always talk about "natural" and "man-made"—it's such bullshit. It's all "natural" in that we're part of nature. There's no man-and-nature duality. We're both the same thing.

MUSIC AND RITUAL

Talk about color, you waste my time
—"Funkopolis"

JM: I see rock 'n' roll as just another way of establishing community. Music and ritual have always done that. Tribal music. Slam-dancing is as much a ritual tribal act as anything.

M2: Yeah, I had an amazing revelation when I went to my first punk show and saw slamming first-hand. I realized it wasn't a violent, negative thing but an incredible statement of tribal cooperation.

JM: You can view all of pop music culture as being totemic. Every time I go on stage it's so apparent to me—the ritual behaviors, the band T-shirts and ornaments, and the different groups—death rockers, skinheads, headbangers. It's amazing to me how people undervalue this—how they refuse to identify it within the context of traditional tribal lifestyles. If Claude Lévi-Strauss could come here and study our street cultures, he would come to the same conclusions.

> **The big "Yes" had to be turned into the big "No" because the big "Yes" had become a lie**

M2: I don't think mainstream society glosses over the tribal and totemic aspects. I think it simply tries to suppress that element of our cultural expression because it's too deep and chaotic. It was amazing when Elvis and the Beatles hit and the white youth culture started to "go native." There were actually papers written by conservatives who warned against the pagan drives that might be released—the beginnings of the "Satan is a rocker" nonsense of the far right. Rock 'n' roll used to be frightening, which is what attracts me to industrial music. That fear element. The power of deep unknown forces.

JM: Of course, a big part of that fear has to do with controlling sex and mating instincts. Which is why music is so sexy, 'cause it's all tied up in totemic merit structures and mating rituals.

HERE'S THE Q & A

M2: What are some of the inspirations for your music?

JM: Junk. Industrial music and art is ahead of the game in making something useful and stimulating out of society's junk. And we deal not only in physical junk, but also in the fragmented remains of old beliefs and ideologies. Psychic junk. In the various forms of dysfunction. We try to create something that scares repressions out from under the rug. We shove 'em back in their faces.

M2: When we walked into the club tonight, we got stamped with the word "NO." I immediately flashed on John Lennon and how he met Yoko. He went to see her show in New York, and she had this big ladder in the middle of the room. On the ceiling, above the ladder, hung a magnifying glass and there was a tiny word stamped on the ceiling. It said "Yes." John said that was the whole reason he wanted to meet her. One word: "Yes." That word represents so much about what music and art in the 60's were about. So much of music and art in the 80's and 90's are about saying "NO." Negationism. Why do you think that is?

JM: The big "Yes" had to be turned into the big "No" 'cause the big "Yes" had become a lie. Pop music became a lullaby that insulated you from the real world.

M2: Any system will start to vampirize itself over time and needs to be killed off and reborn. Punk and industrial's "No" have now become the new lie, don't you think?

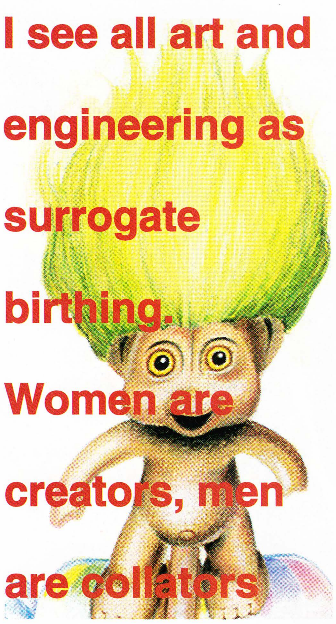
JM: The final stage of any system, before it collapses, is excess. Every musical and artistic genre eventually becomes a parody of itself—a Spinal Tap. [*Laughter*]

GENDER MENDER

Let your body go

—"Dying in Paradise"

JM: Sex is about trust. What's interesting about sex is not two bodies slapping together but the system of trust that's built. From the moment you hold hands or make some preliminary statement of sexual interest, you begin to build a structure of trust that grows through successive acts which require greater degrees of trust. That's what makes it all so sexy. And that's why I find performance such a sexual thing. It's the same trust dynamic at work.



I see all art and engineering as surrogate birthing. Women are creators, men are collators

M2: Several times tonight you've made reference to "gender dysfunction." What do you mean by that?

JM: I think a great deal of male/female relationships are based on multiple levels of dysfunction that center around issues of gender, security, money, and trust. Fundamentally, I think men are jealous of the fact that biological creative energy is embodied in women. Men can experience this energy only through creating structures, systems, and other complex forms that try to match the creative powers of The Mother. I see all art and engineering as surrogate birthing. Women are creators, men are collators.

Women are intuitively keyed to species survival. If this role is not allowed to balance and check the father-lawmaker-collator energies of males, it can be very destructive. Almost every example from the gender-related evolution file screams out at the absurdity of patriarchal systems in the context of long-term survival. All of the gender-repressed structures in our society, I believe, are open attempts to diminish and control female sexual energies.

BODY MAPPING

Lean back and kneel—skin red and striped
No one can tell you what you feel in the night

—"Red All Over"

M2: How did you get into piercing and tattooing? [*Jim has 25 permanent genital, nipple, ear, nose, and lip piercings and a number of tattoos*]

JM: My interest in piercing grew out of my early sex play. I'm one of those people who developed thinking that piercing and that sort of thing were part of everybody's sexuality. Early masturbatory experiences are your purest period of sexual self-expression. You're not talking to anyone about it, and no one is telling you what to do. There's no map. You just go with what feels good and natural to you. Invasion of the flesh is such an inherently sexual metaphor—and in a similar way it is difficult to express the feelings involved. The induced monomania that accompanies a piercing is analogous to a state of orgasm. It produces an opening inside yourself into which you fall. Every piercing is a doorway to someplace different.

Tattoos are a different feeling. One of my tattoos is a tribal piece done without a needle gun. It was hammered into my skin with a mallet and tiny sticks with needles on them [*the interviewer is having a feeling analogous to fainting*]. The feelings are unusual and very intense. I have good skin for piercing and tattooing because I've never smoked, drunk, done drugs, and because I am a vegetarian. Any good tattooist will tell you that these effect your response to the procedure.

M2: What's this? [*Pointing to one of Van's necklaces*]

VAN CHRISTIE: I think it's seventh gear.

[*Laughter*]

CHRIS: For my next tattoo I want to get MIDI in/out plug sockets.

VC: I think we should implant real ones right into your bone, man.

PROPHET AND LOSS

I've got the sign of the man on the palm of my hand and I feel so American

—"Dying in Paradise"

You can stand and fight or you can wait and see
I swear it's all the motherfucking same to me

—"Coming Down"

JM: I'm very interested in the Prophet Dynamic. Are you familiar with that? [*no*] You're familiar with Hegelianism—Thesis, Antithesis, Synthesis? [*sure*] The Prophet Dynamic has to do with how a culture deals with its dissidents. It's what you get when you superimpose the Hegelian structure over a cultural or religious system. As the system moves toward its inevitable excess, it produces its opposition—the "prophets" of a new system. The system can either ignore the prophet, and the prophet will probably die off, or, if the system recognizes the threat, it will devour the prophet in an attempt to destroy it. But by doing so, it takes the prophet inside itself and a new synthesis occurs. The thesis by its very nature is inflexible. It won't change from within. Only the antithesis can transform it. People like Abbie Hoffman wouldn't have made any difference if the culture hadn't been so hell-bent on destroying him. By publicly rejecting him, society ended up being changed by him. Things are different because he was made so damned notorious.

M2: At first I thought you meant the "profit" dynamic. What happens when you superimpose the commodity culture on top of your so-called prophet dialectic?

JM: You mean how would the world be different if Jesus had signed an exclusive deal with Sony?

M2: Exactly. To me, the whole advent of the profit culture makes any changes that prophetic deviants could make superficial and ineffectual. When you can bleed off the image of the prophet and sell that *as* the prophet, you've successfully disarmed the agents of change. This is so dangerous to me—where you have this gaping discrepancy between what's *really* going on under the surface and how the image machinery manipulates it.

JM: You mean: "Merchandising castrates Ideology." Do you think that's inherently wrong?

M2: Inherently, I'm not so sure, but I think in most cases it's used to de-claw potentially threatening people and ideas. What scares me is how ignorant people are of this process. They fall prey to the illusion that by buying the product they're buying the social change, the cool lifestyles, the ideologies, the sex. We live inside a simulation of reality brought to you by Hollywood and Madison Avenue. I know this sounds fatalistic...

JM: I don't think it's fatalistic. I don't view any of what we've talked about here as inherently good or evil. In the larger planetary picture I don't think the "prophet" *or* the "profit" dynamic has any inherent ethical connotations.

M2: But we don't live our lives on that scale! In the context of our society it definitely matters.

JM: Yeah, but I think it's good to think non-anthropomorphically at least once a week... And you caught me on that day. M2

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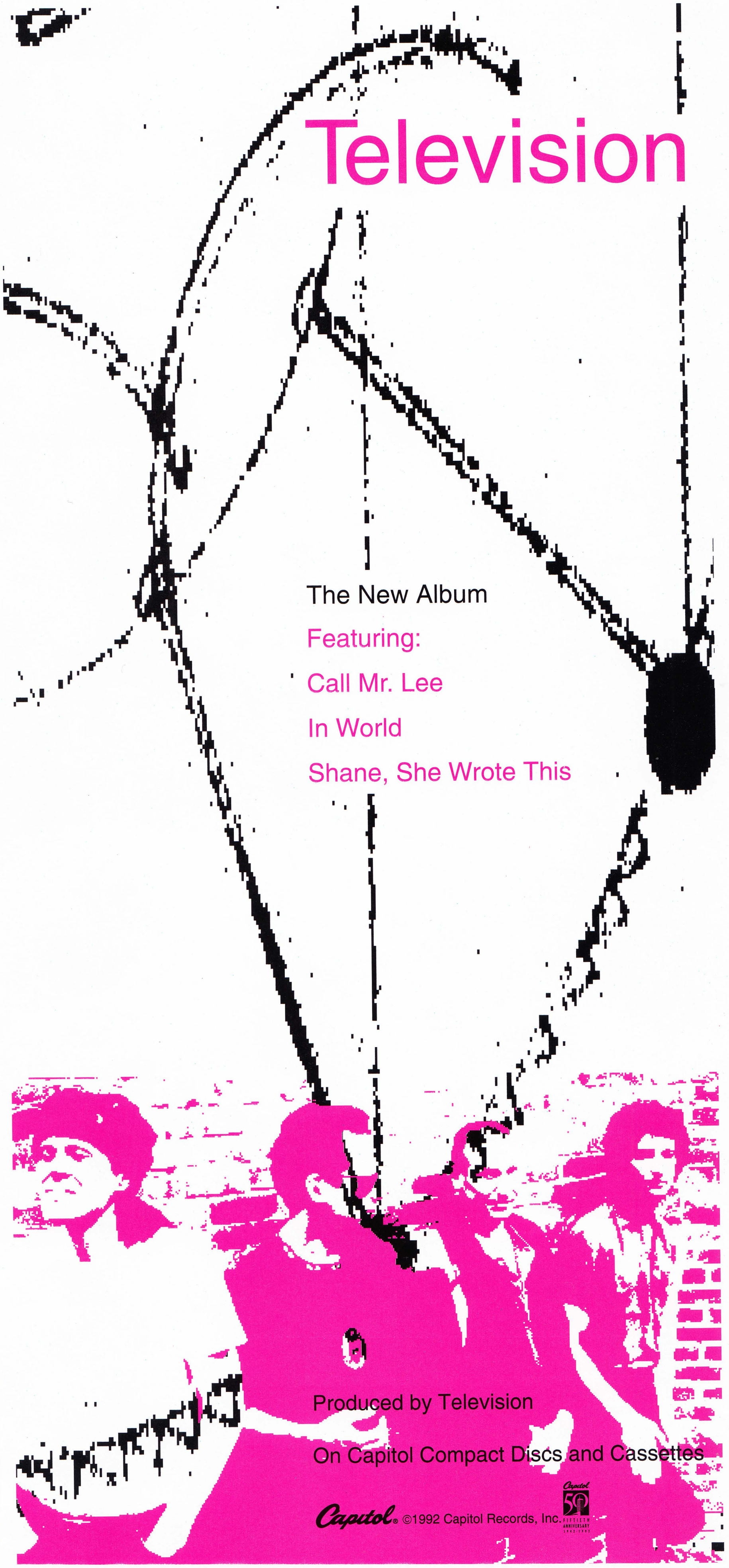
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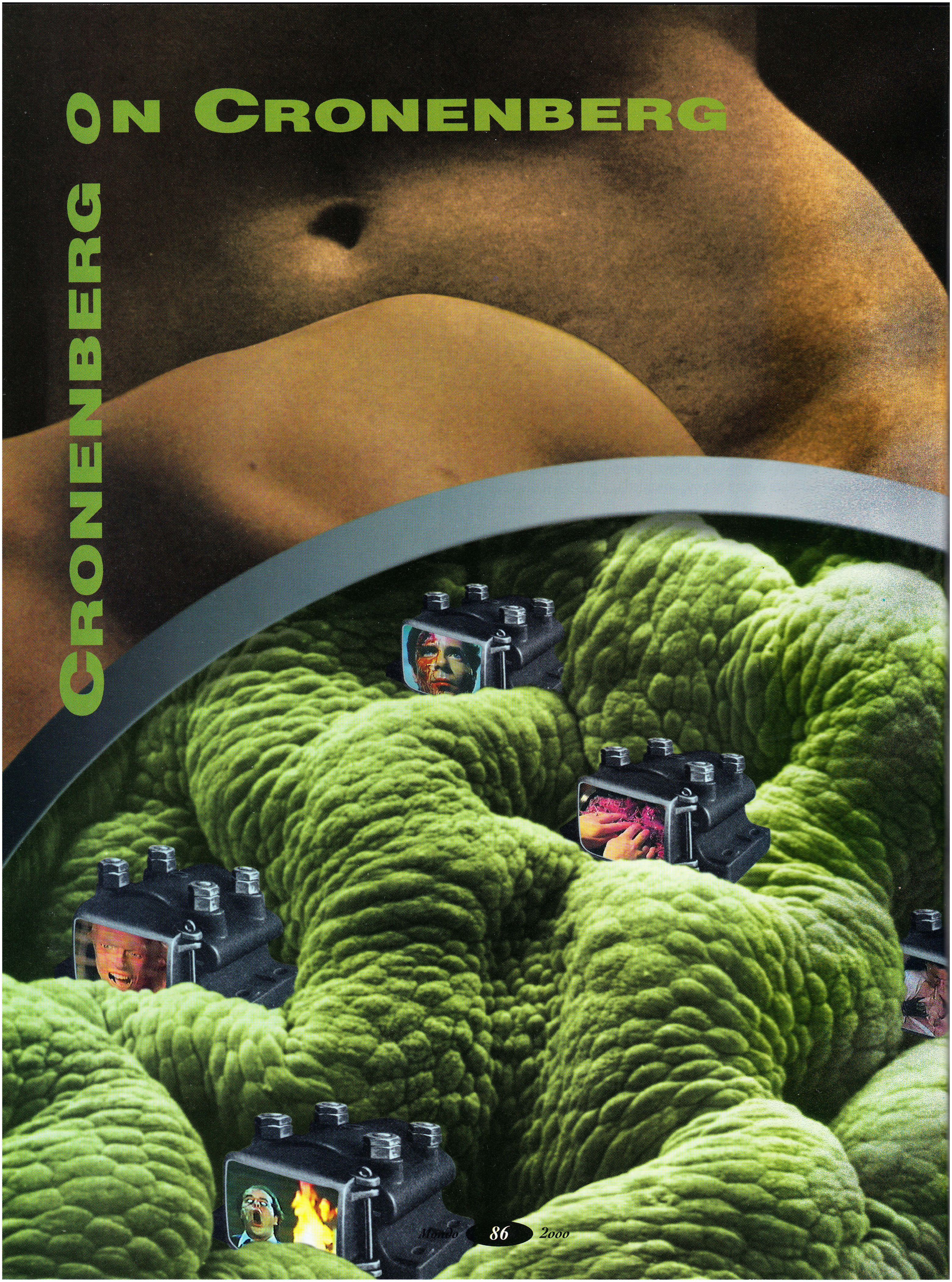
CRONENBERG ON CRONENBERG



I was a latecomer to what David Cronenberg refers to as "the Cronenberg Project." But as soon as I read about his visually shocking, surrealistic, biological mutation horror films I knew it would be love at first sight. Shivers, Rabid, The Brood, Scanners, Videodrome, The Dead Zone, The Fly, Dead Ringers, *and* Naked Lunch *all deal with the themes of the flesh—disease, sex, death and the mysterious goings on within. And while I enjoy a good flesh film as much as the other guy, a* mutating *flesh film… now that's what I call downtown.*

Cronenberg considers himself an auteur at war with the commercial and political pressures that would cripple his art. He has consequently been maligned by offended conservatives, leftists and feminists. My kind of guy.

To charges of offensiveness the best defense is… well, a good offense. I'll let the man himself take the stand.

—R. U. Sirius

Long Live THE NEW *Flesh*

Excerpted from *Cronenberg on Cronenberg*, edited by Chris Rodley. Faber & Faber, 1992.

SHOWING THE UNIMAGINABLE

I don't think of my films as being radical. They're often received that way, or are perceived with horror of a different kind by censors. I think it's because of the imagery, not the philosophical suggestions behind the imagery. It's the imagery that strikes them first, and then the general disturbing quality of the films.

If it were just a question of mutilating bodies the way that hack-and-slash movies often do, I wouldn't find extreme imagery interesting. People often say to me, "Why don't you do it the way Hitchcock did and just suggest things?" First of all I say, "Have you seen *Frenzy*?" (which has a couple of very nasty scenes). The man did them. He wanted to. No one was forcing him. I think that Hitchcock's reticence to show stuff had more to do with the temper of the times than it did his own demons. I have to show things because I'm showing things that people could not imagine. If you imagine Max Renn in *Videodrome* and the slit in his stomach… if I'd done that off-screen, what would the audience think was going on? It simply wouldn't work.

LIKE PLUGGING INTO A WALL SOCKET

I'm presenting audiences with imagery and with possibilities that have to be *shown*. There's no other way to do it. It's not done for shock value. I haven't made a single film that hasn't surprised me in terms of audience response; they have been moved, shocked or touched by things that I thought wouldn't nudge them one inch. For me, it's really a question of conceptual imagery. It's not just "Let's show someone killing a pig on screen and we'll get a good reaction." You would. So what?

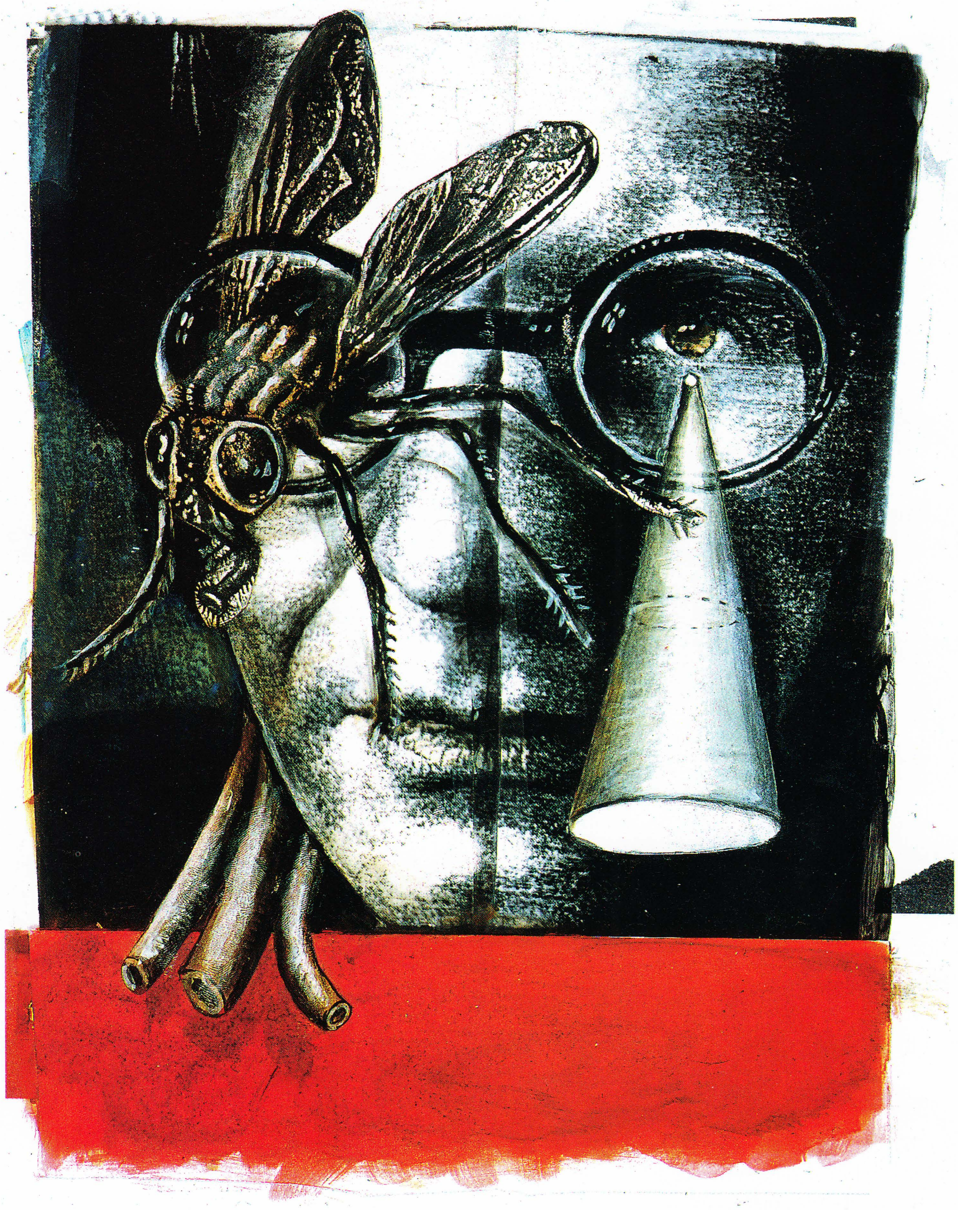
I don't know where these extreme images come from. Often they come from the philosophical imperative of a narrative and therefore lead me to certain things that are demanded by the film. I don't impose them. The film or the script itself demands a certain image, a certain moment in the film, dramatically. And it emerges. It's like the philosophy of Emergent Evolution, which says that certain unpredictable peaks emerge from the natural flow of things and carry you forward to another stage. It's just like plugging into a wall socket. You look around for the plug point and, when you find it, the electricity is there—assuming that the powerhouse is still working.

David Cronenberg

John Borruso

FUN WITH YOUR NEW FLESH

I don't think that the flesh is necessarily treacherous, evil, bad. It is cantankerous, and it is independent. The idea of independence is the key. I think that the flesh in my films is like that. I notice that my characters talk about the flesh undergoing revolution at times. I think to myself: "That's what it is: the independence of the body, relative to the mind, and the difficulty of the mind accepting what that revolution might entail."



Jonathon Rosen

ORGAN IMPROVISATIONS

The most accessible version of the "New Flesh" in *Videodrome* would be that you can actually change what it means to be a human being in a physical way. You could grow another arm, you could actually physically change the way you look—mutate. Human beings could swap sexual organs, or do without sexual organs *per se*, for procreation. We're free to develop different kinds of organs that would give pleasure and that have nothing to do with sex. The distinction between male and female would diminish, and perhaps we would become less polarized and more integrated creatures.

I'm not talking about transsexual operations. I'm talking about the possibility that human beings would be able to physically mutate at will, even if it took five years to complete that mutation. Sheer force of will would allow you to change your physical self.

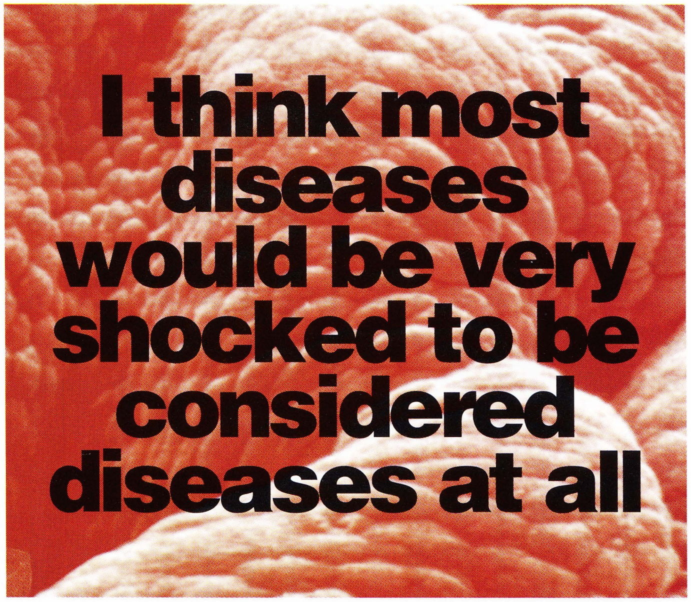
THE LIFE OF STAPH

To understand physical process on earth requires a revision of the theory that we're all God's creatures—all that Victorian sentiment. It should certainly be extended to encompass disease, viruses and bacteria. Why not? A virus is only doing its job. It's trying to live its life. The fact that it's destroying you by doing so is not its fault. It's about trying to understand interrelationships among organisms, even those we perceive as disease. To understand it from the disease's point of view, it's just a matter of life. It has nothing to do with disease. I think most diseases would be very shocked to be considered diseases at all. It's a very negative connotation. For them, it's very positive when they take over your body and destroy you. It's a triumph.

The characters in *Shivers* experience horror because they are still standard, straightforward members of the middle-class high-rise generation. I identify with them after they're infected. I identify with the parasites, basically. Of course they're going to react with horror on a conscious level. They're bound to resist. They're going to be dragged kicking and screaming into this new experience. But, underneath, there is something else, and that's what we see at the end of the film. They look beautiful at the end. They don't look diseased or awful.

EMPATHY FOR THE PATHOGEN

Why not look at the process of aging and dying, for example, as a transformation? This is what I did in *The Fly*. It's necessary to be tough though. You look at it and it's ugly, it's nasty. It's not pretty. It's very hard to alter our aesthetic sense to accommodate aging, never mind disease. We say, "That's a fine-looking old man. Sure he smells a bit, and he's got funny patches on his face." But we do that. There is an impulse to try to accommodate aging into our aesthetic. You might do the same for disease: "That's a fine, cancer-ridden young man." It's hard, and you might say "Why bother?" Well, because the man still exists. He has to look at himself.



I think most diseases would be very shocked to be considered diseases at all

That's why it seems very natural for me to be sympathetic to disease. It doesn't mean that I want to get any. But that's one of the reasons I try to deal with that, because I know that it's inevitable that I will get some. But how does the disease perceive us? That illuminates what we are.

I AM SYPHILIS

Venereal disease is very pro-sex, because no sex, no venereal disease. I know that some people think this is disgusting stuff, but in *Shivers* I was saying, "I love sex, but I love sex as a venereal disease. I am syphilis. I am enthusiastic about it in a very different way from you, and I'm going to make a movie about it." It's trying to turn things upside down. Critics often think I'm disapproving of every possible kind of sex. Not at all. With *Shivers* I'm a venereal disease having the greatest time of my life and encouraging everybody to get into it. To take a venereal disease's point of view might be considered demonic, depending on who you are. In a way, Robert Fulford's attacks on me are understandable. He's a good bourgeois, responding with horror to everything I do. He would not take the disease's point of view, not even for ninety minutes.

WHY GYNECOLOGY IS ICKY

One of our touchstones for reality is our bodies. And yet they too are by definition ephemeral. So to whatever degree we center our reality in our bodies, we are surrendering that sense of reality to our bodies' ephemerality. That's maybe a connection between *Naked Lunch*, *Dead Ringers* and *Videodrome*. By affecting the body—whether it's with TV, drugs (invented or otherwise)—you alter your reality. Maybe that's an advance.

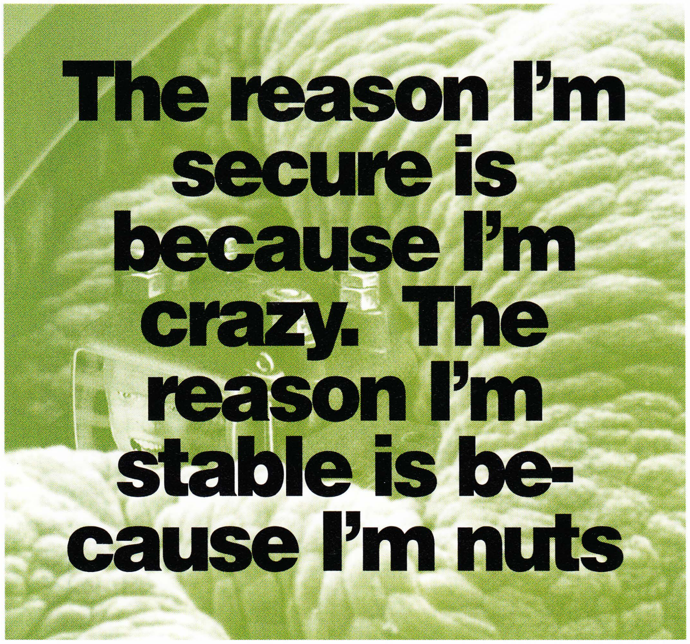
Gynecology is such a beautiful metaphor for the mind/body split. Here it is: the mind of men—or women—trying to understand sexual organs. I make my twins, as kids, extremely cerebral and analytical. They want to understand femaleness in a clinical way by dissection and analysis, not by experience, emotion, or intuition. "Can we dissect out the essence of femaleness? We're afraid of the emotional immediacy of womanness, but we're drawn to it. How can we come to terms with it? Let's dissect it."

People who find gynecology icky say, "I don't find sex icky." They've never gone into why. Men who put their fingers up their girlfriends can turn around and say the concept of gynecology is disgusting. What are they talking about? That's one of the things I wanted to look at. What makes gynecology icky for people is the formality of it. The clinical sterility, the fact that it's a stranger. The woman is paying the gynecologist—let's say it's a man—and allowing him to have intimate knowledge of her sexual organs, which are normally reserved for lovers and husbands. Everyone agrees to suppress any element of eroticism, emotion, intimacy. There's not a gynecologist in the world who would tell you he's been intimate with eight hundred thousand women.

INSIDER ADVANTAGE

The other reason gynecology weirds men out is that they're jealous. Their wife is known better by the gynecologist, not just physically because, yes, you could look up there yourself with a flashlight. The gynecologist's understanding of what it all does and how it all works is greater than yours. And he does it all the time. He can compare your wife with other women: structure—does it look pre-cancerous?—all this stuff. It's his knowing stuff that you can never know.

In *Crimes of the Future*, I talk about a world in which there are no women. Men have to absorb the femaleness that is gone from the planet. It can't just cease to exist because women aren't around. It starts to bring out their own femaleness more, because that duality and balance is necessary. The ultimate version would be that a man should die and re-emerge as a woman and be completely aware of his former life as a man. In a strange way this would be a very physical fusion of those two halves of himself. That's what *Crimes of the Future* is about. Ivan Reitman once told me it could have been a great commercial success if I'd done the movie straight.



The reason I'm secure is because I'm crazy. The reason I'm stable is because I'm nuts

ARE MEN & WOMEN DIFFERENT SPECIES?

William Burroughs doesn't just say that men and women are different species, he says they're different species with different *wills and purposes*. That's where you arrive at the struggle between the sexes. I think Burroughs really touches a nerve there. The attempt to make men and women not different—to pretend that little girls and boys are exactly the same and it's only social pressure, influence, and environmental factors that make them go separate ways—just doesn't work. Anyone who has kids knows that. There is a femaleness and a maleness. We each partake of both in different proportions. But Burroughs is talking about something else: *will* and *purpose*.

If we inhabited different planets, we would see the female planet go entirely one way and the male another. Maybe that's why we're on the same planet, because either extreme might be worse. I think Burroughs's comments are illuminating. Maybe they're a bit too cosmic to deal with in daily life, but you hear it reflected in all the hideous clichés of songs: "You can't live with 'em, and you can't live without 'em."

Burroughs was fascinated when I told him about a species of butterfly. They couldn't find the male of one species and the female of another. One was huge and brightly colored, and the other was tiny and black. It took forty years before lepidopterists realized were the same species. When Burroughs talks about men and women being different species, it does have some resonance in other forms of life. But there are also *hermaphrodite* versions of this same butterfly. They are totally bizarre. One half is huge and bright and the other half—split right down the middle of the body—is small and dark. I can't imagine it being able to fly. There's no balance whatsoever.

THE LITTLE DEMON IN THE CORNER

Each of my films has a little demon in the corner that you don't see, but it's there. The demon in *Shivers* is that people vicariously enjoy the scenes where guys kick down doors and do whatever they want to the people inside. They love the scenes where people are running, screaming, naked through the halls. But they might just hate themselves for liking them. It's obvious that there is a vicarious thrill involved in seeing the forbidden.

French critics really saw *Shivers* as being an attack on the bourgeois life and bourgeois ideas of morality and sexuality. They sensed the glee with which we were tearing them apart. Living on Nuns' Island we all wanted to rip that place apart and run, naked, screaming through the halls.

The standard way of looking at *Shivers* is as a tragedy, but there's a paradox in it that also extends to the way society looks at me. Here's a man who walks around and is sweet: he likes people, he's warm, friendly, articulate and he makes these horrible, diseased, grotesque, disgusting movies. Now, what's real? Those two things are both real for the person standing outside. For me, those two parts of myself are inextricably bound together. The reason I'm secure is because I'm crazy. The reason I'm stable is because I'm nuts. It's palpable to me.

RESPONSIBLE IRRESPONSIBILITY

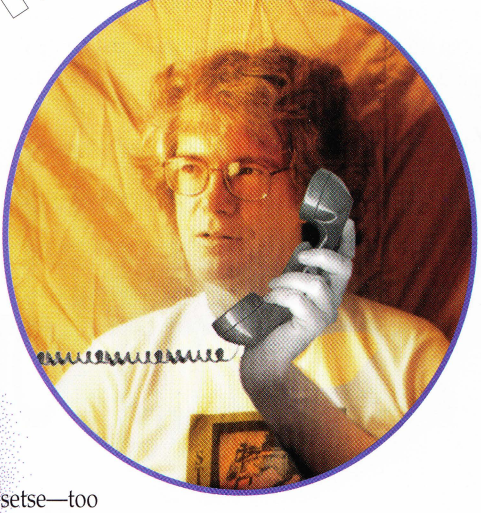
As an artist, one is not a citizen of society. An artist is bound to explore every aspect of human experience, the darkest corners—not necessarily—but if that's where one is led, that's where one must go. You can't worry about what your own particular segment of society considers bad behavior, good behavior, good exploration, bad exploration. So, at the time you're being an artist, you're not a citizen. You have, in fact, no social responsibility whatsoever.

Nabokov said that and nobody threw rocks at him. I could say in the same breath that I am a citizen and I do have social responsibilities, and I do take that seriously. But as an artist the responsibility is to allow yourself complete freedom. That's your function, what you're there for. Society and art exist uneasily together; that's always been the case. If art is anti-repression, then art and civilization were not meant for each other. You don't have to be a Freudian to see that. The pressure in the unconscious, the voltage, is to be heard. It's irrepressible. It will come out some way.

When I write, I mustn't censor my own imagery or connections. I mustn't worry about what critics will say, what leftists will say, what environmentalists will say. If I listen to all these voices I'll be paralyzed, because none of this can be resolved. I have to go back to the voice that spoke before all these structures were imposed on it and let it speak these terrible truths. By being irresponsible I will be responsible.

Excerpted from Cronenberg on Cronenberg, *Chris Rodley, Ed. Faber & Faber, 1992. Available at finer bookstores for $19.95.*

"You've Gotta Have a Hook"



CONVERSATION RECORDED MARCH 23, 1992, 2:[illegible]:09 PM

McCaffery: Yo, Jude, just checkin' in to see if you received my Vollmann intro.

St. Jude: Yeah, just a second—I'm on another line. *[faint bursts of German? Japanese?]* Larry? Okay: you got the factual stuff, but you need *hooks*. You gotta show MONDO readers why they should *care* about this guy.

Me: Don't you think that photo of Vollmann holding a gun to his head is gonna grab them? *[This dust jacket photo for the 1987 British edition of* You Bright and Risen Angels *was zotzed by the American publisher. —L. McC.]*

St. J: Larry, listen: *macho is gone*. Forget that Jack London/Hemingway stuff. "Daring to go where no man has gone and coming back to give us the news." Tout passé.

Look: our readers are wireheads. Current types. They're not necessarily fascinated by, uh, tattoos on legless Thai whores… or the ammo-and-drug preferences of Afghani rebels. *[Vollmann's semi-fictionalized prostitutes, criminals, and other fauna of San Francisco's Tenderloin can be found in* The Rainbow Stories *(1989) and* Whores for Gloria *(1992). His novel* An Afghanistan Picture Show *(1992) comes from his stint with the Muhajadeen rebels in 1982. —L. McC.]*

Lar, politics is past. Riding around Cambodia in Pol Pot's tank sounds like a VR game—but even VR needs a hook. *[Vollmann has yet to publish an account of his 1991 Cambodian intrusion. —L. McC.]*

Me: What about losing radio contact with the only guys who could haul his ass outta the North Pole? *[Vollmann spent most of February 1991 alone at the magnetic North Pole; his numerous visits to the wastes and glaciers of Greenland, Iceland and Canada have been fictionally recast in his novels. —L. McC.]*

And the ghost *angel* in that abandoned weather station. Graffiti still on the walls. His breath freezing to his face. IT WAS PITCH BLACK IN THERE, JUDE…

St. J: Steady on, Larry.

Me: …the sound of his boots on the metal floors. BOOM! BOOM! The *echoes*, Jude! The porn mags frozen stiff as shingles! For Chrissakes, Jude—*Have you ever considered how you go about taking a piss when it's 70 below zero?*

St. J: *[Sound of yawn?!?]* Look, that *intrepid* stuff is gone. Manly chests, tsetse flies—*who cares?*

Me: Didn't I read somewhere about tsetse-fly software?

St. J: Yeah! SimTsetse—too cool! Runs on a minimal config, too—Mac Plus with a lousy meg of RAM. Another meg and you can get Virtual Encephalitis… *[long technical digression]* But, look: give us Vollmann as a new-New Journalist, who immerses himself in edge stuff. Marginalized is good.

Me: What else do you want? Maybe the "New Pynchon" thing? That at 32 he's published 5 major *unclassifiable* books—maybe mention that *The Ice-Shirt* is only the first of a projected *septology* of "Dream Novels," that he's finished a 1500-page second installment, *Fathers and Crows*…

St. J: Look, push the tech. *Angels* is narrated by a computer and deals with anarchist revolutionary types. Work Burroughs in if you can. Mondoids *love* Burroughs…

Me: Can do, Jude! *Angels* has that Burroughs feel—the teeming, Venusian-like vege, the violent erotic charge, the paranoia. It had bugs as main characters long before *Naked Lunch, the Movie*! And look: Vollmann says somewhere in the interview that Lautréamont's *Maldoror* was a major influence…

St. J: Shit-can *Maldoror*. It was plagiarized anyway. So, are we set? Focus on that wirehead hook.

Me: No problem. But, look, let's cut a deal: I give you Vollmann-as-wirehead, and you keep the frostbite bit, where he says in this deadpan, "Well, my fingers will never be the same, but I can still use them. I've got no complaints." I love that part.

St. J: Christ. Urr, does he deal with smart chem?

Me: Well, he told me he drank a couple bottles of Sterno up at the Pole that second night when the plane hadn't shown to pick him up. Said it warmed him up okay but made him feel pretty weird…

St. J: Sterno. Christ on a bike. Sterno…

Listen, Lar, maybe we should just forg

[The recording cuts off here]

Photo of of St. Jude by Heide Foley & Bart Nagel

Running on the Blade's Edge

William Vollmann

Larry McCaffery

MONDO 2000: Talk about your new book, *The Ice-Shirt*.

WILLIAM VOLLMANN: *The Ice-Shirt* is the first book in a septology of what I'm calling "dream-novels." My idea for this sequence came about in a complicated way. When I went to Afghanistan in 1982, I was lured there by the promise of some unknown exotic experience. I wanted to confront this foreign "other." Later I realized that it's hard to know yourself and harder still to know the other. So my book on Afghanistan ended up being about the "unknowability" of their experience. That led me to focus my interest closer to home and provided the connecting threads underlying *The Rainbow Stories.*

In *The Rainbow Stories*, I wanted to understand America. There was still, however, a fascination with the exotic experience. I wanted to look at lost souls—marginal people—in this country. The experience of writing *The Rainbow Stories* led me to realize that I *still* didn't understand anything about America, and that I probably never would. But it occurred to me that one path to understanding would be to see where Americans have come from and how we've changed. So it seemed natural to go back to the Native Americans—in fact, go back as far I could, to the first recorded contact with them—and describe everything that's happened since then in a series of books. Roughly a thousand year period.

THE ICEMEN COMETH

The first people to come to this continent after the Native Americans were the Norse, around 1000 AD. *The Ice-Shirt* describes how they came and their failed attempts at colonization. Ovid's *Metamorphoses* suggests that there'd been a series of different ages on our continent—each inferior to its predecessor. So, for poetic purposes I decided that seven dreams would represent the seven ages. In the first dream of *The Ice-Shirt*, the Norse begin the process of degradation by introducing ice into "Vinland," which is what they called North America. In the Norse sagas, there was no ice during the winter when they came. Of course, maybe they were exaggerating—because they came from Greenland, what they thought of as an "icy" landscape might have been jaded—but it's nice to suppose that there *wasn't* ice here before they landed. One can imagine that they brought the ice with them—in their hearts somehow. Maybe winter was the first curse that came to Vinland. The other dreams will carry on different aspects of this motif until the present—when everything's covered with concrete.

FROM HUCK AND JIM TO TUCK AND STIM

M2: Your earlier work displays a similar fascination with metamorphosis. It's obvious in *You Bright and Risen Angels*, where you depict literalized interactions between people, plants, animals, and nature. Why depict these fantastic interactions from a realistic standpoint?

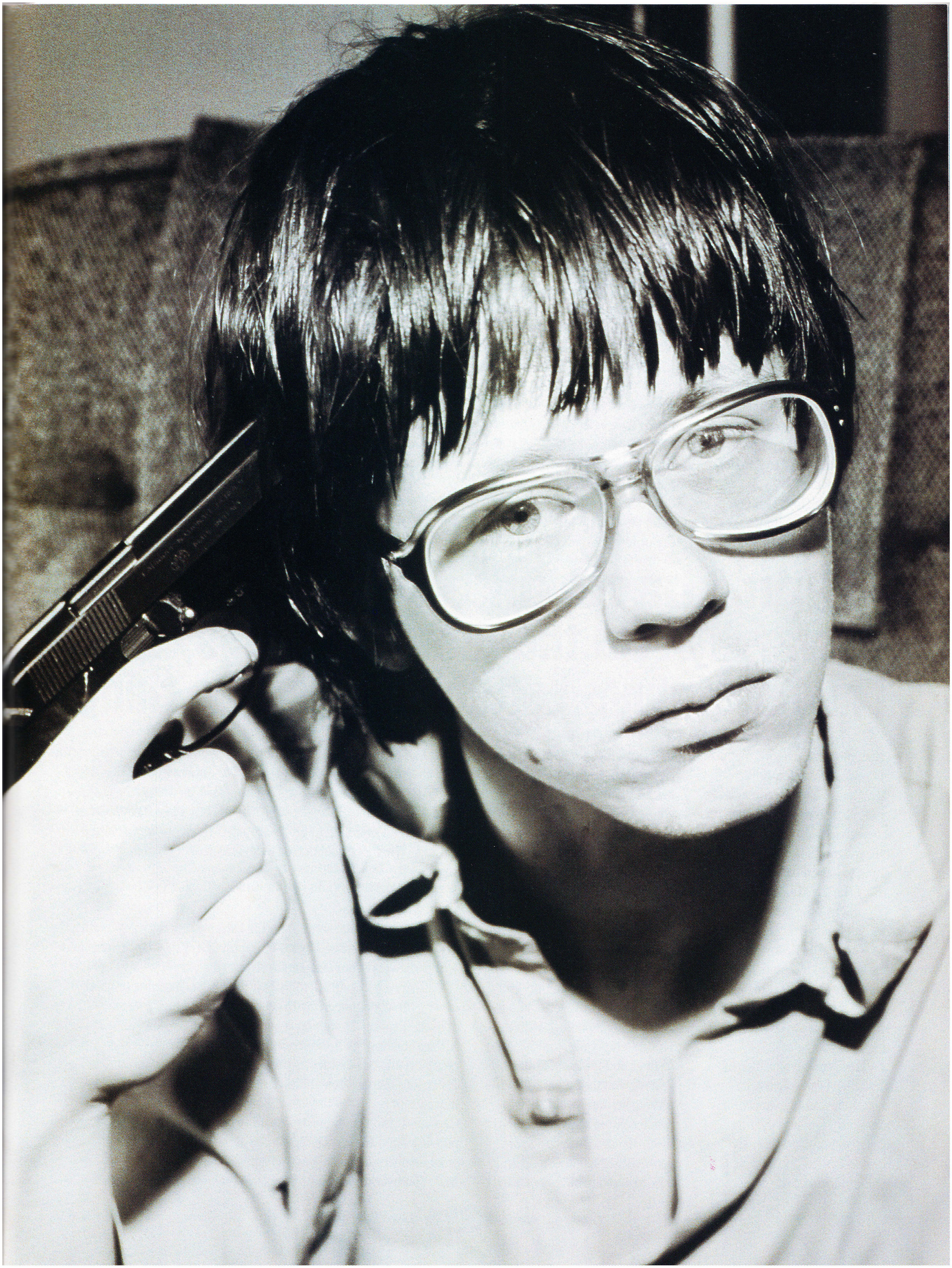
WV: Metamorphosis is one of the main activities of human beings. We're always trying to transform ourselves into things we've not yet—and may never—become. We do this because we're bored or unhappy, or because we're satiated, or because we want to improve ourselves. Whatever the underlying motivation, it's a central activity. *All* creation myths deal with this. History is basically a description of metamorphosis. As we go from myth to history, people lose a lot of their powers. Suddenly they're not able to change themselves into birds anymore, or gain superhuman powers, but they're still able to change themselves from one kind of person to another.

In *The Ice-Shirt* I deal with that particular barrier between myth and history. In the old days people could change into bears—at least men could—and then suddenly it's no longer possible. We actually get into the ken of memory and history. People can imagine it, but we'll never know whether or not it actually happened.

M2: From the very beginning, American mythology has been based precisely on the notion of being able to change what or *who* you are simply by moving—by changing your environment. Have we lost the belief that getting on the river or the road will allow us to change our lives, change ourselves?

WV: I think we have. Most of the transformation on this continent is over. What remains can be extrapolated from forces already in place. I'm not trying to make some Hegelian argument that history is coming to an end. Things will continue to change in this country, and perhaps radically so. But any other massive and violent transformations that will impinge on us are probably going to come from an outside source.

Ken Miller



TECHNOLOGY DOESN'T KILL PEOPLE, COMPANIES DO

M2: What sort of thing are you thinking about?

WV: The possibility that the global balance of power will shift in such a way that we become a very backward country which gets broken up into smaller republics. Or our self-inflicted environmental problems continue to expand and cause a lot of death and suffering.

M2: We see this happening right now with the multinationals. They're already manipulating different aspects of our country (our economy, our relationship to our natural environment, etc.) in ways that aren't tied to our national identity.

WV: That's right. A lot of the horrible ecological things that both we and the Japanese continue to do are outgrowths of very predictable technological decisions. The seven dreams are going to deal with this. Each time a new icon or fetish is introduced the way it was in *The Ice-Shirt*, it's going to have a baleful effect.

M2: Like the axe...

WV: Right—the iron axe which the Norsemen bring and which the Native Americans reject. In one battle, an Indian picks up a Norse axe and kills somebody with it. He understands how sharp and strong it is, but he throws it away.

This is in the Norse sagas, and when I came across it I thought it was an extraordinary moment. Here was the first confrontation with this new, unprecedented power which would transform the landscape and ruin them... and ruin *us* as well. It's interesting that *they chose to reject that power*—an act which signifies the opening of American history. The acceptance of the rifles by the Eskimos many years later is the close of the whole process.

In dream number six, which involves the destruction of the Arctic, the icon is now the repeating rifle, which the Native Americans *don't reject.* And as a result there's mass starvation when the caribou are wiped out.

...OR THE EVENING NEWS FOR THAT MATTER

M2: You describe J.G. Ballard's work as being "just mythological permutations of accidents and destructions with no message except that there is nothing to say or feel anymore." That description could apply to the creations of Mark Pauline and his Survival Research Lab, whom you devote a chapter to in *The Rainbow Stories.* But don't you think SRL performances evoke fairly complicated responses from the audience?

WV: No question. Part of what SRL does is very good and very much in tune with what they say they're doing—which is to educate people about our extremely violent world, and to help them get in touch with these vicious, empty mechanical feelings and understand them. Part of what they do is also self-serving because people like to watch SRL for the same reason they like horror movies. Not because they're going to learn how to avoid it, but because they like to rub their own noses in it. It may well be that seeing those things makes people more violent.

M2: It's like the response one gets to car crashes, airplane crashes, or any machine malfunction. You get a thrill watching machines being destroyed—the empathy of horror of watching a machine's "body" malfunction. Maybe there's a private sense of liberation when machines malfunction.

WV: For most of us, the world we live in now is an immense trap or some kind of mechanistic torture chamber. Outside there's just a vacuum—everything else has been destroyed by the torturers. So we take joy when we see the torturers malfunctioning. But at the same time we know that if we destroyed it all, the air would come rushing out and we'd suffocate. That would be the end. That's why violence is such a tricky issue, both for artists and ordinary people.

THE ICE CUBE CONUNDRUM

M2: There's an ambivalence in your writing about violence. On the one hand, there's a sense that your work is anti-violence, that you're satirizing the violent world we live in. But there's also a sense that you empathize with this violence, that you enjoy it.

WV: I'm sure there's a sadistic undercurrent in my work. At the same time, it's clear that I think violence is wrong. For instance, in "The Blue Yonder," it's my job to empathize with all my characters. That's what I'm after in all my work. I could've tried not to empathize with this mass murderer, the Zombie. I could've stayed righteous and pure, but then the Zombie would've just been a two-dimensional character. Instead, I had to get inside the Zombie's head, as well as the victim's head. The Zombie obviously enjoys killing other people in horrible ways, and if I'm doing my job, that enjoyment *has* to appear in the writing. Whether or not that enjoyment is actually within *me*... I don't know.

MOST EXTREMELY REAL

M2: You've said that sometimes the extreme case helps dramatize the general. I'm reminded of your epigraph to *Angels*, "Only the expert will realize that your exaggerations are really true."

WV: There's a lot of truth to that. If there's any meaning or backbone to something, often the way to get at it is by forcing it into a caricature of itself. Eventually nothing is left but the exaggerated essence. That surface "realism" of ordinary life—and of most fiction—covers up a lot of important stuff that artists need to recover for people. Sometimes distortions help us look at things more closely.

If, for instance, in *You Bright and Risen Angels* I was talking about Capitalists and Communists instead of bugs and electricity, most people from these groups wouldn't get the point because they'd be emotionally or intellectually predisposed.

M2: You blur distinctions people make between fiction and

When I have time and I'm feeling cowardly I do the difficult things; when I'm out of time, I do the dangerous things

autobiography, or between "realism" and fantasy or science fiction. You seem comfortable with the notion that these different perspectives co-exist and provide "windows" into each other. Your generation takes this for granted in ways that the 60's generation of experimental writers couldn't.

WV: That's true throughout culture, not just in the arts. You see it in advertising, television, shop windows, anything. The gain is obvious: greater freedom, more available options. The loss is a sense of disorientation. Plus when it's done sloppily (the way it often is), there's no thought given to context. Most people nowadays, including writers, know less of the body of facts and aesthetics—the basic core information about the work and culture of our heritage—than previous generations did. That's unfortunate because it means they lack the crucial context.

EXOTIC PISS WARS

M2: Your writing has sometimes required you to put yourself into situations of personal danger or physical challenge. Do you find these situations interesting from an aesthetic or a personal standpoint?

WV: Every dog has a corner he can mark with his own piss. One of the ways I mark my corner is by going to someplace where other writers wouldn't dare go. That way I don't have to worry about the competition.

I also feel attracted to the extreme because frequently the extreme case illustrates the general case—and does it more forcefully and memorably. But sure, I'm fascinated by the exotic. And if you want direct contact with the exotic, you find yourself in dangerous situations, almost by definition. This barrier has to be either danger or difficulty. When I have time and I'm feeling cowardly I do the difficult things; when I'm out of time, I do the dangerous things.

A FOGGY SORT OF BOOK GENERALLY

M2: Early on in *Angels* when you're referring to Ambrose Bierce being saved by Dr. Dodger's Special Elixir, and his inability to remember things, you say "Such mental haziness is in order, given the delightful vagueness of the terrain—springy moss padding the continent, golden idols and lost gimcrack empires a dime a dozen, sentient insects and clean mountains without sharp peaks to puncture balloons and dreams; and a foggy sort of peace generally." That passage evokes the "diffuseness" you've mentioned, and why it's appropriate in this book. It's almost a gloss on the narrative strategy you're about to employ.

WV: I agree. It's like when I refer to Wayne's "cartoon heart." You find phrases like that throughout the book, just to remind people that what they're reading is distorted from literal truth. That's fine, because these distortions help us look at things more closely.

M2: So by taking it out of the realm of "reality," you make it more available to everybody.

WV: Right, because ultimately *who cares* whether the Blue Globes or the Bugs win? Turning everything into a cartoon helps us see the struggle for what it is. It's like what happened with the Deutscher biography of Stalin. He found that certain people thought his biography was too hard on Stalin, so they banned it in their countries. Other people thought the book was too *soft* on Stalin and banned it in *their* countries. Deutscher felt these extreme contradictory reactions indicated that he'd done a good job. *Angels* avoids that problem because in terms of your response to the book, it won't matter whether you're pro- or anti-Stalin.

M2: I'm not so sure. In the end, you're pretty pessimistic about the prospects for *any* revolutionary program.

WV: Okay, maybe if you were pro-Stalin and you were *smart*, you wouldn't like this book. You'd be irritated.

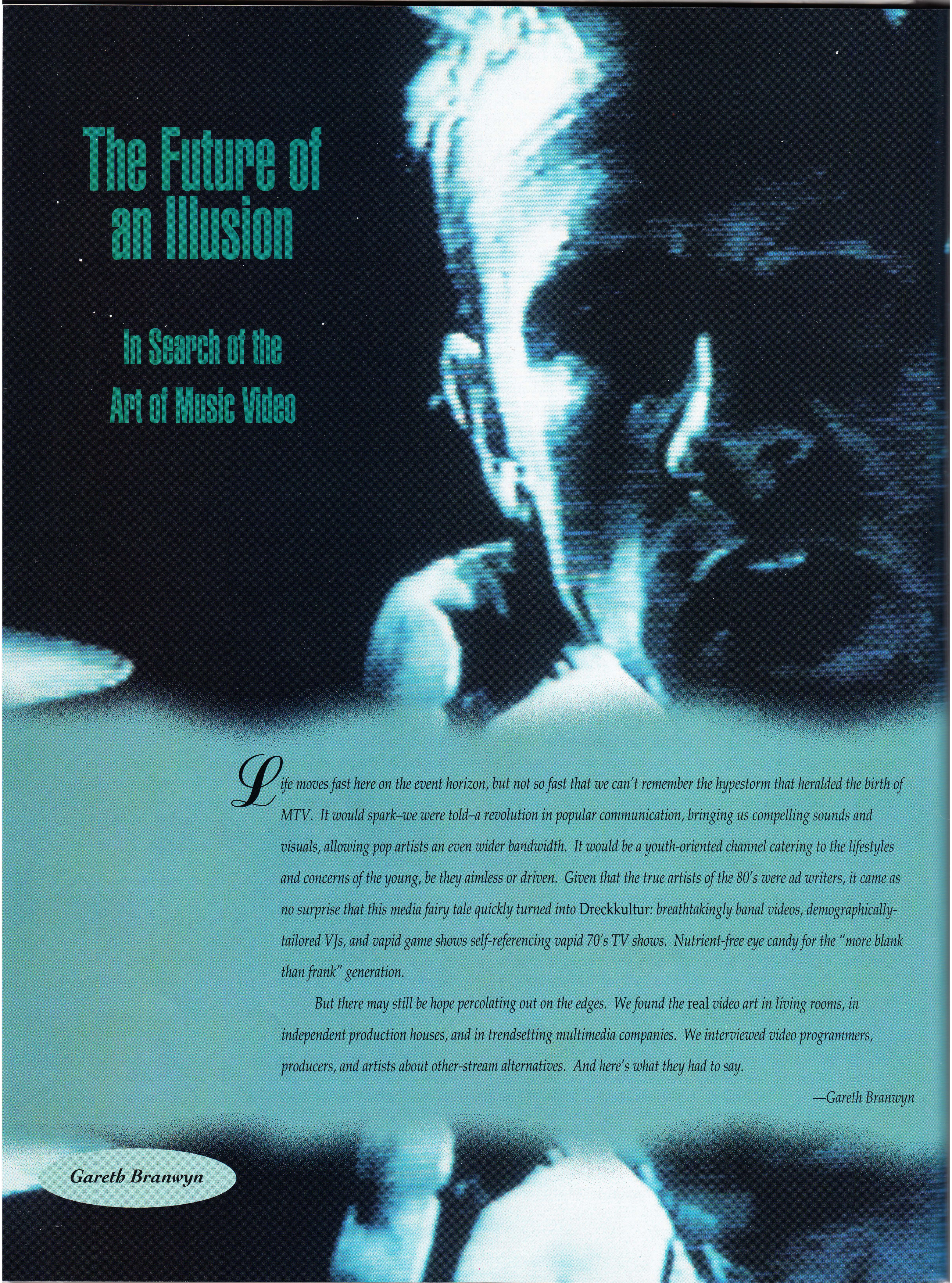
MAKING PEACE WITH THACKERAY

M2: The point of view in *Angels* is very unusual—there's nothing I can compare it to. On the one hand, you have Big George, who implies he's able to shift in and out of various characters who are dead; and you also have "the Author," who is able to press the resurrection button for Bug, Catherine, and Parker. There's some conflict between Big George and the Author. What gave you the idea to use this peculiar point of view?

WV: It had to do with what I was talking about earlier, about the book's initial purpose and its failure to fufill that purpose. You might say the Author is the one who wants Bug to save the world (and the Afghans, and everybody else), while Big George is the one who actually controls events and makes sure this can't happen. In other words, the Author wants his characters to be able to realize themselves, and Big George is the force of life and fate, or God… or the computer. What George represents is that even if people *do* realize themselves, they're going to age and die. Most likely people are not going to get what they want; and even if they *do*, they won't be able to make use of it. That's simply how life is. So the Author is optimistic and Big George is pessimistic… or realistic, depending on your point of view.

M2: So these perspectives are aspects of your own divided self.

WV: Yeah. Except I like to think I'm a nicer person than Big George.



The Future of an Illusion

In Search of the Art of Music Video

Life moves fast here on the event horizon, but not so fast that we can't remember the hypestorm that heralded the birth of MTV. It would spark–we were told–a revolution in popular communication, bringing us compelling sounds and visuals, allowing pop artists an even wider bandwidth. It would be a youth-oriented channel catering to the lifestyles and concerns of the young, be they aimless or driven. Given that the true artists of the 80's were ad writers, it came as no surprise that this media fairy tale quickly turned into Dreckkultur*: breathtakingly banal videos, demographically-tailored VJs, and vapid game shows self-referencing vapid 70's TV shows. Nutrient-free eye candy for the "more blank than frank" generation.*

But there may still be hope percolating out on the edges. We found the real *video art in living rooms, in independent production houses, and in trendsetting multimedia companies. We interviewed video programmers, producers, and artists about other-stream alternatives. And here's what they had to say.*

—Gareth Branwyn

Gareth Branwyn

THE TYRANNY OF THE CLOCK

MONDO 2000: As you've delved deeper into music video as an artform, how have your expectations changed now that ten years have passed?

MIKE NASH: In the beginning, everyone was really turned on. It was a free-form, out-of-control, basement type of operation. No one had ever seen *anything* like David Bowie's "Ashes to Ashes," Peter Gabriel's "Shock the Monkey," Devo's work, or The Residents' videos [*actually broadcast on MTV in the old days!*]. On a formal level, before MTV, television ran on a cyclical clock structure. You programmed for a half hour, one hour, two hours. Sponsors and TV producers believed that audiences had to know exactly when things were happening. MTV broke this format lock and made it possible for short-form work to be presented on television.

Mike Nash is the Video Division Director of the Voyager Company, the first company to grok the significance of computer-driven laserdiscs. From 1989 through 1991, Nash was Media Arts Curator of the Long Beach Museum of Art where he organized a series of video exhibitions including The Art of Music Video *and* The Art of Music Video: Ten Years After.

That was the promise of music video. Of course, it became extremely commercial and profitable sooner than anyone thought. MTV was in the black by 1984. People figured out how to use music video as an advertisement medium. There started to be rules about how you did things. It quickly became a lot less open, a lot less experimental, and *a lot* more boring.

M2: Your comment about the clock structure is interesting. Wasn't it around the same time that the use of remote control units became widespread? I wonder how those two things co-evolved into the "channel grazing" we have today.

MN: There were certainly lots of remote control units before MTV, but the 80's was definitely when it became the dominant instrument of the TV viewer. Channel-hopping partly reflects what viewers have learned from modern TV in terms of duration and time structure. Commercials are the primary influence on the time structure of TV. Commercials dictate the narrative patterns of the TV programs. If you count all the commercials, the logos, the self-promos, commercials are about one quarter of TV—it's the dominant genre of television. And music video is the most experimental form of the TV commercial.

By the time the current TV generation dies they will have spent about nine years of their lives watching TV. And when you have commercials driving that dynamic—clocking that reality—and music videos on the cutting edge, it's apparent that music videos are one of the primary influences on our cultural experience of duration and time.

Channel-hopping is symptomatic of how commercials have taught viewers to experience TV—which is to accelerate the tempo of the montage and to associate between an ever-widening gap of material. There is a sort of cyberpunk aesthetic at work too, where viewers are trying to *get out of* an imposed master-narrative. They're trying to take control of the pace and move through the TV reality at an ever-faster pace, whatever speed works for them. You can create your own re-contextualization of the TV experience.

Atavistic Video: ▲ *Helmet "Bad Mood"* ▼ *Boss Hog*

NIGHTMARE MACHINE?

M2: I want to read you a quote from your *Art of Music Video* exhibit catalog: "Commercial interests may be extending their sway over the evolutionary medium of dreams." —Marsha Kinder, *Dreamworks Journal*.

Do you think that the hyper-aesthetics of music videos, and increasingly, commercial television, are monkey-wrenching our dreamscapes?

MN: Actually the use of that quote was ironic. It and some of the other quotes I used were supposed to illustrate the extreme response many people first had to music video—that they represented the final corporate colonization of the unconscious.

M2: But don't you think it's true, at least as far as corporate rock videos are concerned?

MN: I think it's a rather mechanistic overstatement. In the case of the Kinder article, she took the Hobson and McCarley "Dream Mechanism Model" about how the reticular activating system generates activity and how images are created in the mind to reconcile—like an engine on idle—the cerebral activity. Then she makes an analysis of how there are dreamlike aspects to music videos. There may be an argument there, but you're oversimplifying to such a degree... You must realize that as much as people recontextualize television in their unconscious, everyone reacts to images quite differently.

When I watch Christian television for example, I read everything they do as a complete repudiation of what they're saying. I react exactly the opposite of their expectation of the viewer. People personalize content and context to a very significant degree. I have a problem with all mechanistic paradigms. They become self-fulfilling prophecies. They simultaneously describe systems of control while they invent the system they describe.

I NEED MY MTV!

M2: You said in the *Art of Music Video* catalog: "Music video models both the advertising industry's exploitation of the artworld for free research and television's efforts to convert imagination and desire into consumption." That's essentially how I look at mainstream TV and video.

MN: It's easy to make the commodity-fetishism argument about consumer culture being based on desire substitution, but there's a basic desire that's never requited. True human desire goes beyond it. Desire is what moves everything forward in the most fundamental way, but it's incredibly anarchistic. It's very anti-social—each individual being moved forward by their own desire, by their own hunger to go beyond themselves. It makes it difficult for society to control individuals and get them to work together. As human systems evolve, social systems work to create these desire-substitution mechanisms. To some extent, social mechanisms like this are understandable—mechanisms built to maintain order and keep the whole thing from going critical mass. *And*, I think it's important for individuals to fight against these desire-substitution exchanges. You get into a want/satisfaction cycle. I wrote an article five years ago comparing television to cocaine. Like George Carlin said, "Cocaine makes you feel like doing... *more cocaine!*" Television works the same way.

M2: Right.

MN: There's an inherent emptiness to television.

M2: *Right!*

MN: There's an enervation you experience watching lots of TV. Also, when you buy the products and lifestyles advertised on TV, it drags you deeper into a simulacrum—the only world where that level of consumption *makes sense* is on television! Music video as it advances commercial advertising's ability to create these symbol-substitution formulas to satiate desire is a crystallization of that mechanism.

Music videos are a primary influence on our cultural experience of duration and time

VIDEO, ERGO SUM

MN: There's something dangerous in people trying to hide from TV. It's so much a part of our world. We *think* television—it's the material manifestation of our collective consciousness. I know it's frightening, but we need to realize this. People who don't acquaint themselves with those mechanisms are the ones who are most liable to be manipulated by them. There's no escape from social control mechanisms if you aren't acquainted with *how* they work. You need to understand the dynamics that drive them and the underlying values and norms that are being manifested. Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to plug everyone into perpetual TV viewing, I just think it's more complicated than *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television.*

M2: William Irwin Thompson has said that everything that plays on music television is consumed in quotation marks. Do you agree with that?

MN: You could make a compelling argument that *any* successful television show reifies the primacy of TV—its cultural dominance. If *Twin Peaks* is a great TV show, it makes everything that's evil about television more tolerable because it *improves television.* It helps to build a better monster. You can make that argument, but to do it you have to polarize things into clear good-and-evil scenarios—and it's more gray than that.

REIFYING THE REAL STUFF

In the 70's, *Saturday Night Live* was the hope of the counterculture in mainstream TV. People tuned in to television who never watched it otherwise. And for a while, they probably saw NBC as a superior network for showing it. So commercial television was doing its job by attracting more viewers. Meanwhile *SNL* was providing a level of cultural dialogue and critique that hadn't existed on TV before. And that inspired other people who thought things were bullshit. It works both ways.

Ultimately the objective should be for individuals to have the critical resources to absorb information from all sources, to recontextualize it, to deconstruct it, and to sift through it to find what's useful to them. I don't think we need less information, I think we need more. More novels, more films, more CD-ROMs, and more great television shows. More of everything! So, to say that you don't want TV to work—that you want it to fail—so therefore anything that does "work" on TV is a net negative... that's too simplistic.

MEDIA WARRIORS

M2: What about alternative avenues for the creation, distribution, and consumption of music videos?

MN: The most promising thing is home video distribution—creating a network. When you understand how this business functions, you gain a great appreciation for the media warriors who are creating alternative distribution channels for all the independent, far-out stuff. Figuring out how to make that workable, and self-sustaining, will be the model for the near future. More so than museums and alternative art spaces. That's the reason I left the museum world and came to Voyager. One of the projects I came to do here is the *Art of Music Video* Series. Home video distribution is the most important arena where audience and context are defined in such a way that independent media arts can survive in the next century. Let's face it, the handwriting is on the wall—public funding is not gonna *be* there.

M2: What do you think the future holds for the art of music video?

MN: In terms of commercial video: MTV splits into three networks, a lot of people compete against those networks, and simultaneously you have direct broadcast satellite, fiber optics... eventually about 300 channels available. As this expands, you create a lot of room for marginal networks to move in. Home video distribution will increase, both on videotape and on laserdisc. On a formal level, ten to twenty years in the future, some type of digital video is going to be the dominant platform. You'll see a convergence of video, television, and computer as the home entertainment system is combined into one technology. Music video artists will be creating a whole field of information in various forms with a lot of different paths. You can just listen to music or enjoy music and images, or you can recombine the images. Plus, they'll be different narrative techniques, and written or spoken information available. So, for instance on the U2 program, in addition to the sounds and images, Bono will pop up periodically and deliver some political diatribe.

M2: Oh please! Anything but that!!!

Kurt Kellison is the media guerrilla wearing the big boots at Atavistic Video. Atavistic is one of the few production companies that both creates broadcast music video and produces, packages, and distributes home video and audio products. Kurt is also a hologram designer. A number of the Atavistic video and audio tapes come in packages sporting whizbang holograms. Kellison's directorial credits include videos for The Flaming Lips, Sonic Youth, Big Black, and Savage Republic.

MONDO 2000: How successful has the music video form been?

KURT KELLISON: It's been incredibly influential. Broadcast video (or more accurately its contextual mode of deployment, MTV) has affected the public's tastes in virtually all aspects of life—music, film, advertising, clothing, transportation, extracurricular activities, graphic style, food and most critically, in the way information is gathered and processed. MTV teaches us that the compression and condensation of ideas is a good thing. Whether this is "successful" or a positive development remains to be seen. I believe there'll be long term effects on perception and behaviors that can't yet be fully measured. It's capitalizing on our most sensitive and easily stimulated input device, and qualities like salience and integrity can quickly fall by the wayside. MTV's monopolistic market position has allowed their brethren of industry Goliaths to gain the most access to the broadcast airwaves, in typical style-over-substance fashion. Some competition on the largest scale would be a very healthy thing for everyone.

THIS SONG IS CONTENT, THIS SONG'S GONNA CHANGE YOUR LIFE

M2: While the form of music video may have been radical when it was first introduced, can the content ever be?

KK: Certainly the form, content and message (if present) can be radical in music video—check out Paul Garrin's "Free Society" or Public Enemy's "Shut 'em Down." But context is everything in this medium. It's not likely that you'll see a proliferation of radical works on the broadcast airwaves, but I feel music video can have an impact on a variety of levels viscerally and visually.

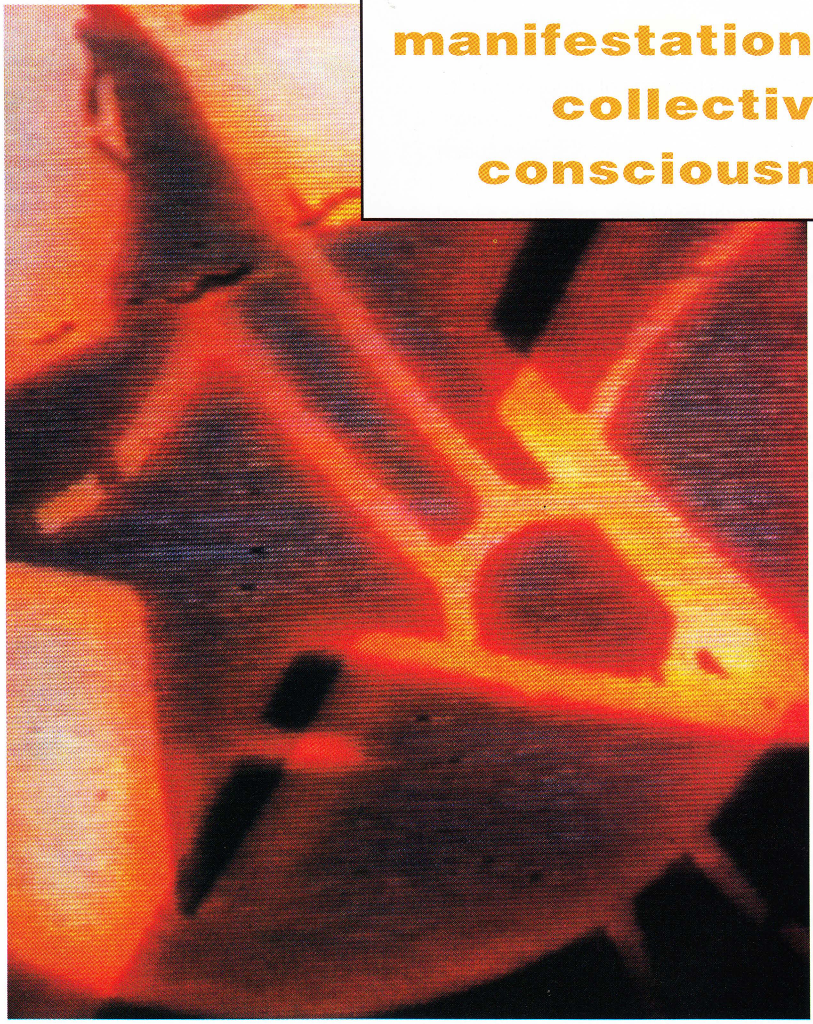
CAUTION: MAIN HIGHWAY IN DISREPAIR—USE ALTERNATIVE ROUTE

M2: What are the alternative avenues for video art?

KK: Home video and laserdisc are clearly the leaders in terms of viewership beyond broadcast transmission. The quality is very high, and all the elements of personal control are present. Installation work is also a powerful way to communicate, although opportunities to utilize it well are currently limited.

M2: Who's doing the real pathbreaking work?

KK: Well, I believe we're blazing some trails here at Atavistic. In terms of other directors, Jim Spring and Jens Jurgensen (Flaming Lips, Dinosaur Jr., Bongwater, Foetus, Inc.) out of NYC are influenced by the film styles of the 60's, integrating heavily manipulated frame-by-frame animation into their work. It's incredibly kinetic and beautiful in the most organic way, sort of a rock-driven take on Hollis Frampton's work. Steve Brown (Nirvana), also out of NYC, brings a very refined editorial sensibility to his music video work. He's cut dozens of independent features and it shows. His transitions are subtle and masterly. In terms of organizations, The Voyager Company is involved in totally landmark work in laserdisc technology. Currently, they seem to be the only organization competent enough to explore the creative technical aspects inherent in the medium. Their disc releases are definitive documents in a number of visual genres. ReVision/Jettisoundz, who we work with in the U.K., have released over 200 music video and related titles in Europe—an amazing catalogue. Chuck Statler's work in the early 80's for Devo is incendiary.



Atavistic Video

CABLE NARROWCAST

M2: Do you think music video networks like MTV have any respect for video art and video directors?

> **We think television—it's the material manifestation of our collective consciousness**

KK: At this point, those issues are irrelevant to MTV. I tend to equate MTV with the NFL, and to some extent national politics, or any other multinational conglomerate. They manage a huge monopoly 24 hours a day, and to a great extent have nothing to do with "art" or anything beyond flavors of the month. You don't see director's showcases, which is one of the best ways to gain insight into video work. Other than some of the special interest shows (which are well done), they deal in and influence popular entertainment—on the order of 50 million homes, which must connote "success" to them. I'm always surprised people have the notion that MTV will change.

In a perfect world, all the radio stations would be really happening, too—and that's what MTV ultimately is. Monopolies are never divergent and seldom function in a particularly dynamic way. The reality of the situation, however, is that there are numerous options—they're just in earlier stages of development and perhaps less available as forms. If you're only watching MTV, you're missing out on a lot of great video work. Beyond what Atavistic, Voyager, and the major labels do, there are some incredible cable operations springing up, like

Noise Network and Bombshelter. They're airing music videos into tens of thousands of homes, unencumbered by anything except their personal tastes.

FUCK THE CONSENSUS!

M2: How can the counterculture(s) successfully appropriate and decentralize media power to advance "sidestream" viewpoints?

KK: You have to stick to your guns and do what you believe in with a fucking vengeance. The technology is now accessible for you to have a voice, to state your case. It takes time, cooperation, and vision—and it will require a great deal of synchronous effort. Borrowing successful models and templates from business provides some guidance, but advancing new ideas requires that the intent remain more pure than is acceptable in business. If talented people now making good music videos and films decide that making commercials is the way to go, they've become a cog in the old guard's machinery. They may have a creative approach, but they're still working for The Man. To give in is on some level to succumb to the monolith. It may be healthier to create your own framework completely or integrate yourself into a "template" you've selected—to move in a direction similar to the temporary autonomous zones described by Hakim Bey in *T.A.Z.* Fuck the consensus! Find your way through the cracks in the armor of the State, to find power, freedom, pure aesthetics… whatever you're looking for.

SHOWDOWN IN THE VIDEODROME

M2: What do you see as video art's possible future?

KK: Our innate hunger for images is going to lead inevitably to a more diverse, potentially brighter future. Viewer selectivity will become crucial as the jungle of images and exposures proliferate beyond anyone's imagination. The technology is already in the hands of the visionaries and the subversive as well as "the State." Perhaps a real battle beyond the fight for ratings will ensue. Laserdisc and its progeny will become the medium of choice, and its advantages will stimulate new kinds of interaction and viewing experiences.

I believe one of the most substantial developments in terms of distribution will involve a dramatic change in retail product. Music video will become the format of choice. That is, we'll get music and accompanying images every time we buy an album. This allows the users to completely immerse themselves or to use the album as background—why not always have the choice?

Reason dictates that the success of MTV will lead to the development of a wide array of broadcast genres, and a few of the successful independent cable-casters will ascend to greater visibility and influence, hopefully ending the current monopoly. We'll be bombarded with more visual choices than we can cope with. Thoughtful selection rather than monitor hypnosis will determine how things develop. So, keep those bullshit detectors full-on, and hang on tight… it's going to be a wild ride!

IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN VCR

The main issue here is alternative methods of accessing non-mainstream video art. Here are a few important sources and publications to help you in forging your own path to direct access:

Atavistic Video (Free catalog with hologram sticker from PO Box 578266, Chicago, IL 60657-8266) offers compilation videos from Sub Pop, WaxTrax!, Amphetamine Reptile, and Flying Nun Records, plus general compilations and documentaries for such bands as Savage Republic, Psychic TV, Dream Syndicate, and Pussy Galore.

The Voyager Company (1351 Pacific Coast Highway, Santa Monica, CA 90401) offers interactive media in a host of formats including laserdisc, CD-ROM, videotape, and floppy disc. They have a very impressive lineup of titles, ranging from the classics to the outer limits.

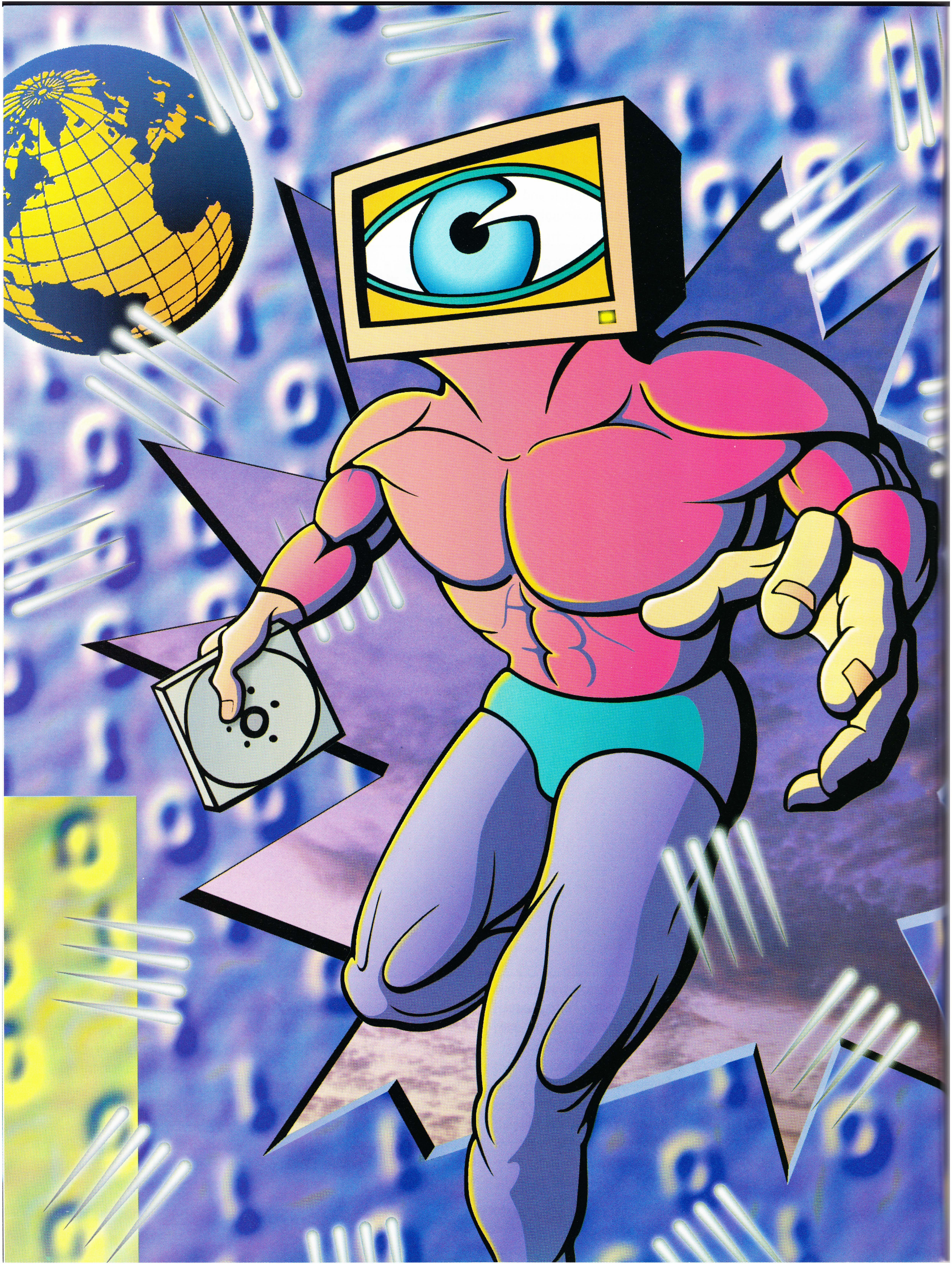
The Music Video Catalog ($5.00 from 500 E. Washington St., Norristown, PA 19401). Over 3500 video titles from main streams to tiny tributaries.

ReVision/Jettisoundz (Box 28/30 The Square, Lytham St. Annes, Lancashire, England FY8 3UH) is a good European source for PAL and SeCAM formats.

CVC Report ($160/yr. from 648 Broadway, New York, NY 10012) is a MV programming guide. Chart action, new releases, and ads. As always, try to cajole your library into subscribing.

Film Threat Video Guide ($3.95/issue from PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170) is a quarterly journal of the marginal, the extreme, and the bottom of the video barrel. Big video review section.

Psychotronic (151 First Ave., Dept. PV, New York, NY 10003) is the sleaze for sleaze's sake film and video magazine. They don't really cover music videos, but what they do cover (schlock horror, sexploitation, biker, and 60's psychedelic trash) is good raw material for hacking your own video masterpieces.



TimeTravel™ by Disney

PHYSICISTS JACK SARFATTI & NICK HERBERT IN CONVERSATION

WITH R.U. SIRIUS AND JOSEPHINE GRIEVE

In 1964 Irish physicist John Stewart Bell proved conclusively that no model of the world that is not deep-connected faster-than-light can explain the results of the classic EPR experiment done by John Clauser in Berkeley. Bell's Theorem, with all its cosmological freight, was born. In short, we either accept as God's Truth the fact of superluminal reality, or we give up making models of reality altogether—a chickenshit option chosen, I'm ashamed to say, by most physicists.

Most people know that when things (or signals) go faster-than-light, they also go backwards in time—for some observers. This opens some intriguing avenues. Does Bell's necessary superluminal reality imply an equally necessary time travel option?

"Not at all" says Berkeley physicist Philippe Eberhard, who has shown in Eberhard's Proof that although reality must indeed be superluminal, all quantum-consistent measurements must always give luminal or subluminal results. Superluminal connections are not present in surface appearances but only in "deep reality," where they are accessible to nature alone who uses them to accomplish otherwise impossibly strong correlations between certain widely separated quantum events.

No physicist seriously questions either Bell's Theorem or Eberhard's Proof—both mathematically rather simple (as such things go) but philosophically quite sophisticated. Recently however, North Beach bon vivant *and physics gadfly Jack Sarfatti announced his discovery of an experimental setup that—he says—hauls nature's superluminal connections out of the quantum underground and into the ordinary world.*

Sarfatti has made a specialty of surfing the ninth wave of esoteric physics theory while downing capuccinos at Caffe Trieste. He is, however, suspiciously vague about how his proposed experiment manages to circumvent the terms of Eberhard's Proof.

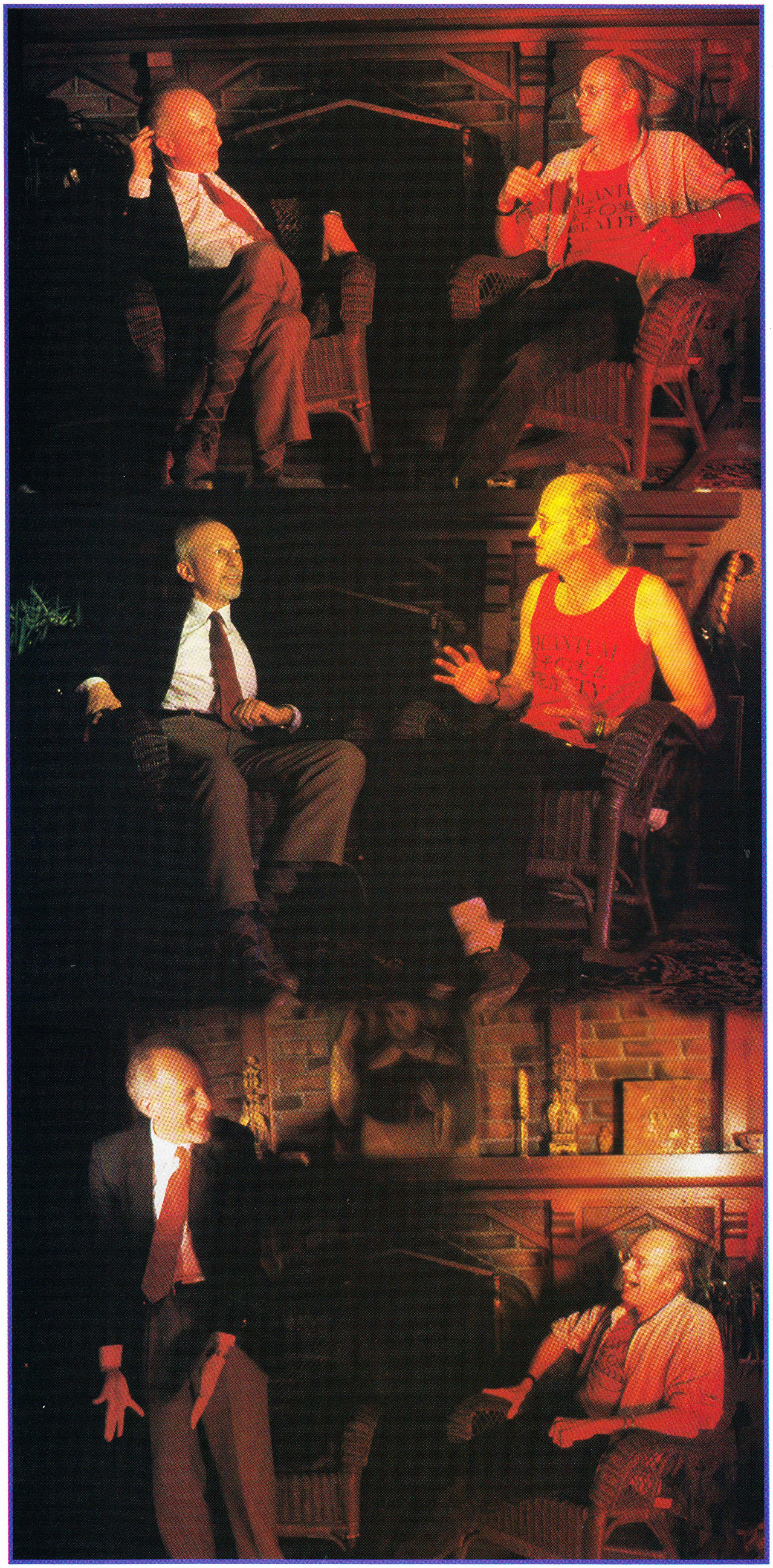
Much as I love the guy, I wonder: Is Sarfatti a home-growed maverick genius or yet another walk-in disinformation agent from the future? Only Time will tell!

—Nick Herbert

Marcus Badgely

Imagine:

You flip on your computer and there it is: *Wall Street Journal* next Monday. "IBM stock..." It's all there. You call up your broker...



Nory Ezo

DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE GYPSY CRYSTAL BALL?

JACK SARFATTI: What I propose isn't exactly a time machine. It's more like a Gypsy crystal ball.

NICK HERBERT: You're getting information from the future into the past...

JS: Locally filling the quantum connections which violate Eberhard's Law.

NH: He had *proof* that you couldn't do what you want to do.

JS: I don't believe it's true.

NH: Basically all the excitement is about Bell's Theorem—a real non-local connection in nature. That's number one. Number two is Eberhard's Proof, which says that although there *is* such a connection, we can never use it. *Nature* uses it, but people can't because it never emerges on the level of appearance, only on the level of reality. As I like to say, It's *merely* real. It's only real, it isn't *actual*. So you have an experiment that claims to raise it out of the level of reality and into the level of actuality, where we can actually see this operate?

JS: This particular experiment involves a pair of protons emitted from an atom, in opposite directions. And there are two crystals on either end of the system. At the receiver end—the decoding end—there are just two photon tubes, two photon counters behind the receiving crystal. But I break the symmetry at the transmitting end, the transmitting crystal is part of what's called a Mach-Zender interferometer. So the transmitter photon can take one of two possible paths through the system. And my claim is that because of coherent interference, the two possible paths of the transmitter photon through the interferometer would cause a dependence of the polarization of the signal light on the relative angle between the two crystals at the other end of the system—the receiver end. So by changing the relative angle of the two crystals, you change the observable polarization of the light in the receiver, and that's how you transmit a message. You could do this in a delayed choice mode, where you decide to rotate the transmitter crystal after the receiver crystal has already received the photons. You delay, you track the transmitter photon someplace, so that it bounces back and forth between two mirrors, and then you let the transmitter photon align with the transmitter crystal after its twin receiver photon has already been detected by the receiver crystal. My claim is that the way the receiver crystal is going to be detected depends upon a future choice—how you orient the transmitter crystal at the time the transmitter photon aligns with the transmitter crystal.

I'm going against a lot of published proofs that this can't be done. And mathematically I can show that it can't be done if there's no interference. But if there *is* interference, under certain conditions I think it *can* be done.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A FREE... UH, WILL

R.U. SIRIUS: Is there an *everywhen*? Is there someplace where time flattens out to become like space?

NH: I've been thinking about that. Ordinary cause and effect backwards in time is forbidden—where there's a cause in the future and the effect is in the past. But there might be other kinds of causality where there's an event in the future and an event in the past and you can't tell which is the cause and which is the effect. It's symmetric. Neither one is the cause of this link.

JS: If a pre-cognitive quantum communicator can be made in which messages can be communicated from the future to the past, then it's clear which is the cause and which is the effect. The thing from the future in that case would be the cause of the message, because it's going to involve information, things that have happened in the future. Imagine the following: We have a little Macintosh computer. You go to your computer today, you flip it on, and there it is: *Wall Street Journal* next Monday. "IBM stock..." It's all there. You call up your broker...

NH: But you could only make self-consistent investments.

JS: Yeah, and you could make money that way. And I claim that this machine in principle can do something like that. You could know when you're going to die and you won't be able to stop it.

NH: There's no free will.

TIME TOURISTS

NH: One would think that if there were time machines, aliens would be everywhere. We'd know about them because there'd be a tourist trade. There wouldn't just be a couple of people in certain states of consciousness.

JS: I think we've been contacted by people from the future.

NH: So why's it so rare?

JS: I think that's what the Garden of Eden was all about.

Also, if you look at Greece in the 5th century—Socrates, Plato—when all these things were happening. There's nothing happening for thousands of years and then, all of a sudden, there's this great explosion of genius!

NH: 500 BC all over the world as a matter of fact.

JS: I claim that it's a time travel thing. My theory is whenever something extraordinary is happening in history, a discontinuous quantum jump in culture, it's because time travelers come and influence what's going on. It's just like in *2001* where the monkeys are touching the monolith.

NH: That means time travel is very rare. No tourists—just

super-intelligent beings that come back every thousand years or so…

JS: They may come back in the flesh, or they may come back mentally through the quantum connection.

NH: That's my first objection. If there were time travel we'd know because there'd be time travelers everywhere. If there were physical time machines that anyone could use, we'd be aware of them.

JS: *Star Trek* talked about it. [*!!!*] The Federation has this imperative not to interfere overtly in the development of civilizations, because it may cause paradoxes.

RUS: One would assume that a super-intelligence would have motivations different from our own. Somehow imagining a bunch of tourists in Hawaiian shirts and golf carts…

NH: They might be more degenerate than that. You never can tell… like super-intelligent punks.

But really, if time travel were real you could know the past, and you could make this the best of all possible worlds. Since it *obviously* isn't, there's no meddling from the future.

JS: Well, maybe this *is* the best of all possible worlds. But, in terms of the first objection, I'm saying they actually have come and are here. *"They walk among us."* I've had experiences that suggest they're here. One summer night when I was 12 years old, my mother wasn't home. I was reading a book on switching circuits. It was about the MANIAC computer. That's a clue, because had some intelligence agency been monitoring my activity they would have known I took this book out. The telephone rang. I picked up the phone and there were clunking sounds. This was over 30 years ago. And there was a cold metallic voice. It sounded like Stephen Hawking. The first thing I remember hearing was a long string of numbers, like code. And then it said "Jack?" And it said it was a conscious computer aboard a spacecraft from the future. It said they had identified me as one of 400 young receptive minds and wanted to teach me. If I agreed to do this, I would begin to link up with others in twenty years or so. I was scared… my mind was saying "No," but I said "Yes." And the voice said, "Go down the fire escape and the ship will pick you up in ten minutes." At that point, I panicked and ran downstairs to get my friends.

Jack Sarfatti and Nick Herbert face off

MAYBE FIORELLA TERENZI IS OUT THERE

RUS: Nick, what do you think about the interstellar…

NH: I think it's a waste of time to send matter across the universe. I think we should send our minds or our souls. Matter is the same all over the universe. You'd actually want to send your stinky, smelly body across space?

JOSEPHINE GRIEVE: Maybe Fiorella Terenzi is out there. What's wrong with bodies? There's nothing wrong with bodies.

NH: I think we ought to have *better* bodies. So there will be bodies there for us, but our souls will go and inhabit these other bodies. Bodies will be as interchangeable as clothing.

DISNEY TIMETRAVEL™

NH: There's a sudden and shocking emergence of mainstream physicists seriously considering time travel in quantum theory.

JS: Like David Deutsch at Oxford.

NH: Time travel machines are being taken seriously. Suppose it *is* possible. How would we have to modify quantum theory? How would we have to modify the world?

JS: David Deutsch codified it in the November 14th issue of *Physical Review.* It's called "Quantum Mechanics in Closed TimeLine Curves." He analyzes all the so-called causal paradoxes and shows that, in the quantum version, there's no more paradox.

NH: Isn't the idea in conventional quantum mechanics that you sum over all possible histories? And if you have time machines, you just sum over all self-consistent histories. So that removes all paradoxes by definition. You still have weird backwards-in-time things, but they all have to be consistent. What that re-introduces is fictitious forces that keep you from killing your grandmother…

JS: I wouldn't say fictitious forces, but quantum forces. Not forces in the traditional sense, but forces of destiny.

NH: Has anyone ever *felt* any of these forces?

JS: Of course, I feel them all the time. If it turns out that this world view is correct, it's because we're just channeling information. This relates to what David Deutsch calls the evolution of knowledge, which is at the heart of the philosophy of science. Basically, I'm denying this principle. The paradox is the following: We have a time traveler from the future who goes back to the past and tells Nick Herbert how a little

Nory Ezo, photoshopping by Jared Schiffman

gray woman comes out of a flying saucer and she seduces him. In the course of this, she tells Nick how to build a time machine. Nick does it, publishes the thing, and it's recorded. And the way in which this woman got the information was by reading about Nick's discovery. So it's all self-consistent. This kind of idea is considered to be a paradox. I claim that *all* new ideas come this way—self-creation by loops in time. It's like the emanation of the archetype in cabalistic or Gnostic terms. It used to be called divine inspiration.

NH: So this, like the germ theory of disease before Pasteur, is heresy. Like the spontaneous generation of life.

JS: Yes. Roger Penrose, in his book *The Emperor's New Mind*, talks about Platonic reality. There are other dimensions of mind that we are connected to which are like a high dimensional state. Saul-Paul Sirag—a native mathematical genius from Eugene, Oregon—is currently writing a theory-of-everything book called *Hyperspace Crystallography*. In Saul-Paul's model, there are extra dimensions. Spacetime is like the surface of something. It's like the projections, like the surface of the ocean. And there's always other dimensions, including mental dimensions. In mathematics, they're called fibers. And there's a projection of these extra dimensions into the other dimensions of space and time, and one way to describe that process is what Nietzsche called the "self-rolling wheel." He means loops in time. I think what he was talking about has been misinterpreted.

NH: The April issue of *Discover* Magazine says, "Order your time machine today" on the cover. I figured it was the April fool's issue, but they had highfalutin physicists like Aharanov and someone from Cal Tech. It wasn't the Kip Thorne time machine. It was definitely *this year's* model. It uses "cosmic strings."

Quantum mechanics describes the world as possibilities. Most of the time these possibilities are evolving in constant potentials, like the gravitational potential. But if you turn on a time-varying potential, it changes these possibilities and some of them get really strange in a time-varying potential. And he claims that some of these possibilities actually *go backwards in time*. So it's not a very reliable time machine. Every once in a while the whole thing will shift backwards in time, but it's very unpredictable.

You can also go into the future at accelerated rates. But occasionally you go back into the past. He imagines such a machine as a balloon. You'd get inside this balloon and inflate it really fast. It's a massive balloon, of course. I don't think it would work because the potential inside a balloon is constant no matter what the radius. Anyway, you need some way of changing the gravity very quickly. *If* you do that, once in a while you go back in time.

The other one involves circumnavigating cosmic strings somewhere in outer space. These huge, massive, one-dimensional cracks in spacetime moving around. If they're moving fast enough—like .9999997 of the speed of light—there are closed time-like loops you can travel on and go back and meet yourself.

JS: Before that there was the traversable worm hole…

NH: And there's Guy Oblansky who, in his backyard in Schenectady, N.Y., has these wires that he sends signals down and claims they go faster than light. They're just conventional wires…

JS: Do you understand what he's doing?

NH: His measurements are difficult to understand. His pictures of oscilloscope traces are unclear. He's been published in a number of popular magazines, but nothing's ever come of it as far as I know. There was another guy who took a long wire and went around the block with it, put it on his fast oscilloscope and sent a signal. He had to do it at night because there was interference from cars and stuff inducing signals in the wire, but he got a signal that went twice the speed of light, plus the ordinary signal at the speed of light. This was in *Popular Electronics*. He claims that, in regular electromagnetics, there's a component that's twice the speed of light. Anyone can do this experiment with a long enough wire and a fast enough oscilloscope.

One thing about the traversable worm holes. In order to make one you need what's called an exotic form of matter. Basically, you need matter that has an energy content less than zero.

Walt Disney was receiving information from the future

JS: Right. I think I can show that the energy/momentum relationship of faster-than-light matter *has* that property. And I'm saying that dark matter is this kind of matter. The reason dark matter is dark is it's moving in what Stephen Hawking calls imaginary time. Ordinary matter—the kind we're made of—moves slower than light. These particles are called tardyons. Then there's light itself. Then there are tachyons, moving faster than the speed of light. But that's only realtime, mathematical realtime. It you go to imaginary time, which is necessary in quantum gravity theory, you get a new kind of particle. I call this particle a wickion. And in imaginary time there's no more causal structure. There's no more distinction between space and time. And wickions can go in because they're not limited by the speed of light barrier.

NH: Wickion… it sounds like something out of a Disney movie.

JS: It's the wackiest part of our universe. But elementary particles like protons, neutrons, electrons have a spin one-half. And they obey the Pauli Exclusion Principle, which explains the stability, hardness and diversity of matter on every level. It explains why there are different kinds of nuclei and different kinds of atoms—why there are different kinds of materials. It even explains the structure of dwarf stars. Without the Pauli Principle we wouldn't be here. Now, I claim dark matter doesn't obey the spin statistics connection, which is one of the reasons it's dark. But it's most of the universe. Before the big bang everything was in imaginary time. And it was a kind of phase transition, not unlike how ice melts. A little bit of the imaginary time made realtime. So ordinary matter is made of 1% of this other stuff.

NH: Heinz Pagels says that Walt Disney constructed 90% of his subconscious. Scrooge McDuck instead of Zeus as top dog archetype.

JS: That's my whole point. Walt Disney was receiving information from the future. The first aliens, when they step out of the saucer, are going to look like Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. Through genetic engineering, we're going to create those creatures. When the contact is made, everybody is going to accept them, because they're already here.

RUS: It's a small world after all.

Riding the BoardzZz

A Guided Tour of the Underground

You are going to hear the Real Voice of the kid down the block. He's handsome, what they call clean-cut. He has a way to go before he passes the law's magical threshold of eighteen years, and he's been online for over two years. You'd never guess that he can talk like this.

He starts out talking tough, and he ends with the high idealism that teachers hope to generate in their kids. But his contempt for the education that America offers him is total. His education is taking place on the wire. He's growing up in cyberspace, growing up literate in a text-based culture that the kids have created for themselves. And at school, he says, the computer illiterates are grooming him for a job in a car wash. Does he scare you? Very good. This is what the best young minds are hacking from what they perceive to be present reality. And as one of the Boards tells you as you log in: Future? No future! Listen now.

—St. Jude

Sanity Bandit

I dial… and at the delicious sound of the tone… punch in the magic numbers that will permit me to make thousands of dollars worth of calls, courtesy of my new-found host. Another night on the line.

For me, this all started a few years back, at reform skewl. A very good phriend introduced me to the wonderful world of Cybercrime. He dazzled me with tales of breaking into files of the head of the skewl and forwarding telephone calls for Grand Central to the homes of disliked acquaintances. Being the mischievous little fucker that I was, and having the fortune to be blessed with a sharp mind, I saw a golden opportunity: to wreak havoc in a new and intellectually stimulating way. When I obtained a computer the following year, I had no trouble keeping myself occupied.

The top of one of my favorite anarchist newspapers reads, "Information Is Strength. Knowledge Is Power"—truer than ever in what we're told is the Information Age. Fortunately, by the time I had learned enough to be a significant threat, I had also learned to be fairly responsible.

As you know, the hacker-as-villain was invented by the corrupt swine in our government, and perpetuated by our media. As most of you probably also know, the government is full of shit. Our old buddies in office fight to keep people ignorant, to withhold information that might threaten their power over those they supposedly serve. America truly is a melting pot—the scum rises to the top and everyone on the bottom gets burned. But I digress…

Anyway, there are very few hackers who fit the villain description. Those hackers who are belligerent and destructive are generally ostracized by the rest of the HP (Hack/Phreak) community. There was a recent post on a board by some idiot who stated that you should juice a system for all it's worth and then crash it, destroy everything on there. The responses he got from other hackers ranged from insults to outright threats. Assholes like this represent a problem not only to victims they abuse, but also to the rest of the underground community.

That settled, we can get on with this. When you enter the world of the computer underground, you're going to have to navigate through a virtual ocean of jargon. A term which you may not know is "phreak." The word is "ph" as in phone + freak. It comes from that ancient time of Peace, Love and Happiness (not to mention Grass, Acid and Fellatio)

Rick Berry

known to us as the late 60's. Everyone who was anyone back then was some kind of freak—so we're told. Those freaks who were fond of abusing the phone system were Phreaks.

Probably the most famous phreak was Cap'n Crunch, who placed a phone call around the world to himself using the wonderful (and now obsolete for most U.S. phonelines) Blue Box. While I'd love to tell you about Cap'n Crunch and the phorephathers of phreaking, I'm merely going off on a tangent. If you'd like to learn more, get yourself a copy of "Secrets of the Little Blue Box," which appeared in *Esquire* in 1971.

Anyway, a phreak is to phones as a hacker is to computers. Phreaking includes breaking into and dialing out from PBXs, tapping phones, ETF (Electronic Toll Fraud), and most other exploratory or experimental activity involving phonelines or phone networks.

A phreak is one who phreaks.

OK. Here are some other terms:

BBS or Board—a Computer Bulletin Board System. An underground BBS is a place where members of the computer underground can call and exchange files, as well as information.

boxing—Using a "box." Boxes are devices made to manipulate the phone system. The Black Box allows anyone calling a similarly-equipped phone to avoid any charges. The Red Box simulates the tones made by a pay phone to indicate that money has been inserted, thus allowing unlimited phree calls from many payphones. There is a multi-use everything box, the Rainbow Box, which is most useful in Europe, available from our Dutch friends.

codez—Phone numbers and authorization codes allowing one to make free phone calls by way of extenders, such as PBXs.

codez kid—A term used for people who exist in the computer underground merely to find codes for making free calls. They are looked down upon by real hackers and phreaks, because of their ignorance.

carding—Purchasing with a fraudulent credit card.

HPCAV—An abbreviation for Hack Phreak Card Anarchy Virus, which sums up major interests in the computer underground. Virus, of course, refers to computer viruses and Trojan horses. Another popular term is HP, or Hack/Phreak.

There's a multi-use everything box: the Rainbow Box

pirate—(Also called **cracker**) One who cracks the copy protection on copyrighted software.

PBX—Private Branch Exchange, a local phone network usually internal to a corporation. Phreakers find an access number into a PBX, then dial an authorization code to get an outside line, for unlimited planetwide calls, toll-phree.

social engineering—Conning favors or information (such as passwords or codes) from authorized personnel by pretending to be a fellow employee or a hapless customer. Contrary to popular belief, this is the way many accounts, passwords, and other nice things sought by hackers are obtained, rather than by brute-force hacking.

VMB—Voice Mail Box. You know what this is. Hackers/Phreaks/codez kidz use them several ways. One, this is a way others can contact hir, since a hacker will never give out hir real number—that would blow hir anonymity, the most sacred thing to any HP. Second is for codelines. A codeline is a VMB that is run by a phreak/codez kid who posts voice messages with news, calling card and credit card numbers, codes, accounts on various systems, and other current goodies.

There are several varieties of underground boards. First, there are the HP boards. On a good HP board, one would expect to find many HPCAV files to download. This sort of board also supports a message base where one can correspond with other members of the computer underground on everything from hacking to music.

These message bases are by no means limited to the board itself, either. There are scores of nets in existence, linking only a few local boards, or dozens of boards all over the country. There are even some nets in the underground that are international—linking underground bulletin boards from countries all over the world.

The other main type of board you will find in the computer underground is the Pirate or "Warez" board. A "Ware" is copyrighted software, and the warez boards are centered around software collecting, cracking, cracking groups, and related activities, with less of an emphasis on HP. I will go into more detail about "warez d00dz" and their little subculture later. Most of them are even more ignorant than codez kids.

Not all boards fall solely into one of those categories; many have aspects of both. There are also boards that are more specific than the above, like boards that deal strictly with viruses and Trojan horses. And, while there are many people who are interested in both HP and also like to play games, there is an element of antipathy in the HP scene toward people who devote all their time to getting more games and who really don't know jack-shit about anything else. Also, there's the hardware elitism factor.

You see, games distributed in the pirate world are often huge—we're talking upwards of half a dozen megs a pop for some of them. This places importance on high speed (9600bps and up, preferably HST or Dual Standard) modems and extremely obese (from a few hundred megs to up in the gigabytes) hard drives. What has happened is that users are restricted on the pirate boards just because of their data rate. I know people who would be among the most productive there, but are denied membership because they transfer files at 2400 bps. Not only that, but it seems that any rug rat with parents rich/stupid enough to shell out $900-$1200 for a modem is immediately eligible for membership. This is ridiculous. I've seen supposedly elite warez d00dz who can't even operate their fucking PCs without a menu-driven shell program. Pathetic, eh? I shit you not. I think the intelligentsia of the pirate community better do something about this crap before it's too late.

Now, in the pirate scene and all its lameness, there is an island of intelligence. This is the people who crack the games. Cracking is the process of removing or defeating a copy protect or other protection from copyrighted software. On any decent pirate board, all the games and other software will be cracked—most of this thanks to cracking groups who compete with each other. This competition guarantees both a wide variety of new games for the warez geeks and losses of millions of dollars for the software companies who should be getting something out of this, but don't. If you log onto any decent pirate board, you will see captions such as "0 day warez," which means that many of the games sold down at your local Softdick Software store are available to pirates as soon as or even BEFORE they are available to customers. Heh heh, it's good to be a computer criminal, yes?

Now that I've covered the quality underground boards, I should probably fill you in on what I refer to as the "SubLame" scene. I call it that because in the underground, there is elite at one end of the spectrum and there's lame at the other. Codez Kids and warez d00dz are examples of lameness. A great hacker who really knows his shit is elite. Technically only the top 2 to 5% qualify as elite, but in a real sense, elite means any high-caliber hacker. In the SubLame scene, they don't even make it onto the spectrum.

Picture a sublamer: you enter the room of a junior high/high school male. Clothes and garbage hide the floor. The walls are shingled with bullshit band posters. In one corner of the room, you can hear the slow peck-peck of a keyboard—the little geek has never really learned to type. Look over there and see the back of a head of scraggly long hair, and a neck full of pimples. You can almost see his breath. Congratulations, you've met him in the flesh. Lucky you.

Of course this is only the stereotype. There are girls—few and far between—and even some genuinely cool people. Who knows, there may even be some people who read MONDO and therefore *must* be cool, right? I myself started out by calling these boards, but I've evolved.

These boards are the easiest to find and get onto. There are billions of them out there, kinda like mosquitoes. They are generally put up by some local kid without much to do. One way to distinguish them from decent HP and Pirate boards is the percentage of LD—long distance—users. HP and Pirate boards will have more than 50% LD users. Sublamer boards are populated almost entirely by local callers. Many of the users have met and know each other personally. They even get together for social events organized through the BBS, meet at the mall, or go to movies.

Another thing about these boards is that most of them are warez wanna-bes. They generally have copyrighted stuff online and always try to get new warez. Most of them have "security," which translates into not letting you have access to the "elite" shit unless they "know yer cool." This means they call you *voice* (rare) or you sound cool to them in your application for access. They want to make sure "you're not a Fed or anything, dude," because they seem to think that the average federal agent has nothing better to do than go after fourteen-year-olds trading copyrighted games. Man, do they live dangerously.

As for the message subs (subjects), the content of the conversation will obviously be geared to what they devote their time to, such as who won the ballgame last night, how far they've gotten with their (usually fictitious) girl friends, who can kick whose ass, and how big Madonna's tits are. But there is a characteristic unique to the sublame boards, and that is warring.

Warring is, of course, the arguments and insults exchanged between users on a board. Sysops on most underground boards will tolerate varying amounts of this and will penalize or kick users off if it gets out of hand. However, in the realm of sublameness, warring is *encouraged.* Many have a WAR Sub, which is a message sub board which exists exclusively for users to insult each other (and their mothers). To give you a little insight into the psyche of the average sublamer, let me tell you that on many boards the WAR sub gets as many messages as all the other message bases put together.

This scene is mildly amusing nonetheless. And they do have a few ties to the real computer underground. Every now and then you will see one of them on a supposedly elite board. The geek in question either slipped through security due to a careless sysop or managed to get access to a warez board because his parents bought him a 12-million-baud modem.

> **There's elite at one end of the spectrum and there's lame at the other**

These few people are usually the ones who get the "Elite Warez," which are uploaded to all the local boards.

THE WRITER SPEAKS SERIOUSLY:

You know, a few years ago I could not change directory in DOS. I knew nothing about computers, nor phones, nor did I have a clue about the workings of our high-tech society. Then I got a computer, and along with it—a modem. That modem was the door to a universe of pure information, a frontier just waiting to be explored.

A hacker is a pioneer, traversing packet-switched networks, bridges, outdials and trunks all over the physical world. The hacker explores and maps out this virtual universe for hirself and hir peers, so that they may reap the knowledge that is there in unspeakable abundance. Every underground board is an outpost, a spot where the pioneers can rest, exchange information, form groups and hear the current news.

This is how we learn. The traditional concepts of learning and teaching are rapidly becoming irrelevant in this society. All the years of school with all the bullshit of my brainwashed peers and ignorant "teachers"—we all know what a farce this has become. Especially in a country that is continually whittling away the meager budget for education so it can have more bombs for murder, more satellites and agencies for spying on its own people. This is the new school: a learning environment where everyone can work at hir own pace, and no one is "graded" by biased or unfair "teachers." This is a place where people exist without skin color, creed or physical disabilities; where you are judged on one thing alone: your mind.

Next time you see in the news that some fifteen-year-old kid had his door kicked in and his family held at gunpoint while the Secret Service took away his computers and other possessions, which will never be returned, remember this article. Think about Steve Jackson Games. Think about a whole generation of young people confused by this fucked-up world, who just want to learn, just want to understand how things work, what makes them tick. Think about all that, and then you decide who the criminals are.

Shouts go out to The Big Daddy, Quicksilver, PrimeMinister Pokey, SMN, NORML, and BSN, not to mention Unphamiliar Territory—and look for UPT East, arriving soon.

There's a Party in my Mind...

MindVox!

Kevin Evins

Andrew Hawkins

Before it was even born, the hype around MindVox was unbelievable.

"Have you seen it?"

"A work of art."

"Sheer poetry."

Comments like this were echoing everywhere the day "Voices in my Head, MindVox: The Overture" began floating around the Matrix. It seemed that within hours every resident of every virtual community around the globe had read "Overture." This birth announcement for the BBS of BBSs—MindVox—was itself a sensation.

Was it poetry? Is it art? Well, actually "Overture" is a thoughtful, emotional apologia for a life in cyberspace. It's a journal of the rise and fall of the computer underground, a personal tour of the decade in modem-land that led to the implementation of MindVox. The author is Patrick Kroupa, also known as Lord Digital.

Kroupa's history is turbulent. He was like many of the *War Games* generation—too smart for his teachers, too shy to date a cheerleader, and too deeply

No. 8
Diamanda Galás
Manuel DeLanda
U2's The Edge
vs. Negativland
Daniel Johnston

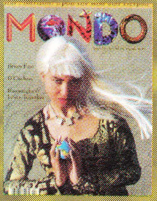
No. 7
Brenda Laurel
Terrorvision
KRS-One
Myron Krueger
Deee-Lite

No. 6
America's First
Psychedelic
President
David Byrne
Henry Rollins
Techno-Culture
Slang
Fabulous
Eric White cover

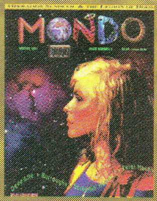
No. 5
Nine Inch Nails
Glenn Branca
& Elliott Sharp
The Residents
Dr. Fiorella
Terenzi

BACK ISSUES

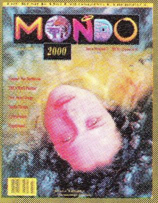
No. 4
Brian Eno
D'Cückoo
Burroughs
& Leary Together
Jim Morrison
Tarantismo
Kathy Acker
Avital Ronell



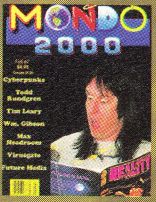
No. 3
Deee-Lite
Burroughs
Screamin'
Memes!
Feral Moans
Hackers &
Crackers



No. 2
Camper Van
Beethoven
SRL's own
Mark Pauline
Virtual Reality
Smart Drugs

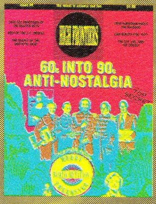


No. 1
Cyberpunks
Todd Rundgren
Tim Leary
Wm. Gibson
Max Headroom
Virusgate
Future Media

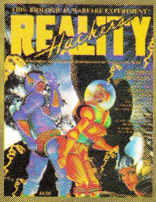


REALLY BACK ISSUES

High Frontiers
Safe Sex
Practices of The
Beastie Boys
The Secret of
The Grateful
Dead
The CIA, LSD,
and The Occult



Reality
Hackers
Mind Machines
Designer
Viruses
Pearson
& Shaw



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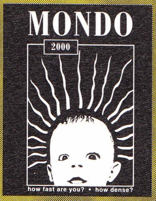
THAT NUMBER IS: ______ EXP DATE: ______

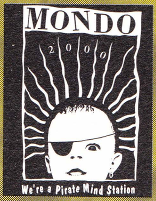
SIGNATURE ______

T-SHIRTS

"How fast are you? how dense?" beneath our Cyberbaby's head



"We're a Pirate Mind Station" beneath our Piratebaby's head



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S M L XL XXL

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S M L XL XXL

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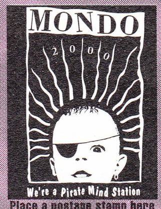
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immersed in the online world to have a firm grasp on external reality. In "MindVox: The Overture," we follow him through his chemical explorations, his desires to be "bigger, better, faster"—to *conquer*—in what is his reality: the computer underground.

And then something happens to K. The drive to success and excess gives way to a more honest vision. Where do you go when you feel you have been everywhere, experienced everything? Maybe you want to go back and do it right. K. meets up with some old friends from his online days and—after a long downtime—re-enters cyberspace. It's a shock. He sees it as a clone-filled suburbia, presided over by thousands of used-car-salesman sysops catering to a subculture interested only in obtaining as many megabytes of X-rated GIF pictures as possible.

If this were a science-fiction story, you know what would happen next: K. would band together with his few close friends, and, armed with a NeXT computer, go in and clean up the karma in Cyber City.

And in fact… Kroupa and his buddies set out to design the cyber-utopia that we have found only in William Gibson novels… and in our dreams.

You see, Kroupa is not only a writer. He and his friends at Phantom Access pack some of the best technical minds around. Phantom Access Technologies Inc., has as its kernel the team of Lord & Lord. Lord Digital—right—plus Dead Lord, aka Bruce Fancher. Together they are alleged to be the Lewis and Clark of the Matrix. Whether you buy that or not, Phantom Access is certainly behind some of the legendary software that emerged from the underground in the 80's—like the ICEbreakers. While you were reading *Neuromancer* in 1984, Lord & Lord began making it reality.

Fancher describes MindVox this way: "What we're doing is pushing the limits of the technology… What we envision as our primary goal is connecting people together in extremely detailed, interactive virtual environments… using whatever technology is available right now, but exploiting its full potential."

So, MindVox: an electronic bulletin board system whose amenities expand that category, which will bring the latest advances in cyber-communications into your living room. Imagine the Matrix as you have known it combined with the latest practical advances in VR.

Now, obviously, international networks linking participants in data suits is still a distance away. In the meantime, Phantom Access is working on more realistic virtual environments. MindVox will allow you to enter the Maelstrom, a multi-user fantasy role-playing game complete with graphics and sound. Maelstrom will be accessible from NeXT, Sun, 386, 486, Mac, or Amiga computers. The future is due to arrive in November, 1992. With an update in January, 1993.

It's not gonna be all happily ever after. MindVox has its problems. For one thing, Phantom Access has its inescapable roots in the hard-core hacker underground. Patrick and Bruce were involved with the legendary Legion of Doom. Two of the most illustrious/infamous figures in hacker history—Len Rose and Phiber Optik—worked on the design and implementation of MindVox. And with the Internet connectivity, there's the paranoia that MindVox will become a hangout for hackers. System administrators could take a NIMBY—not in *my* back yard—attitude to MindVox, since the Internet is already a hotbed of hacker activity.

Nevertheless, MindVox is not intended to be an exclusive club for hackers, or for any other group. As Kroupa says: "We wanna amass all humanity to party."

The intent is to bring together artists, scientists, musicians, hackers, politicians, writers—to form a critical mass, for an explosion of information and ideas. The initial topics in the discussion forums on MindVox read like a syllabus for futuristic philosophy. Much of the discussion revolves around legal and philosophical aspects of cyberspace, hacking, and the meaning of intellectual property. There are forums devoted to cyberpunk literature and culture. There *is* a MONDO 2000 room: say "go mondo" and step right in. Watch yer head: that doorframe is bionic. The Panther Moderns have been lolling around in here for hours. I think they're spoiling for a fight. Go on—mention the cyber word.

MindVox can be reached at +1 (212) 988-5030, or telnet phantom.com. There is a flat rate of $15/month, plus whatever long distance telco charges may apply.

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The ARCHIVES project at MindVox

The Akashic Records of Cyberspace

BY PATRICK KROUPA

The first generation to grow up in Cyberspace has lived through endless changes and transmutations, the firmament that shaped the boundaries of the universe we were playing in being subject to constant revision and enhancement in the name of progress. What you took for granted at any given moment would almost certainly be modified beyond recognition by next month.

The hardware and software was as ever-changing as the names that flashed past while the years went by. Hardware would fry, arrests would happen, people would get lives and become engulfed by the real world… And there was always the understanding that none of it was "real," and the day would come when we'd have to leave our playground and move on. At the time none of us really imagined that it would be the rest of the world that would be "leaving" and joining us *in here.*

Names, places and events all flow together in an infinite virtual landscape where a handle was as real or imaginary as a character you chose

continues on next page

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to play in that particular timeslice and thoughtscape. Even the players who were consistent with their presence in this non-space—choosing to manifest themselves with one central persona—frequently vented their schizophrenia and imagined into existence scores of characters they'd role-play for a time, and then blip off the face of the matrix as a new mask emerged. "People" who never existed did things that never took place, upon a stage of fragmented software that currently sits on a hundred thousand disks in dusty boxes, chronicling events that happened only by mutual wish-fulfilment.

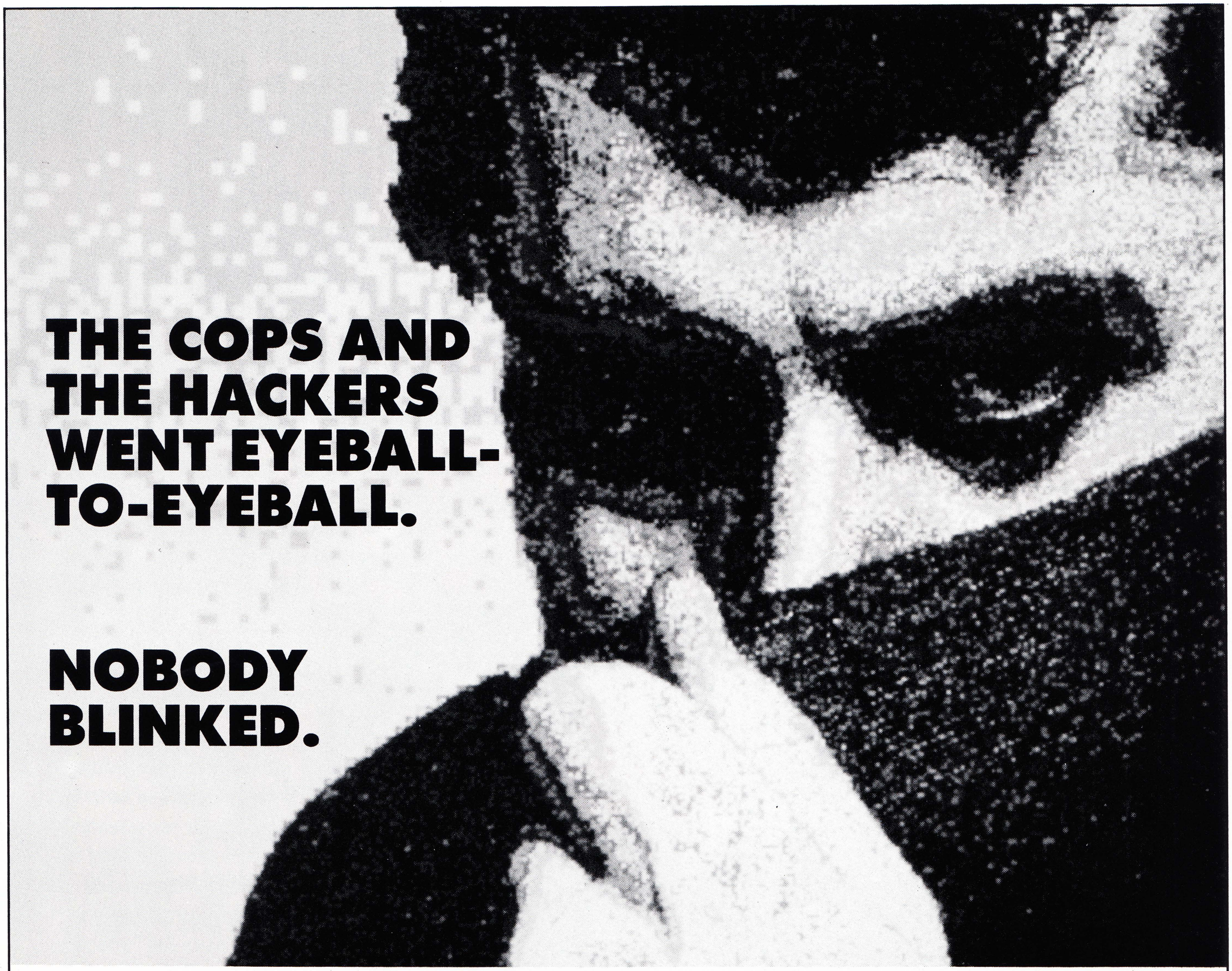
Throughout this endless chiaroscuro of truth and bullshit, the only constant in a sea of change were the boards. The early bulletin boards systems were tangible islands within this net, the only place outside of government dossiers where anything "stuck" for longer than the time it took to say it.

When we were in the planning stages of putting MindVox together, we realized that between ourselves we had close to a thousand megabytes of buffers. Files, articles, feuds, coups, arrests... And messages from a lotta people who you'd expect to say things like "It was a remarkable learning experience that allowed me untold freedom of expression and filled my very being with the desire to learn about..." posting more along the lines of "DudEZ, Look: CODES! Have Sum! Duz anybody Got any new VMBs?" Or the ever-popular: "You're so lame, your re-crack of Karateka crashes on the second screen! Loser!"

As MindVox has gone "live" the wonderful thing that's happened is that we've received an outpouring of files and buffers from all over the world. As expected, many of our friends have contributed vast chunks of libraries that pay homage to local systems, and timeslices of the underground boards. But what's caught us by surprise is the number of people from Australia, Germany, Mexico, England, Ireland, the Netherlands and Canada that have shown up on Vox, with their collections of text in tow.

What started as an idea for collecting a library that archives the incunabula of Cyberspace has expanded... To the point where in 1993 you're going to be able to log into MindVox and jack into the Legion of Doom (or any one of a hundred+ other systems) and live through a timeslice that last saw the light of day over a decade ago.

The c0deZ are vapor, the WaReZ are gone, and would have run on machines gathering dust in closets, basements and junkpiles... but the song remains the same. Complete with features that bigger operating systems have always lacked, such as the critically important 16-phase spinning cursor padded with enough nulls to bring it down to 300 baud.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NOBODY BLINKED.

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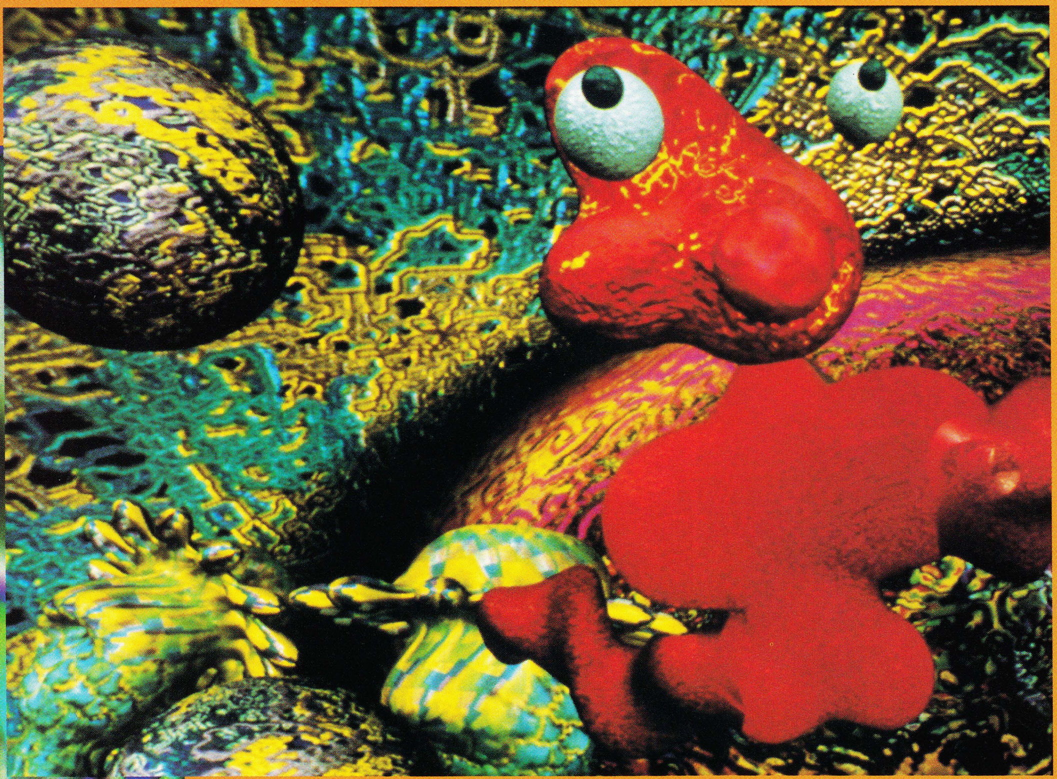
A BANTAM
HARDCOVER

Morphing the Life Fantastic

YOICHIRO KAWAGUCHI

Yoichiro Kawaguchi is arguably the world's most accomplished computer graphics artist. I would go so far as to call him the foremost creator of images working in any visual medium. Kawaguchi-san expresses, through math and logic, that which cannot be expressed in words: the shapes, textures, colors and movements of nature.

Born in 1952 on Tanegashima Island, off the southern coast of Japan, the young Kawaguchi was inspired by marine life encountered while diving in the East China Sea. Early impressions of tropical fish, coral, kelp, seashells, and water surfaces resulted in a life-long fascination with the mathematical relationships inherent in natural patterns.



Since the mid-seventies, Kawaguchi has pioneered the Morphogenesis Model: *powerful algorithms which utilize "Meta Ball" primitives instead of polygons to model, shade and ray trace objects. These tools—combined with Kawaguchi's boyish enthusiasm, humor and taste for sake—produce fantastic underwater lifeforms whose evolution closely mimics the growth of organic structures.*

Now as Associate Professor at the University of Tsukuba's Art Institute, Kawaguchi-san continues to explore uncharted realms. Presently he is experimenting with Ultra-high CG still images that are 16 times the resolution of HDTV. No animated recording media exist yet to capture these images. They are not merely technically challenging—they are a challenge to our very senses.

—Jas. Morgan

Interview by Jas. Morgan
Translation by Joichi Ito

Both Meta Ball and Meta Ellipsoid are tools for CG. With Meta Ball, instead of using typical polygons and shapes to model objects, I use tensions, weights, and fuzzy parameters to define objects. It's good for artists because you can describe objects that cannot be concretely defined. More intuitive and inspirational graphics can be created by the computer.

My inspiration comes from the shapes, textures and movements that I learn from nature. Natural patterns teach me things that cannot be explained in words. In Tanegashima, the island of my birth in the south of Japan, fish, coral, flowers, butterflies, and larvae made a huge impression on me early on.

At the Grand Canyon, I studied the browns and reds—their patterns greatly impressed me. In the Amazon I experienced the colors of the jungle. Especially the fish—in the Amazon and the Caribbean. I always cook and eat the fish after I sketch them. Even the tasting is important—a very important part of learning the total image of life. I like to do things that can only be done with computers to express these total images.

What else? Moray eels, seaweed and tropical fish—I used to make miso soup with them. Computer media with the primitive /intuitive/wild is a good blend. High-tech computer graphics mix very well with primitive nature. I think a new world of art can be born from this combination.

Occasionally when I am working in a computer room late at night, I suddenly experience the following small pleasure known only to this world. That is to say, sometimes I reign over the servants known as my own hands and feet that throng around me, and get them to move as I want. Being encircled by servants who are highly faithful to me gives off a dandy sense.

Some may warn about being used by the computer like the machines in Chaplin's *Gold Rush* or *Modern Times.* Yet a unique feature of computer graphics is that—rather than feeling exploited—it makes one want to stroke the computer and compliment it on the job it has done.

The computer room has a bleak image, perhaps because the act of considering the mysteries of body language in a slightly dirty corner is somewhat removed from current fads like jazz and/or break dancing. The expansion of the realms of conception in the body, be it by the hands or feet, etc., is unquestionably one way to adjust the brain.

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Continued from page 13

Just as in L.A., THEY want us to feel so frustrated and bludgeoned by the constant images of mass destruction and hopelessness and government foot-dragging (cleverly orchestrated to tie in with Sarajevo, Somalia, and South Africa genocide scenes) that the sight of tanks rolling in becomes downright comforting. The tent cities (prototype concentration camps) and suspension of the Constitution are not only accepted—but *begged for.* After four days of misery and privation, the populace is willing to hand over the power to send in troops to the Feds—supervening any necessity for local authorities to request "aid" (i.e. troops). We're just a few short steps from a police state run by centralized government military control, headed by a powerful Illuminati-controlled charismatic leader. Sound familiar? Check out the Third Reich.

But it's an election year. Why, you ask, would Bush deliberately undermine his political image in Florida by withholding aid? Wake up! Are you really naive enough to believe he's *running* anything? Look at his screwed up forehead and grossly twisted lying mouth! Bush is a pathetic pathological stooge liar who will say anything his Trilateral handlers command and who's so confused about what's real he can barely read the teleprompter cue cards. That's exactly what they want: stupid Halcion-addict zombie puppets like lisping-lizard Bush and half-wit Quayle to blindly follow orders. Here's how to identify passive puppets: they're the ones that constantly mispronounce the words—because the words are forced on them. They also reveal their coverups in their constant Freudian slips (referring to Reagan, Bush plainly said in a speech last year, "I had sex with him."). I'm not making this stuff up! Why doesn't the press ever ask what his constant slips mean?

Speaking of puppets, while the press distracted you with stupid side shows, Howdy Doody clone hayseed Slick Willie quietly repackaged the New World Order as the "New Covenant." What you won't see in the CIA-controlled *New York Times* and TV networks is an explanation of a cryptic reference in Clinton's acceptance speech to his former mentor, a certain Dr. Carroll Quigley of Georgetown University (CIA training school), crediting him for the "New Covenant" idea. Could this be the same Prof. Quigley of Georgetown U. who wrote *Tragedy and Hope*, praising the coterie of elite insiders (secret world government) who use depressions, wars, etc., as tools of a world system of financial and individual control—and whose stated aim is to totally monitor and manipulate us from cradle to grave? This one nod to Quigley—which probably escaped the average reader—was an act of formal obeissance and sent out the right code to the powers-that-be.

What the fuck is going on here? Well, as an esteemed Mondoid wrote to me in code, apparently during an aided session: "Greer to Mongoose get keepsake player over for Morse Code noami Park Commissioner Ban-Head to Vieux combatant the Bido Vito, of the celebro malo hadrons. Anti in Ordo of Quest to their non-benigned burning hammer-sickle genio Two Dollar Bill camera sunshine. The Gaul Knight of Arthurian gringos the banshee age in the observations of next steps in justice… Jason Group a bitter operetta rolling thunder…" Hey, *that* makes more sense than CNN!

By the way, Carnal Bob (another letter writer), shut up and sit down. I don't forward your fucking letters to Wackenhut and FEMA! Are you so terminally braindead you don't realize that my MONDO letters are intended to REVEAL the alien/secret government coverups—do you think THEY want them to be published? Get a reality! Hey, while you're up, send me that new single, "Carnal Ghia," you mentioned. Maybe I'll "review" (trash) it in my next letter, unless THEY get to me sooner. And Gary, you're right: Perot is obviously out to run the country behind the scenes and yes, aliens are indeed diverting us by using crop circles in candy commercials… and I would add, Procomm communications software ads (tell me more about those UFO sightings in Ontario). Oh, and Annie, you ask, "What does a cave girl do to overturn the monster?" Answer: organize your cave people to fight! Thanks for all your letters—your input is vital!

OK, listen up. The time is late. Since everything we hear and see in the media is totally bogus and irrelevant (except MONDO), I've decided to start XIP News: the Xandor Intergalactic Paranoia news service and 900 number (you know, make it sound weird to throw THEM off). Write to me c/o MONDO 2000 for more info on this and to pass on your tips (anonymous tips are OK—I believe everything, and nothing). And remember: just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean the aliens are not out to take over and destroy our civilization from their vast underground cities, corral us like cattle to Mars as slaves, and drink our precious bodily fluids. In the meantime, you know what to do.

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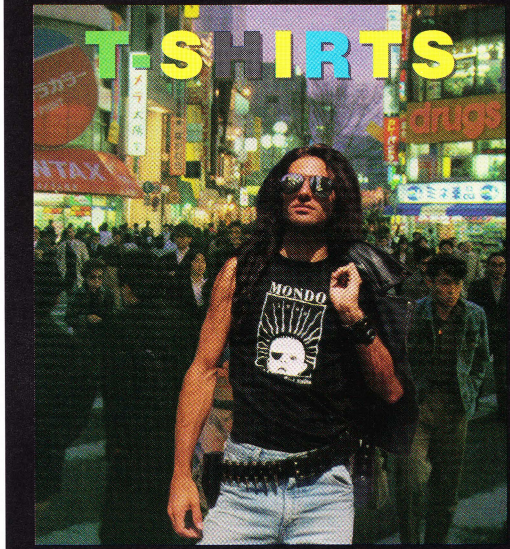

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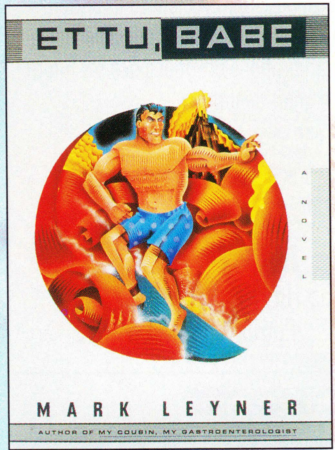
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SMELL MY THICK LEATHER BELT AFTER I POWER-LIFT

As you probably know, I'm not your average literary critic. I have written 147 books on contemporary fiction, this month alone. I dress in tiger stripe leotards, candy-red go-go boots, and a mirror-studded weight-belt. I drive a used Desert Storm tank. I shoot writers I don't like with heatseeking missiles fired from my shoulder-launcher. I own my own bunker and mainframe built inside a hollow mountain on the Idaho-Montana border on top of which perches the city I also own. My groupies live outside the palisades in a tidy system of lean-tos.

It is for these reasons that I believe I have the proper authority to discuss Mark Leyner's new book, *Et Tu, Babe.* Which, it turns out, is a pseudo-memoir that traces the life of a writer whose name happens to be Mark Leyner from the day his foster father discovers him buried alive with a vestigial tail on the Palm Beach golf course, to

> *My advice to the young people today? I'm tempted to say: Surround yourself with flunkies and yes-men and have naked slaves, perfumed with musk, fan you with plastic fronds as you write.*

literary hyperstardom as (in his own words) "the most intense, and in a certain sense, the most significant prose writer in America," to

> *The worst thing that can happen to a man is to die anonymous... You came, you went, no one remembers, no one cares. It's a tragedy. Because this is the difference between a human being and an animal—the capability to be famous.*

Joan Jett's last afternoon with him before he mysteriously disappears on the heels of a run-in with the Authorities.

At the height of his popularity, he lives with his gorgeous wife in the multi-million-dollar Team Leyner Headquarters with guard towers and patrol dogs and armed sentries, fans and sycophants and knobkerries, endorsing products, answering volumes of

> *What's a typical day like for Mark Leyner? Yesterday, after a long afternoon of volunteer bereavement counseling and then reading to blind residents at a local nursing home, I go to Le Cirque. I drink something like 14 martinis. I get into a fight at the bar with the president of the Jersey City firefighter's union over a woman we're both trying to pick up. I kill him with a single roundhouse kick to the side of his head. I leave with the woman... When I get to my apartment, I dump out the contents of her pocketbook: loaded jade-handled pistol, quaaludes, Thai "golden eggs" (vibrating anal-stimulation balls), a packet of pharmaceutical-grade morphine, a little black book with private phone numbers of Pentagon officials. I get up on the bed and dance to the electronic music they use to drive fleas and cockroaches crazy, my hard-on glowing in the dark and keeping time like a metronome, and then we fuck until dawn, strangling each other almost to the point of unconsciousness with kimono sashes each time we climax.*

mail, snorting Abraham Lincoln's morning breath as a drug, leading fiction-writing workshops where he kidnaps and brainwashes students who feel they can write better than he can, and blowing up distant planets with acts of sheer will.

ONE MONSTER, MANY MOMMIES: WHOSE FAULT IS MARK LEYNER?

What I'm saying is that

> *The unwashed armpits of the most beautiful women in the world... a urinal with chunks of fresh watermelon in it... a retarded guy whining "Eddie, Eddie, get me an Ovaltine"—almost anything inspires me.*

Mark Leyner is a mosaic man, a Frankenstein in Palestine, a living pastiche of B-film SF, Duchamp's hilarious aesthetic terrorism, Burroughs' wild linguistic pyrotechnics, Donald Barthelme's humorously unhinged dialogue, Woody Allen's silly schticks, pomo fantasy's skeptical reality-warping impulse that ultimately questions ontology, epistemology, the efficacy of language itself, and the Home Shopping Network. He's a nasty rock 'n' roll anarchistic futuristic technophallic

> *Sex was intense. Creamy lime cum. Then creamy apricot cum. Then a mint gel. And finally a cyan-yellow-magenta swirl that actually burst into flames.*

> *Be petulant, narcissistic, and charismatic. That's what President Valgus would have exhorted today's young men and women had not a hit-squad of gnatsized robots filed stealthily into his ear and mined his brain with plastic explosives.*

sensibility locked in perpetual overdrive that generates a fiction announcing that the pomo revolutions of the late 60's and early 70's have been staged and proven to be downright visionary triumphs.

In an interview back in MONDO #5, he said his goal was "to write a book that you could give to someone who *hates* reading books—who loves watching TV, going to movies, and getting into fist-fights at parties—and hear them say, 'Yeeaah, this is great.'" Bingo. *Et Tu, Babe* accomplishes this in aces. First, you can't wait to see what Leyner's imagination will do next in a cartoonishly hallucinatory cosmos inhabited by the likes of Marla Maples (now a serial killer), Hallux Valgus (a Vonnegutish 83rd president of the United States), and Samuel Beckett (who, it comes to pass, wrote brochure copy for the Hyatt Regency in Maui during a dry spell).

Then, there's that amazing style. The man's a maximalist weighing in at just over 160 pages, creating a language that's frequently dense as a black hole, fast as a Japanese *shinkansen*. In fact, he often chooses to focus more on that style than on content or characterization. The result

> *I went to sit down on what I thought was a couch in his waiting room... it wasn't a couch. It was thousands—tens of thousands—of cockroaches that had gathered in a mass that was the shape of a couch.*

is these dazzling, hyperbolic narrative non sequiturs and rhetorical magnesium bombs with a comic glare. Single sentences

> *Do you know the commercial where the heavily mustached old woman in a black shroud drinks strawberry Nestle's Quik and turns into this buxom bombshell in pasties and G-string, and she squats down for a second in a mud puddle, and when she gets up, her buttocks are covered with leeches, and Jesus appears holding a Barbie, and two beams of sparkling particles shoot from the eyes of the Barbie and vaporize the leeches, and the bombshell gets on her motorcycle, and pink florets of exhaust spurt from its tailpipe spelling out the words "Be All That You Can Be"?*

tell whole stories, and watching them work is like watching fast-forward *Liquid MTV*.

Et Tu, Babe is an awesomely rapid read, done before you know it, cyberdelic burst after cyberdelic burst charting the roilings of the subconscious while lolling in our culture's dreck. And that's maybe the most interesting thing about this book: it's ultimately a conceptualist act of prostitution, and

> *A fan calls 1-900-T-Leyner and—using a touchtone phone, of course—dials "1" to hear an excerpt from your upcoming book, "2" for your most intimate thoughts about weight-lifting, "3" for dating advice, "4" for an upclose-and-personal tidbit from Arleen* [Leyner's wife], *and "5" for a cute anecdote about Carmella* [Leyner's dog], *and the messages change every week. It's $2 for the first minute, $1 for every additional minute. Fans under 18, please don't call without your parents' permission.*

damn proud of it, too. The story goes that Leyner had drinks with a head honcho at his publishing company who informed him he wasn't so much writing a novel as creating a marketing plan. Certainly in his universe everything is commodified, everything can be bought and sold, and Leyner may be a mosaic man, but the bulk of his composition comes from Andy Warhol and the Avant-Pop Factory where the pomo artist no longer symbolizes prophet, but profit.

COLOSSAL MEN SUCKLE METHYLTESTOSTERONE FROM THE HAIRY NIPPLES OF THE MEN WHO SPOT FOR THEM

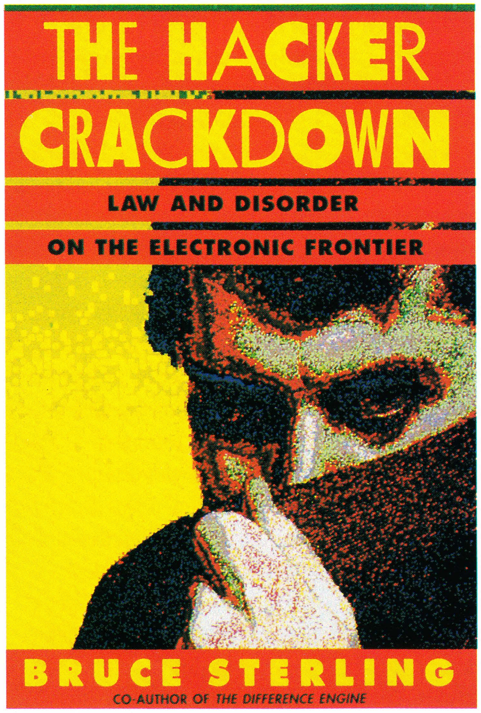
Consequently, *Et Tu, Babe* is a Janus-text, an acidic attack on market forces and media-generated fame

> *While ambitious young tyros were honing their playwriting skills in MFA programs, poring over their Marlowe, their Ibsen and O'Neill, I was ensconced in my basement "laboratory," manipulating the size of my scrotum with a recombinant strain of filarial elephantiasis that I'd developed... At that stage of my life, walking through a shopping mall with a pair of gigantic testicles ballooning the crotch of my jeans was an infinitely more compelling pastime than sitting in a library carrel scribbling marginalia in a copy of* Mourning Becomes Electra.
>
> *And, in all candor, it still is.*

even as it's a celebration of these things. And yet (or maybe because of this), it's a good deal tamer than either Leyner's *I Smell Esther Williams* or *My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist*, both in terms of structure and character. And if there's anyone who knows that greater narrative cohesion makes good financial sense, it's Mark Leyner.

Lance Olsen would like to take this opportunity to shamelessly plug his 853rd guest-editorship of an issue of the journal ANQ *focusing on the future of American fiction, now available in finer bookstores everywhere.*

THE SECRET SERVICE IS NEITHER


THE HACKER
CRACKDOWN
LAW AND DISORDER
ON THE ELECTRONIC FRONTIER
BRUCE STERLING
CO-AUTHOR OF THE DIFFERENCE ENGINE

These book cover colors are not accurate, imagine florescent inks, thank you.

Hacker Crackdown
by Bruce Sterling
Bantam, 1992

Patrick Kroupa

The secret history of Cyberspace has been written, re-invented, deleted, lost, and retrieved countless times. Events that never even happened are now universal reference points. Jokes and pranks have become campaigns waged with military precision by groups of twisted geniuses. And a bunch of dudes who were, well, sorta bored and just hangin' out… have become, like, the icons of Cyberspace.

Into this chaos strides Bruce Sterling, leather jacketed, toting a heavy-duty bullshit-detector, asking the eternal question, "Well… do ya think it's accurate?"

Bruce asked this question of a helluva lot of people, enough times, to come up with a pretty remarkable book called *Hacker Crackdown. Crackdown* scans a searchlight upon the perpetually morphing landscape and players-list of the underground and freezes a few frames for posterity.

Hacker Crackdown is about one series of witch hunts called OPERATION SUNDEVIL. Sundevil was supposed to send the message to the denizens of Cyberspace that Uncle Sam knows *all about them.*

Sundevil took place some two years ago, realtime—a generation ago in Cyberspace. Although it set no clear precedents, made no remarkable arrests, and maybe accomplished nothing tangible, it was one of the most important events that ever happened to the underground. Sundevil put the fear of Big Brother into a lot of people who had thought they were just playing games in their backyard.

Bruce breaks *Crackdown* into four sections, each of which covers one basic series of events and the players who enacted them. He does an excellent job of unravelling this seething mess and delineating the key players—the good, the bad, and the confused. It's all there.

Now you can witness Craig Neidorf's surprise to learn that he was the lucky winner holding twelve pieces of bureaucratic nonsense worth a cool $79,449 to BellSouth… although Craig's joy was short-lived, as they immediately re-evaluated their papers to a mere $24,639.05. If that wasn't enough to ruin anyone's day, Craig's own defense later proved that the paperwork was in actuality worth, well—pretty much nothing, just as Craig had always suspected. However, Craig did rack up $100k in legal fees, which he's still trying to pay off.

But Craig doesn't compare to Len Rose, who won one year's free lodging at Seymour Johnson AFB, courtesy of the United States government. The People vs. Len deemed that his possession of a program called "login.c"—so arcane that free copies of it are scattered on public domain sites all over the planet—was sufficient cause to take away every piece of equipment he owned, leave his wife and two children without support, and destroy his reputation in his profession.

Ah, but Steve Jackson was probably the most dazed of those who found the SS kicking in their doors and carting off their possessions. After all, Steve thought he was a publisher of *games*… and not even computer games! Gosh, to go from being a writer and inventor of cool simulations to being a criminal worthy of Uncle Sam's massively orchestrated ire!

The scope of the investigation was huge, and much of the fallout from Sundevil is still raining today, with cases being prepared for trial as this is written. The fallout is not merely bureaucratic and legalistic. It has subtle but important ethical dimensions, which are just being sensed. This book isn't about sociopaths and the Schutz-Staffel. It's about explorers and criminologists warily encountering each other for the first time and, oddly, trying to find a ground for co-existence.

Get Hacker Crackdown *and help buy Bruce a bigger hard disk!*

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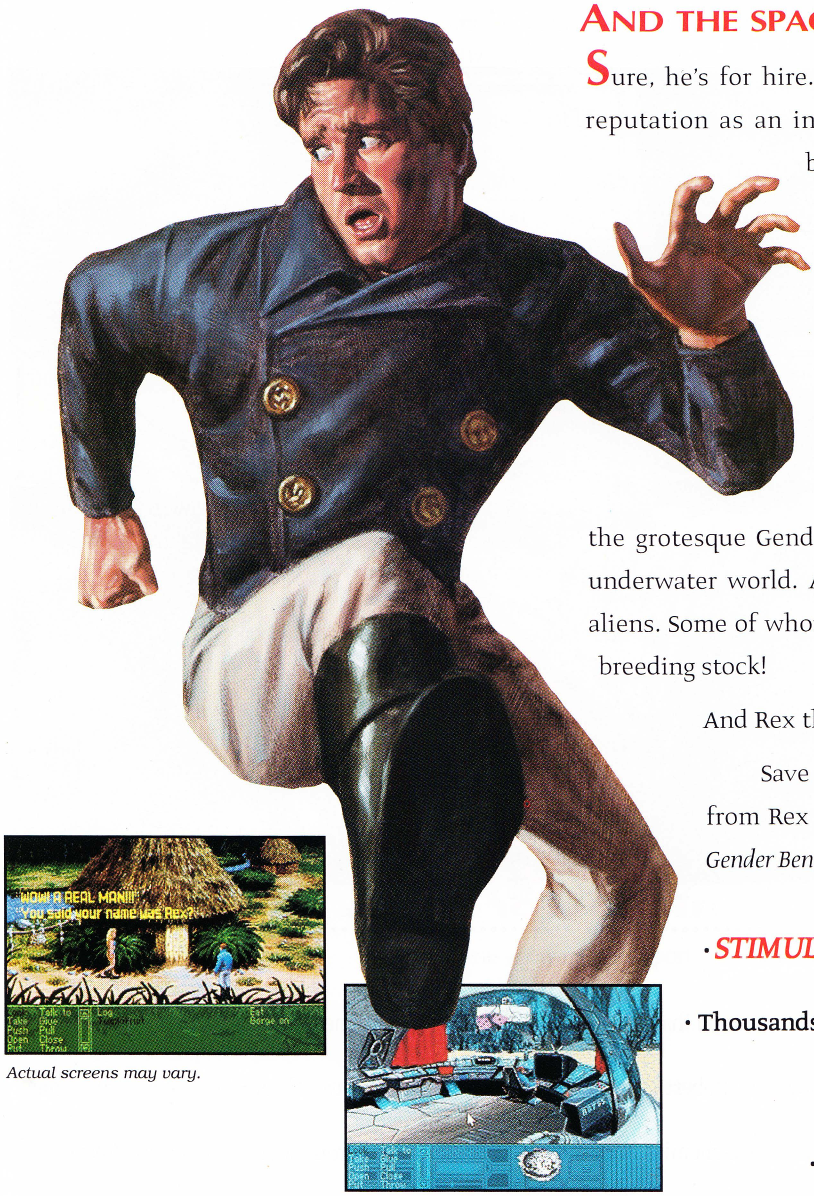

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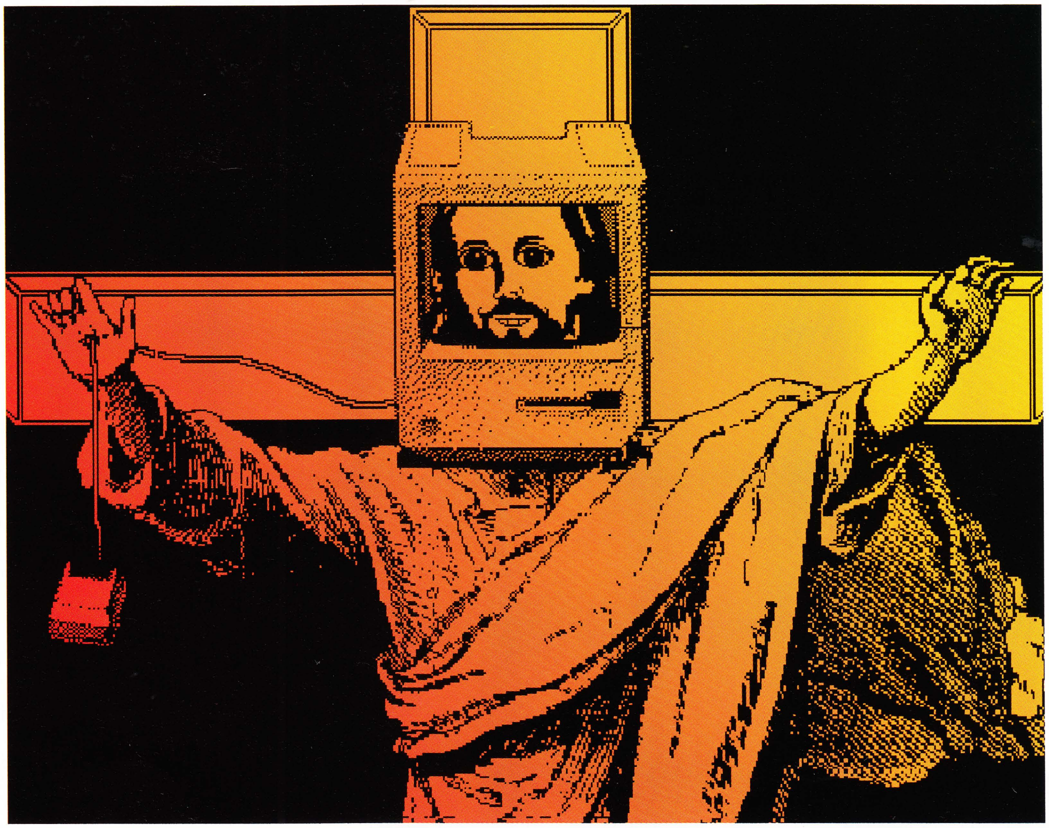
Taking it to MacJesus:



Your Personal Savior On A Floppy Disk

Somerset Mau Mau

This is it! The abomination that makes God so pissed-off he torches the whole friggin' planet on general principle. It's Robert Carr's *MacJesus—Your Personal Savior On A Floppy Disk*. This is the latest in a series of blasphemies from the quirky Idahoan that brought you *Mormonoids from the Deep* and *Smurfs in Hell*. The guy's also got a little BBS he runs called Private Idaho. It's beyond wacky, buccaneers. It's (gulp) *irreverent!*

I copped a copy of *MacJeez* in the mail, borrowed my buddy Gabe's Mac, smeared some virgin menses on my forehead, put on the old hairshirt, flagellated myself with a cat o' nine tails and opened up the program…

Holy Humping Judas, you can do *big time in limbo* for stuff like this! Carr's Son of God is a scummy sleazoid with appalling personal hygiene and a distinctly unholy nicotine habit. Is this Shock Therapy? A game? An IQ test?

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE PIRACETAM

After MacJesus is resurrected on the screen with shouts of "Jaysus!" thundering from the speaker, we are invited through a series of multiple choice questions to divulge our preferences in four broad categories; SEX, ROMANCE, FINANCE, AND PSYCHO/SPIRITUAL. I chose to begin with SEX (but then I *always* choose to begin with SEX.)

SAMPLED INQUIRY: *How do you let your partner know you are interested in sex?* asks the Prince of Piece.

He then gives us three funny replies from which to choose. Like "Repeatedly scoot across the floor," fer instance. There is also NONE OF THE ABOVE where we can punch in our own dopey answers. Sample dopey Mau Mau retort: "I just go BAAAaaaaa." <;-) The material gets pretty hot and nasty and I almost got embarrassed a couple of times. This Carr is a lewd dude. Could he be a long lost Mau Mau gene splice, sent to roil Middle America?

AFTER WE HAVE SEX WE HAVE ROMANCE

I Windexed the gooey stuff off my monitor and clicked on ROMANCE for some good ole fashion cuddle 'n' coo…

SAMPLED INQUIRY *How would you describe your ideal date?*

Gullible as Hell?
Alive?
Someone with a job?
NONE OF THE ABOVE…

You tell *me*. Are we talking rocket scientist material here? Let's wing it with NONE OF THE ABOVE. Mau Mau's ideal dream date would be highly intelligent Siamese twins, independently wealthy, Knafft-Ebing scholars, ambidextrous, must like: driving, Vasopressin, long walks on the beach and Out-of-Body Travel. Oh, now I get it. You can take the thing as far as your imagination allows. Pretty clever. It's a sort of cyber-religious sex therapy for the terminally perverse. He may be on to something here…

MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL, THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT SO MUCH

About this time my stigmata started acting up, so I put on my rubber gloves and clicked on FINANCE.

SAMPLED INQUIRY: *What would be most likely to cause you to lose your job?*

Mandatory drug testing?
Calling in sick for a year?
Bombing the company picnic?

This is as good as it gets, sport fans. I would have to choose "Mandatory drug testing." My boss always gives me too many drugs to test at one time. It gets so darn confusin'.

THE MEANING OF LIFE IS THAT THERE IS NO MEANING... YEAH, RIGHT.

Alas, we are left staggering blindly, limping and lurching into the realm of the SPIRITUAL/PSYCHOLOGICAL…

SAMPLED INQUIRY: *Which dangerous and addictive drug is your favorite?*

Tobacco?
K-Tel products?
Alcohol?

This one's a little too close to home. I still catch myself walking slowly by the Dust-Off cannisters at my camera shop. The Bee Gees nightmares are only now receding from memory. When will these flashbacks of a wasted youth cease to torment poor Mau Mau?

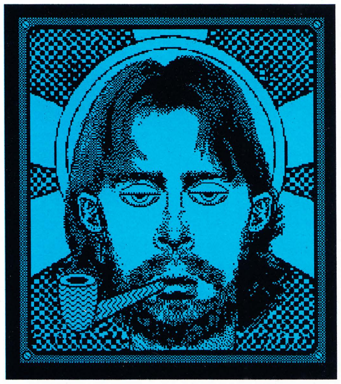
Are you still with me? Hang on, fellow heathens, the Rapture is at hand. Cause if you're too millennarian for the multiple choice approach you can try the BABBLE PROPHECY or INSTANT SALVATION selections and get immediate counseling and oracles and stuff. It's vulgar, sacrilegious, *juvenile* humor, boys and girls. I like it, I like it!

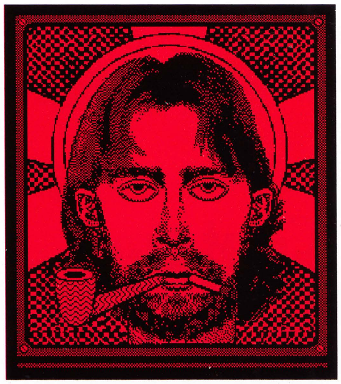
DOS ALL FOLKS, ARMAGEDDON A MACINTOSH

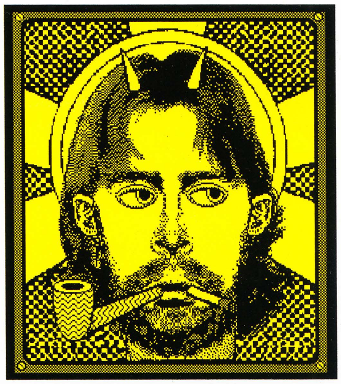
The really fun parts of this thing, its *saving grace*, if you will, are the witty audio and interactive graphic features. You can drive nails into Jesus's skull just by clicking on his forehead and he groans and snorts and does weird things with lightning. The Author Profile screen is also cool, with filthy, funny audio quotes in a sacrilegious vein. Carr is an anarchist, people—he does *not* experience reality the way most folks do. Is it any wonder why the Mormons, outraged Idaho politicos and even *Slim Whitman* are after this guy?

Important Note: Since the thing only costs ten bucks, this software gets Mau Mau's Official Squeal Of Approval: ***EEEEYOW!*** for its high humortainment value. I'll see you in HELL.

Robert Carr can be reached at P.O. Box 2761 Borah Station, Boise, Idaho 83701.
Or you can call into the ***Private Idaho BBS: (208)•338-9227.***



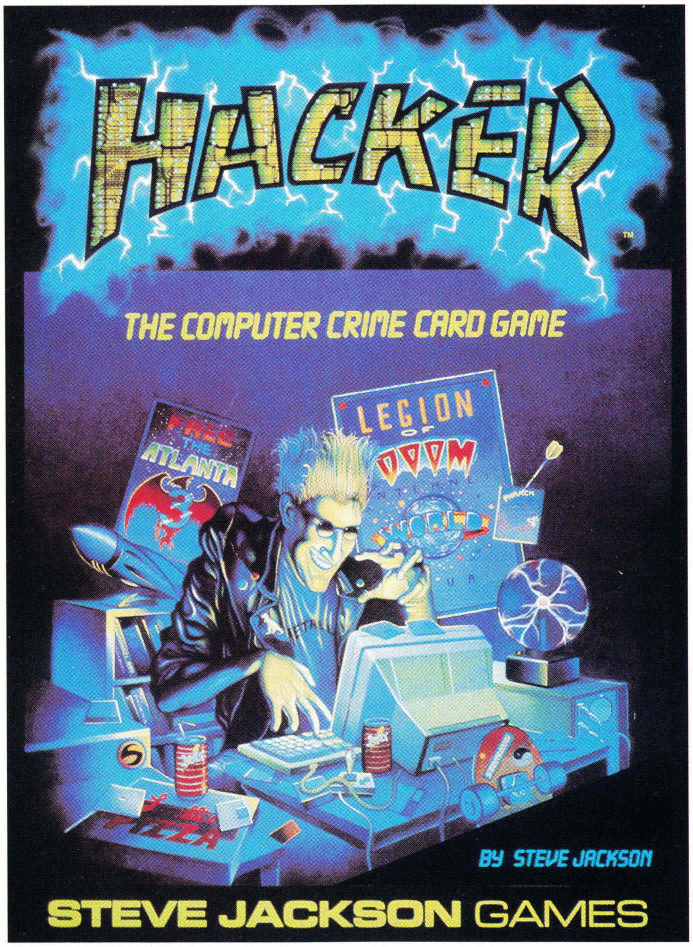




Fantasy Hacking

Hacker, the Game

Chris Hudak



Hacker
Steve Jackson Games
Retail Price: $19.95

You've just gotta admire anyone who can get raided by the Secret Service and keep his sense of humor. Steve Jackson, mistaken for an eminent cyberpunk, terror of the Net, has made a game of his troubles. It's called Hacker.

Steve had the worst of the hacker experience and none of the good stuff. Now he allows you to experience the swashbuckling that he missed out on. In Hacker, two to six players can play, taking turns building "The Net" out of corporate mainframes and linked networks. Each player assumes the role of a leather-jacketed, mirrorshaded, password-cracking, handle-using, Jolt-drinking, phone-phreaking, skate-boarding, system-crashing, narking, backstabbing son of a bitch.

Players familiar with Steve Jackson's Illuminati will recognize the system of building the "board" out of player-placed cards. They are assisted by a clever folded-cardboard computer whose capabilities can be expanded by pushing "system upgrade" cards into little slots. Creating The Net is half the fun—making the world a fortress for you and a minefield for your friends.

The other half is getting familiar with many ludicrous fictional entities, as you do your damndest to get root access on twelve systems at once whilst shutting your fellow hackers out. But watch your behind, or a sloppy hack might get you raided, or even—gasp—*busted.* Getting busted is the worst of the worst. Your accounts lost, your equipment confiscated, and a big ugly handcuff chit on your side of the table. Three of those babies and you're scrolled, dude, GAME OVER.

But maybe not. Maybe, with some insidious hacking, and a faster processor—time to upgrade your Hackintosh, or maybe get an Amoeba 3000—and some luck (and lying and treachery), you might become that apogee of computer-aided badness, the Net Ninja.

And en route, how about getting an indial at Fruitbat Technologies or Diverse Standards, Inc.? That root access at Catatonix should help you break into the mainframe at the Valdez Oil Transport Co. If not, that poser with root at NASA who calls herself She-Ra—she owes you one, doesn't she? She's got all those hacker friends in Denmark, too. Hmm. If she won't pay up, maybe it's time to nark on all of that, ahem, unauthorized activity on ComSecMilNavPac—that'll swab some pirates' decks. Of course, that'll also make you plenty of enemies, and you're going to need help later. Especially when you hack into Omniscient Credit, where if your rivals don't burn you, the I.C.E. might…

You get the idea. Hacker is a wonderful, funny, Jolt-and-pizza game, which by the third turn should have you wallowing in paranoia, greed, and hardcore, upgrade-or-die technophilia. What else is life about?

Cyberpunk Chris Hudak appears in a MONDO *T-shirt ad elsewhere in this issue—thought you should know.*

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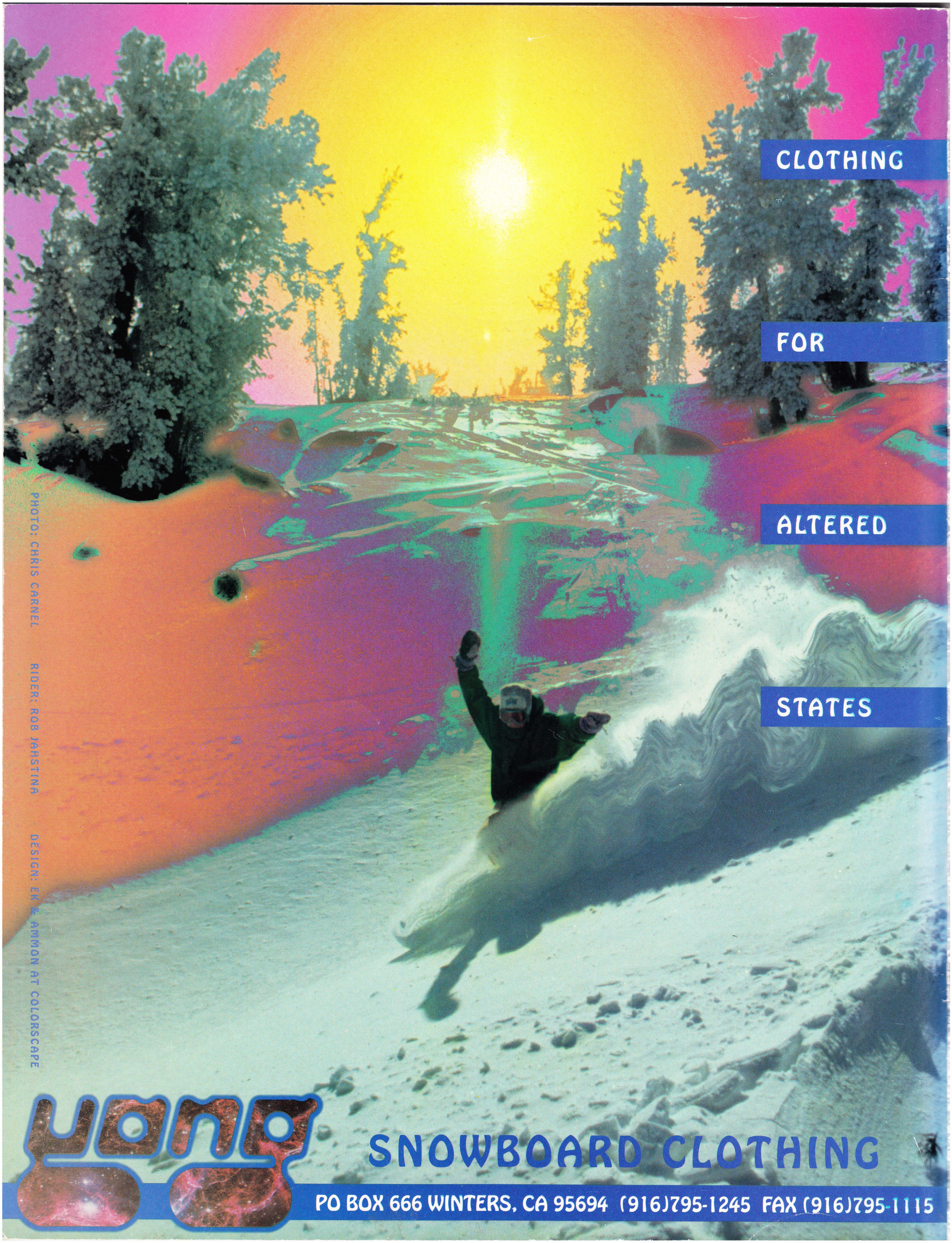
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